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WILSON CARLILE AND THE CHURCH ARMY

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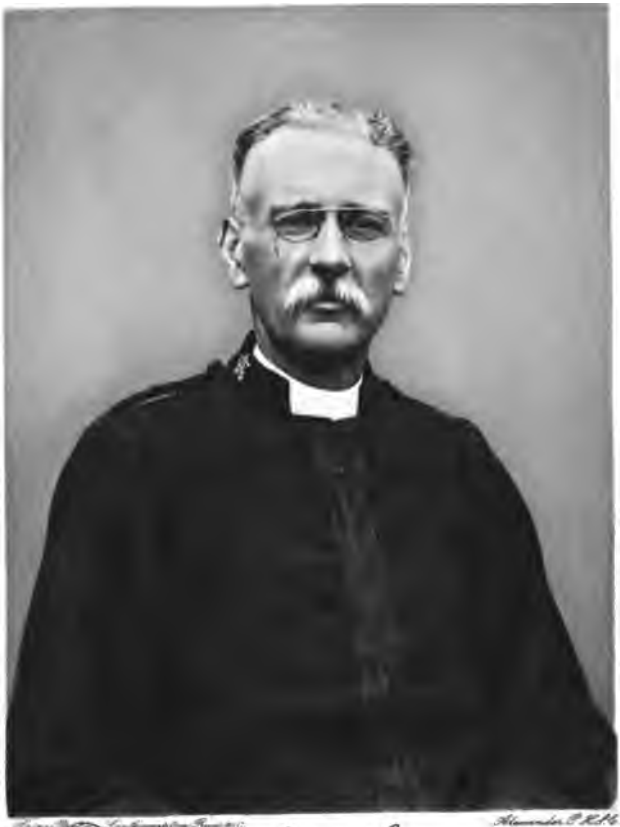

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WILSON CARLILE

AND THE CHURCH ARMY

BY

EDGAR ROWAN

WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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Dedication

TO

MY DEAR MOTHER

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PREFACE

I DON'T know that I need apologise for calling this book a little essay in hero-worship. After all, a fellow doesn't devote all his spare moments for a good many months to a task unless he feels more than a passing interest in the subject.

This book goes out with all sorts of imperfections thick upon its head. I can imagine many people, for instance, saying that I have spent too many chapters before we come to the Church Army. And yet I dare to hope that there is some method in my madness. That I have drawn an imperfect picture of Mr. Carlile's early days I am prepared to admit; but I am not prepared to admit that such a picture is unworthy careful attention. After all, the child is father of the man, and Mr. Carlile was being trained as a leader of the Church Army from the time he swung "Joey Billy" round his head in the Brixton nursery. At school, and at business, the Church

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Army was being made, and because I believe that all those early years are part of the story I have devoted several chapters to them.

I don't know whether I have dwelt too much on the rebuffs which Mr. Carlile's efforts have so often encountered. It would be difficult to exaggerate the disappointments that beset him in the early days of the Church Army, even from those who might have been expected to know from the history of enthusiasm in the Church, that it is the worst of all policies to stifle such outbursts. Mr. Carlile's pet horror is the man whose only creed is: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be!" The tendency is still with us—though not to the same extent as in the early eighties—to approve only the enthusiasms and energies that are of an expected pattern. Imagine John the Baptist among us to-day—hot-tongued and uncouth. He would never get a hearing among many of his fellow-Churchmen, unless he could make himself heard above such remarks as: "What a shocking hat!" "Why does he wear a red tie, when it clashes with his complexion?" &c.

But so far as opposition to the Church Army is concerned, that is largely a thing of the past. To-day the chorus of praise is almost bewildering. "Disaster is upon us; what shall we do?" said Mr. Carlile to

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me, a few days ago. "All men speak well of us—we're becoming fashionable!" At the recent Church Congress at Weymouth, one of the best-known London journalists came up to Mr. Carlile and said, "There's only one defect about this Congress, Carlile; it's getting a little monotonous. No matter what meeting I go to, some one gets up and says a good word for the Church Army, and then every one else cheers. I could do with a change!"

. . . . .

There can be no harm in disclosing the secret that Mr. Carlile's chief interest lies in the chapters dealing with the unemployed, and that he reluctantly consented to the writing of this book in the hope that public opinion would be aroused, not only to support the efforts of the Church Army and kindred bodies in dealing with the question, but also to attempt some State action for the cure of this serious social and economic disease. We are all agreed to-day that a man has a right to work, and if he is willing to work he and his family should be able to live in comfort, without the taint of pauperism. But you have not solved the whole difficulty when you have decided on this, and passed a very sound resolution on the subject. That is the great mistake made by numbers of very excellent people, who decry efforts such as the Church Army

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is putting forth, because in a properly organised community they should not be necessary. But the people who pass resolutions, however cheap such sympathy may be, have at any rate begun to think. The more hopeless are those who argue that the starving unemployed only represent a small section of the population, so why should we well-fed people be bothered and made to feel uncomfortable? But we are all one big family, we islanders, and we ought not to enjoy our dinner in a warm dining-room, while some of our brothers and sisters are cold and hungry upstairs in the garret.

Besides a brief description of what the Church Army is already doing to alleviate the terrible suffering that is endured for the most part in quietness, there are also set forth in this book some suggestions for further action, especially in the direction of a cure, when public opinion and the public purse will consent. The ideas are only roughly set down, and in their crude state open to many objections. A criticism that is to be levelled at any scheme for settling the unemployed on the land, in small holdings, for instance, is the fact that deserving country people already on the land deserve equally good treatment. The present land system also bars the people from any very encouraging return to the soil.

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But these are questions of which we do not despair. The public conscience is beginning to awaken, and the interest which our King and Queen are taking in the conditions of life among the poorest of the poor, expressed in practical terms through Mr. Carlile and others, is being widely copied. The time is ripe. We hardly realise that we are living over a volcano. Perhaps it is well that the army of misery and despair does not know its strength. Yet how long would you and I remain passive if we saw our dear ones starving in a land of plenty? Not so long, probably, as these patient heroes of the back streets, whose splendid forbearance pleads for help, if justice did not demand it. Some of us have moved among them. I have tramped with them in rags, sleeping on the Embankment and in the parks, trying to see it all from their point of view. But I had a comfortable home, fireside, slippers, and books to turn to whenever I liked, while my comrades in the gutter had no prospect but cold and hunger in the richest city in the world, till death took them by the hand and bade them suffer no more! We must not wait till these men turn on us for the help we withhold, and blood flows in our streets.

. . . . .

I have to thank many kind friends for valued assistance with this book. Miss Cheshire and Mr.

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Clifford have given me information about the early days of the Church Army that I could have got from no other source; Miss Burn has lent me three scrap-books full of newspaper cuttings that proved invaluable, while some of the busiest men and women in the land have put their work aside and let me question them on various phases of the story. A good deal of my own experience and knowledge has been drawn upon, since it was my privilege to work as a member of Mr. Carlile's Headquarters staff for some years.

To Mr. Carlile himself I have had the satisfaction of being an unbearable nuisance for many long months. Wherever he has turned he has found me awaiting him. We have talked in trains and hansom cabs, in his rectory at St. Mary-at-Hill, in his match-box of a bedroom at Headquarters, and in his home at Dorking, where he might at least have expected a moment's peace.

And now the task is finished. It has had its wearisome moments, when it was hard to buckle-to, after a busy day elsewhere. But it is good to have been allowed to pen a little tribute to the most lovable of friends and most trusted of leaders.

EDGAR ROWAN.

LONDON, *November*, 1905.

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CHAPTER I

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"I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

LONGFELLOW.

THE story of a man who, after many years of commercial life, turned his back upon a promising business career, and sacrificed all worldly prospects to become a poor curate, can hardly fail to be of interest. Add to this the fact that from his obscurity he started a movement in the Church

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which may yet rank with the Franciscan, the Wesleyan, and the Oxford movements, and you have more than ordinary reason for feeling more than ordinary interest in his life. Such a man is Wilson Carlile, the founder of the Church Army.

The Church Army is the outward and visible sign of a movement to which many men and influences have contributed. But as the history of all such movements in the life of the Church invariably reveals one man, sent at the Divinely appointed moment, who crystallises around him all the floating theories and aspirations so that they form one visible and effective whole, so the story of the Church Army is best told by telling the story of Wilson Carlile.

The Rev. Wilson Carlile is a Londoner of Scottish parentage, and one may trace in his character the shrewd wisdom of northern blood, and the vivacity of southern birth. He was born at Brixton on the 14th of January, 1847, when that typical London suburb still boasted rural surroundings.

Wilson Carlile is the eldest of twelve children, of whom eight (two sons and six daughters) are living now.

His father, Mr. Edward Carlile, was a prosperous business man, at the head of a wholesale haberdashery house in Cheapside, which had been

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established for over one hundred years. How well his business ancestry and training have served the founder of the Church Army the story of his life will tell. "Both my father and my grandfather," he says, "were leading citizens, and they instilled into me a sound business training which has been an invaluable help in organising the Church Army."

In early Scottish history the Carliles appear to have taken a part in the fight for independence, under Bruce and others, leaving their dead honourably placed on many a hard-fought field. Desperate raids over the border, and such stirring deeds as Scott has sung of in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and recorded in many a novel, also come to light in tracing the family history. In all this Mr. Carlile is little interested; the immediate present and the work to hand are enough for him. But those who know him to-day will fancy that the spirit of the old fighting men lives again in him. His thin, clear-cut features, commanding nose, hair worn on the temples as by a helmet, and his air of jaunty alertness, all suggest jingling spurs and waving plumes; while his power of imparting enthusiasm, and leading his followers as a solid body against any odds, calls up a picture of lances at the charge, and armour flashing through the fray.

The Carliles' headquarters during the stirring

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times of the border strife was Torthorwald Castle, near Dumfries, of which the ruins still stand, surrounded by a straggling village. The Rev. Wilson Carlile has named his house at Dorking after this ancestral stronghold, much to the astonishment of friends and neighbours not "in the know," who puzzle over it till they decide that it must be meant for "T'Other World," and therefore highly appropriate for a clergyman's residence.

After leaving Torthorwald, and spending a short time at Annan, the family became associated with Paisley, in which town many of them held the post of Provost. Early in the nineteenth century the grandfather of Wilson Carlile came south to London, and with the metropolis most of the family history is now connected.

Although at the present day the names differ in respect of one letter, there is some distant connection between their family and that of Thomas Carlyle.

In the fifties the author of "Sartor Resartus" wrote to Mr. Edward Carlile claiming a relationship, and one of the earliest recollections of the founder of the Church Army is being taken as a little child to the famous house in Cheyne Row, where the rugged old Philosopher was living among his books.

The story of noble men usually begins with the

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story of noble mothers, and Wilson Carlile's is no exception to this rule. His mother, Marie Louise, happily still living at this date (1905), was formerly a Miss Wilson, a member of an old Yorkshire family, and her first child bears her maiden name as his Christian name.

His earliest recollection of his mother gives a better picture of her than pages of description. Devoted to her children, she made herself practically a prisoner for their sake, and almost the only society she saw was the friend her husband occasionally brought home to dinner. His inquiry, "Shall I bring so-and-so in this evening?" would invariably draw from her the question, "Can they ask us back again?" If the answer were "No," she would reply, "Oh, yes, do bring them," but if they were in a position to entertain in return she would say, "Oh, well, we'll think about it," and as a rule the invitation never came off. To his mother Mr. Carlile owes his earliest lessons in sympathy with those in poverty and distress, and her influence ever led him in this direction.

She had always been a great student of foreign languages, reading her Greek Testament while still a girl, and her knowledge of French was far removed from the amateurish smattering possessed by most young ladies in those days. This taste

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she handed on to her eldest son, and foreign languages have always been one of his favourite recreations. French, German, and Italian are familiar to him, as well as "compulsory" Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. He can boast of having preached in all three of the former tongues, and has pleaded the cause of the poor and outcast in four languages.

When he was a little fellow he regarded his mother as the central fact of the solar system, and judged all other people by the amount they fell short of her impossible standard. It came upon him with a burst of horror when he first learned that she was human and fallible. She had been trying to tell him something about the holiness of God, and the sorrow that sin must cause Him.

"We all sin," she told her son; "you sin, and I sin too."

For a moment he stared at her aghast. That he sinned there could be no doubt; daily he was reminded of the fact and duly punished. But that his mother sinned! Who could believe that? Yet it must be true, or she was telling a lie, and that was impossible. All this rushed through his mind as he gazed at her in open-eyed wonder. Then his eyes filled with tears, and he rushed away to sob in secret as though his little heart would break. His

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whole theological system had come crashing to the ground.

He was a delicate child, with a spinal weakness that barred him from the sports of other children in his early years, and upset all plans for sending him to the rough and tumble life of a public school. It is characteristic of his determination, shown thus early, that by sheer will-power he fought down much of this on entering his 'teens, and with boxing, running, and other exercises built up his present wiry constitution. To this day, however, the weakness is still present, and he dare not lift any weight above his shoulder. But the creaking gate swings longest, he says, and by practising as careful a system of training and diet as a crack jockey, he manages to get through the work of several ordinary men.

Even in his nursery days a taste for music appears to have led a sort of Jekyll and Hyde existence with his restless energy, and he effected a compromise by strenuous performance on a toy drum. Those who know him to-day, and have heard the now notorious trombone, will readily believe that the drum was assaulted vigorously, in season and out of season. Around this domesticated instrument of torture gathers one of his earliest memories. He was only between four and five at the time, but he

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distinctly remembers that one of his little sisters had the temerity to dislike the constant drumming. The future head of the Church Army had not, at that tender age, become hardened against hostile public opinion, and he warmly resisted all efforts to snatch the drum away. Brother and sister tugged vigorously, and when in the course of events they fell abruptly apart, each retained a portion of the instrument. The sharp edge inflicted a deep cut on little Wilson's hand, of which the scar remains to this day.

"I'm afraid," he says, in laughing over this recollection, "that some of my friends to-day, persecuted by the trombone, wish that my early musical talent had received an even sharper lesson."

But his love for harmony seems to have developed even earlier than this. He was not yet three when his mother one day found him standing on tiptoes before the piano, and with his hand stretched above his head, striking three notes. The chord pleased his ear, and he called to his mother to help him to play it. She struck the notes for him several times, to his great delight, and from that day the piano was always a thing of joy to him, never associated with the drudgery of practice, so disliked by some children. His great ambition was to entertain his father with hymn tunes on Sunday afternoons, and he was soon able to do so, at first with

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one finger, then with two, till at last all had been educated and pressed into service. "Oh, poor negro," a plantation ditty with quaint words, was a special favourite.

A toy trumpet, shadowing coming events, also played an important part in the nursery at Brixton. Other favourite toys were soldiers, horses, and model engines, especially the latter, for not only would they move, but, when the fates were kind, they blew up also.

"I can remember being taken to the Great Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park," he said, in a chapter of memories contributed to the *Sunday Companion*. "Here I was fascinated by a model locomotive, which ran on rails. I could always appreciate the good sense and utility of anything that moved and made a noise.

"My early love for locomotives taught me a lesson that has served me in good stead later in life. I see zeal and enthusiasm are apt to run to waste if they are not disciplined by the 'rails.' And when, at times, the discipline of the Church of England has seemed to hamper and hinder the Church Army, I have remembered the locomotive and the rails, and have soon found reason to thank God for the wise and kindly counsel of the Bishops."

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An experience of his childhood days gave him a horror of intemperance that has never left him. The nurse who watched over the children when he was about six gave way to drink, and nothing but the misplaced kindness of Mrs. Carlile saved her from dismissal.

At last things came to a head. In a fit of drunkenness the woman picked up Wilson's foster-brother, rushed out of the nursery to the head of the staircase, and holding the little one over the handrail, threatened to drop him. Young Wilson flew to the rescue, and by dint of persuasion, and doubtless all the violence he could command, he got his little companion out of this dangerous position. Both then made a dash for the nursery, where they banged the door to, and barricaded it against the drink-maddened creature. The noise soon brought help in the person of Mrs. Carlile, who raised the siege and led the garrison forth in triumph.

But the story of this period is not complete without mention of "Joey Billy," for Mr. Carlile himself has asserted that he had a share in the formation of the Church Army.

"Joey Billy" was a wooden doll, who never really won young Wilson's heart till arms and legs, hair and clothing, had all been lost. Then the battered

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head and trunk, wearing only a red flannel petticoat, became chief favourite.

"How dear 'Joey Billy' was to me!" Mr. Carlile has said. "There was so little left of him that he was rather difficult to nurse, so I used to tie a string round his neck and swing him over my head, to express all I felt towards him. Swinging at the end of a string, 'Joey Billy' was a terror to evildoers and to all boys of my acquaintance. I would give £5 to have 'Joey Billy' here again. Even the Bishops and the Press could hardly harden their hearts sufficiently to tell me to put him away. Besides, 'Joey Billy' was the real founder of the Church Army. He taught me to love poor, broken, disreputable things, and it is for men and women in that state that the Church Army exists."

While he was still a lad of seven years there began a system of training for the business career to which he was thus early destined, and in which he was to achieve marked if meteoric success. His father gave him a little account book and made him a weekly allowance, requiring an account of his stewardship once a month. The allowance was not rashly extravagant; it amounted to one halfpenny a week for the first year, and one penny afterwards. But the various purchases made, chiefly sweets, had to be all accounted for, and a correct monthly

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balance struck. When in his turn Mr. Carlile became a father, he placed the same discipline upon his sons, with the added condition that they set aside one-tenth of their juvenile income for the poor.

At the age of eight he left the nursery and home tuition behind, and was sent to a private day-school in Acre Lane, Brixton.

A part of his energy at this period he devoted to throwing stones at the boys who attended another school about half a mile away. A fierce rivalry existed between the pupils of these two establishments, based on the not altogether uncommon phenomenon of intense self-satisfaction. These stone-throwing contests brought him in contact with two lads at the rival school who have since attained worthy eminence in Nonconformist circles. One of them is now the Rev. F. B. Meyer, ex-president of the Free Church Council, whom Mr. Carlile remembers as a quiet, thoughtful boy, showing signs already of fitness as a religious leader. The other has grown to be the Rev. Archibald Brown, the prominent Baptist preacher, who was one of the first batch of students admitted to Spurgeon's Pastors' College.

Mr. Carlile confesses to having been far from brilliant at his lessons. On the eve of his school-

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days his father promised him a Bible if he could read aloud the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and he only just managed to scrape through the ordeal. Much of his backwardness is to be attributed to delicate health. Often he was unable to attend to lessons for days at a stretch, through violent headaches. When these seizures occurred, he turned to music for consolation, and he owes his thorough grounding in the rudiments of the art to his bad health in early days. Whenever books had to be laid aside and games were impossible, he would turn to the piano and strum for hours at a stretch, plodding industriously through exercise after exercise, as well as all the hymn tunes he could find. Among many influences that have shaped Mr. Carlile's career, his love for music takes a prominent position.

But whenever physical weakness and pain did not absolutely prostrate him, he took an active part in any school games that were going on. Cricket and football were entered into with whole-hearted enthusiasm, while "Chivvy," involving noise and boisterous energy, was a special favourite. Already he was showing a capacity for leadership and a power of initiative, and was generally the captain of one of the sides into which these games divided the school.

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Most of us number a "first smoke" among the painful recollections of our school-days, and young Carlile was no exception to any rule making for mischief. One half holiday he proposed to assert his sense of manhood in this time-honoured fashion. A playmate, whom he only remembers as "Ben," readily consented to share in the honours of the occasion. Together they left the school, with a halfpenny pipe each, and a pennyworth of tobacco between them. As soon as possible they lit up, and the first few delicious and awe-inspiring puffs were essayed. Just then one of the senior boys saw them, and fortunately or unfortunately, according to the gravity with which the offence is regarded, he dragged them back to school, and into the headmaster's presence. This worthy decided upon a homœopathic remedy, administered on a scale out of all regard for the principles of that school of medicine. He took them into a class-room, produced a large sheet of stout brown paper, and ordered them to smoke the lot, rolled into cigars. Begging them to spare neither their own time nor his matches, he left them in charge of a tutor, who had instructions to see that the paper was only consumed in the form directed.

Poor young Carlile and "Ben" puffed and puffed till they could puff no more, and then

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they begged for any shame or pain rather than continue the task. They were at once released and sent home, to undergo further searching interviews, and the kindly oblivion of bed. So ended Mr. Carlile's first smoke. But most of us persevere, in spite of such discouragements, and as a young man he became a great cigar smoker, finally renouncing the habit when he believed the step was necessary for his success as a preacher.

As he raced about the playground at "Chivvy," or passed up Brixton Hill, cricket bat on shoulder, he was little troubled by spiritual aspirations, and his condition at this period is only worth touching on since he has become a leader in the religious world.

His parents at this time were strict Nonconformists, his father being a deacon at Stockwell Congregational Church under Dr. David Thomas, founder and editor of the *Homilist*. So far as he indulged in any religious opinions at all, the future leader of a great Episcopalian movement believed at this time that heaven was solely intended for Chapel people, while Church people had to make the best they could of the only other accommodation available. It must be added, in justice to the teachers and teaching surrounding him, that these were entirely his own views, worked out in the intervals of lessons and cricket.

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Perhaps the following story most clearly reveals the extent of his religious views, and his vigour in expressing them. He was still a schoolboy, and Archibald Brown, now the well-known Baptist preacher, was a little older.

The latter had just been converted, through the instrumentality of Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, or "Beauty" Blackwood, as the handsome young man was called.[1]

"Of course," says Mr. Carlile, "like all new converts, Brown was full of zeal. One day he overtook me as I was going up Streatham Hill. Said he, 'Carlile, do you know where you are going?' 'Yes,' I said, defiantly, with an inkling of what was coming, 'I'm going to play cricket.' 'You're going to hell,' he replied solemnly. Now that struck me at the time as quite uncalled for, so I lifted my bat and gave poor Brown such a whack, to teach him manners. Happily, we have been good friends ever since, and it would have been well for me had I heeded his well-meant warning."

On the whole, young Carlile's thoughts during his school-days, when they wandered from his immediate interests, were concentrated on his coming

[1] Afterwards so well-known as Sir S. Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., Secretary of the Post Office.

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business career. It was an understood thing that as soon as possible he should enter the business of Mr. Wilson, his grandfather, who intended leaving the whole concern to him. Through these plans, his school-days came to an end rather early, for Mr. Wilson's health was already failing, and if the old gentleman's death or enforced retirement happened before young Carlile could take up the reins of management, he might lose the greater part of the business. However lightly Mr. Edward Carlile might view such a contingency, his son Wilson was determined that the prospect of becoming proprietor of a flourishing City house, at an age when most men are junior clerks, should not slip through his fingers. It was, therefore, largely owing to his own importunity that he left school while still a few months short of his fourteenth birthday, with the idea of building in concrete form those castles he had planned in the air during early days.

Almost as soon as he understood figures at all, he set his heart on making £20,000 before his twenty-fifth birthday. This sum was decided upon as bringing in, at 5 per cent. interest, an income of £1,000 a year. How this boyish longing was literally fulfilled we shall see later.

It was a proud boy who left home one morning to start his first day's work in Cheapside. Now, at

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last, the time had come for him to step forth into the world and buffet his way to fortune.

His early experiences were valuable but unpalatable. His grandfather intended that he should begin at the bottom of the ladder, and be well grounded in old-fashioned but ever-important habits of economy and industry. With a view to this, and much to his own disgust, young Carlile was set to picking up all the pins he saw lying on the floor of the warehouse and straightening them for further use. Pieces of string had also to be reclaimed, wound up tidily, and set aside. This was not the way to become Lord Mayor of London once, let alone thrice, as the ambitious boy understood the process; and he was furious. To this day he declares that his grandfather must have strewed pins about on purpose to keep him busy. The two porters offered help, but were strictly forbidden to interfere in the disciplining of their young governor.

While here, he received a second lesson in the folly of intemperance. This went to form in him a horror of indulgence in strong drink, which never left him, although he did not become a teetotaler till comparatively late in life. The two porters already mentioned, and one of the buyers, were frequently intoxicated while at work; and young Carlile was hard put to it to shelter them from discovery and

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disgrace. He showed his budding sympathy for the weaker brother by one day covering with a sack one of the men whom he found, at noon, in a drunken sleep in a corner. Looking back on the incident to-day, he sees how much he was to blame for not kicking the man, when he had sufficiently recovered to appreciate the hint; but the heart often develops faster than the head.

One of the porters was a constant source of admiration, and possibly of a sneaking envy. He had made himself a pair of "suckers" for the feet, with which he practised walking on the ceiling, with a view to publicity and glory at a music hall or circus. Much of this practice took place during quiet moments of the working day, to young Carlile's huge delight. The boy watched the performance with great attention, and hardly drew a breath till the man had got safe across the ceiling, or dropped heavily, head foremost, on to the bales of cloth below.

These happy days soon came to an end, for after a few weeks' trial Mr. Wilson came to the conclusion that his grandson was a "hopeless duffer." Young Carlile quite agreed, and was filled with satisfaction when it was decided to send him to school in France for another year.

To Lille he accordingly went as *externe libre* (or "day boarder," as we should say in this country)

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at a large French school. Here he spent the day, returning each evening to the home of some family friends who lived in the town.

The taste for languages, which he owed to his mother, stood him in good stead; and although practically ignorant of French when arriving at Lille, he took a prize for proficiency in that tongue ten months later, over the heads of thirty boys of the neighbourhood. He remembers that a part of the reward, wholly unappreciated, was a kiss from the headmaster, who sneezed at the moment of contact and smothered his pupil with snuff.

At this school there were several hundred French boys, and only a few English. In playing hours a constant war was waged between the two nationalities, and the English inferiority in numbers led to their getting daily thrashings. This arrangement of Providence was a great source of perplexity to young Carlile, with Waterloo in his mind. He aspired to be a leader of desperate and victorious charges; but this privilege was denied him, so he determined to do the next best thing, and organise successful retreats. Here his budding genius for organisation began to show itself.

The daily battles took place along the walls of the town, among the fortifications; and young Carlile, deciding that of the two indignities running

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away was better than getting thrashed, and quite as showy, made plans to that end.

He laid himself out to be friendly with some people whose house adjoined the walls. The owner, a Frenchman who had married an English lady, took rather a fancy to him, and he was soon given the run of his house and garden. As soon as the friendship had reached this stage young Carlile contrived that the daily battle should be waged in the neighbourhood, and when his countrymen's misdeeds at Waterloo seemed to be visited too heavily on himself and comrades, he would lead them into sanctuary in his friend's garden, and then find a way out into another part of the fortifications.

A stranger in a strange land, with a gift for finding adventure where others would fall asleep from dulness, he made good use of his time. He had not been at the school many days when some of the bigger boys persuaded him to go with them to the swimming baths. Here they put him in a tub, and set him adrift, to his mingled pride and consternation. All went well for a time, and he voyaged before all eyes with the dignity of a Viking, till one of his tormentors dived underneath and upset the frail craft. For a moment the tub was on top, but the young English boy

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eventually rose to the surface. He philosophically accepted the situation as a call to become a swimmer, and struck out lustily, uttering such cries for help as the occupation of drinking deeply would permit. A big French boy came, laughing, to his assistance, and the adventure ended happily in giving young Carlile his first lesson in swimming.

He further improved the occasion of his residence at Lille by becoming entangled in a romance which nearly ended in a duel.

We may laugh over our school-days trials and escapades in later years, but at the time they were desperately serious, and far o'er-topped such trifles as international politics. Certainly for some days young Carlile looked very like losing his life to satisfy a boyish freak, but he faced the situation coolly, as being one of those little things that a fellow can't help, and in the end his sense of humour came to the rescue.

The story has rather an old-fashioned ring about it, for one of the fair sex was at the bottom of the whole trouble. This was the little fair-haired daughter of a member of the English colony, with whom young Carlile fell desperately in love. However, he was unfortunate in this, for his great school chum, a French lad, a year his senior, also fell before the young lady's smile.

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In England the whole affair would have been fought out with fists in a corner behind the school, if the principals had thought it worth while to waste time on such a trifle. But the young Frenchman had read a lot about duels, probably heard them talked about among his friends, and he came to the conclusion that nothing but blood would wash out the rivalry. He discussed it with young Carlile, who agreed that the custom of the country must be conformed with, and promised to perform his part.

A duel with rapiers was decided upon. Carlile felt that he was doing the correct thing, and this afforded him a sort of melancholy satisfaction.

His rival, with whom, curiously enough, he continued on the best of terms, behaved in a most handsome manner. He had plenty of pocket money, and paid for the English lad to take lessons with the foils at an *ecole d'armes*. Young Carlile practised assiduously, feeling that he would like to make as good a show as possible against his stronger and far more skilful opponent.

No more curious duel was ever planned than this. The two lads were as much attached to one another as David and Jonathan; and daily they would talk over this very annoying little affair, at which, in the near future, one of them must surely die. But, gradually, the absurdity of the

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whole business dawned upon them in all its richness, and they came to the very obvious conclusion that comradeship was too good a thing to be abruptly terminated over a trifle like a love affair. So they laughed the duel away, and became, if possible, closer friends than ever. The total result was that Mr. Carlile gained some proficiency in foils at his chum's expense. To-day, his old chum and rival is a much-respected minister of religion in France; and when they met in recent years, it was to smile over the days when they planned a mortal combat.

At the end of ten months these very happy days at Lille came to an end, and young Carlile returned to London, this time to throw himself into business with an energy that speedily made its mark. School-days were over, and he entered with zest upon an important and formative period of his life.

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CHAPTER II

In the University of Cheapside—Journeyings on foot, velocipede, and horseback—A wrestling bout—The Tonic Solfa system—Saving for his first harmonium—Religious influences—Marriage—The Franco-German war—A lifeboat concert—Groping after truth—Kant and Voltaire found wanting—"Black Friday"—"Whereas I was blind, now I see."

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be!
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!'"

BROWNING.

WILSON CARLILE entered upon his business career in September, 1862; and with it began a most important preparation for the great life-work that, all unsuspected, lay ahead. As God has sent some men into the wilderness, and others to Oxford, to be prepared for His work, so He sent Wilson Carlile into Cheapside. Could the founder of the Church Army have organised the Society,

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and kept in touch with every detail—from the cash-book at headquarters to the last coat of paint on the most northerly van, and the new door-knob at the most southerly labour home—if he had taken Holy Orders as a young man of twenty-three? But he was now to spend sixteen years in the commercial world, and to develop his talent for organisation and thirst for detail, as well as that imagination which makes the true business man the poet and dreamer of the age.

He at once threw himself heartily into his work, and proved both industrious and ambitious. His schoolroom dreams of making a fortune held a constant place in his mind, and he worked early and late to master the business thoroughly. Every morning in the week he left home at 7.30, and rarely reached it again till 10.30 in the evening.

Mr. Wilson, his grandfather, was now an old man, anxious to retire from commercial life; and it was an understood thing that as soon as his young grandson showed himself worthy, he should become a partner, and eventually take over the whole business. As a matter of fact, Mr. Carlile was practically the head of the firm at eighteen, when his grandfather left the City, through ill-health, to become a sleeping partner; and at twenty-one the business was his own.

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Though his work occupied him fifteen hours a day, he was careful not to neglect physical exercise. By sheer determination he had overcome, to a certain extent, his physical weakness; and rather than allow these long business hours to rob him of the sport and exercise to which he owed so much, he solved the difficulty with characteristic originality.

At this time, he lived five-and-a-half miles from his office, and on most mornings would don a light running costume and cover the whole distance on foot at top speed. Starting a few minutes ahead of a popular omnibus that brought the same party of business men to town each day, he arrived in the City at the same time. He soon became a recognised feature of the route, as he raced along beside his pacemaker, and the passengers came to look out for him each morning. On arriving at the office, bathed in perspiration, he put on a decorous business suit, and settled down to his work. A change back to running costume, and a sprint home in the dark, closed his long day.

After this daily performance had gone on for some time, he bought a heavy, old-fashioned velocipede with four wooden wheels, iron tyres, and no springs. This must have appealed strongly

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to his sporting tastes, for the smash that finally ended the machine's career threatened daily.

The morning race with the omnibus became more exciting than ever, and the passengers thoroughly appreciated the diversion. It is true they laughed and chaffed a good deal, for the machine was quite a novelty; but the toiling young athlete was beginning to learn to smile down public opinion, a valuable lesson for one who was to lead reforms and brave the frowns of grim respectability in later days.

Then one day the smash came. A most exciting race had ended in the velocipede passing the omnibus at the Elephant and Castle, and leading the way in triumph. But the rough stones of the Borough proved too much for the over-strained machine, the back axle gave way, and young Carlile sprawled ingloriously among the ruins as the omnibus dashed past. The passengers smiled on him with the complete satisfaction we always feel when our vehicle passes an opposition turn-out.

Horse-riding was another favourite exercise. He did not escape numerous tumbles, and was pitched off many times in the course of experiments; but these mishaps only served to convince him of the charms of the saddle. Soon after the velocipede disappeared from active service, he began to ride

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to the City, having ever in view the importance of caring for his health. His favourite horse, "Dizzy," was blind in one eye, and shied at nearly everything along the road. This rather added to the interest of the journey, to Mr. Carlile's mind, and he refused to give the mount up. As a result, he acquired a firm seat in the saddle, and became devoted to the exercise, which he indulged in for many years.

Boxing and wrestling also held a place in this energetic young business-man's affections. At the latter sport he particularly fancied himself, until his pride had a fall.

It was during a short vacation spent in Switzerland. He was toiling up to the hotel on the Righi, when some of the peasantry offered to carry his bags. He declined indignantly, and declared himself as strong as the best of them.

One of the men, a big strapping fellow, standing over six feet in height, scoffed at this, and made some disparaging remark about the wiry young Briton. Thereupon, with the feeling that the honour of his native islands was at stake, young Carlile invited the Swiss to a wrestling bout. If the latter won he was to have the honour and glory, and also the monetary reward, of carrying the bags to the hotel.

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The party adjourned to an empty barn hard by, and the struggle began. It came to an end within five minutes, for the visitor soon found himself on his back, looking up into the smiling face of the Swiss. So young Carlile continued his journey empty-handed, and on arrival at the hotel, his victorious adversary put the bags down and received a *pourboire* of five francs.

But athletic pursuits only represented a very secondary part of Wilson Carlile's interests, and for the most part he was engrossed in mastering his business and putting forward all efforts for advancement. So hard did he work, that he confesses he would have become a mere machine and drudge, had his old love for music not saved him from this fate.

While still a boy he formed a negro band among his chums, and took charge of the banjo himself, this being his favourite instrument at the time. Frequent rehearsals and performances before admiring friends did not satisfy the enthusiasm of the amateur niggers, and a bit of mischief was planned.

One night they went out to sing in the garden of a rich old neighbour who had a horror of music. They sang for some time, and then rang the bell, at first without result. But a second ring brought out the old gentleman with a horsewhip. The

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"negroes" took to their heels, climbed the garden wall, and dropped into the road with all speed. To their horror a mounted policeman was just passing, and their irate pursuer shouted loudly for them to be arrested forthwith. However, they scattered in all directions, and reached their several homes safely, the principal damage being a broken banjo, sustained by the leader of the troupe.

The next morning young Carlile rode up in the 'bus with the old gentleman, who poured into his ears a long story of a gang of roughs, whom he had thoroughly horsewhipped the night before, and finally handed over to the police. Little did he dream that his auditor, who listened with such sympathetic interest to this exaggerated story, was the ringleader of the tormentors.

Shortly afterwards the negro band was dissolved, and Wilson Carlile, while still but sixteen years of age, formed a small choral and orchestral society, for the study and performance of both sacred and secular music, Beethoven and Haydn being favourites. Musical evenings were held at frequent intervals at the houses of the various members of the Society, and a small homely dance of an hour's duration generally finished up the proceedings.

As soon as he started in business he determined to purchase a harmonium out of his own savings,

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with a view to playing hymn tunes to his father on Sunday afternoons. At this time his allowance was not overwhelmingly liberal, and he had to adopt stern measures to put by the required amount.

His father allowed him 6d. for the daily travelling expenses, and from his grandfather he received 1s. 3d. a day for lunch. The travelling money was practically all saved, by means of athletic feats between home and office, and the exercise of a little ingenuity resulted in a good part of the luncheon money being put aside also.

On his way to the office he would often buy four pennyworth of mutton, or, when in a specially extravagant mood, a fivepenny chop. This he stewed, with a pennyworth of potatoes, in a small tin pot over a fire in his little room behind the warehouse. A small curtain was rigged up, to localise, as far as possible, the smell of cooking, which became distinctly nomadic towards 1 p.m. The young cook was very proud of his handiwork which he devoured with relish behind his desk, strong in the knowledge that another ninepence or tenpence had been added to his store.

By thus saving money screwed from his allowance, and adding to the hoard such cash presents as fell in his way, he saved up £20 within a year, and bought through a friend in the wholesale trade a

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fine harmonium, which was sent direct from the Paris makers. So closely had he run things that when the instrument was delivered at his door he had to borrow 10s. from his father for carriage before the men would leave it.

This harmonium has had a long and distinguished career. When about twelve years later its owner was leader of Sankey's mission choir, it did duty in the different places visited, and was left in tents in all sorts of weather. Then it assisted in the foundation of the Church Army, following the varied fortunes of the Society in its early days, and has now done splendid service for many years in the Training Home Chapel. After forty years of hard and continuous work, it still seems good for another forty. Little did the young lad, as he cooked his own lunch at the office fire, to save money for its purchase, foresee the long years of distinguished service that lay before it.

Just about this time he became interested in the Tonic Solfa system of notation of music, and having mastered it, put his knowledge to good use. A frequent guest at his father's table was a City missionary, who tried to enlist the lad's help and sympathy in some local work. As a result he undertook to teach a number of navvies to sing.

The task was no light one for a young fellow

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of sixteen, for the men did not know a note of music, and were unable to read. They had, therefore, to be taught their letters before they could use the Tonic Solfa system. These difficulties were, however, soon overcome, and in a short time the youthful teacher had his big pupils singing glees, rounds, and part-songs, with intelligence and enthusiasm. This was a valuable piece of experience for young Carlile, for it taught him how to handle men and retain their interest, though he little thought of the extent to which such knowledge was to be used later.

The fame of this little class appears to have reached the ears of Mr. John Curwen, the originator of the Tonic Solfa notation, for he asked the teacher to join the committee, which was then engaged in spreading a knowledge of the system. But young Carlile felt that he had already as much on hand as he could manage in the little spare time at his disposal, and declined the invitation, thinking no more of the matter. But his musical talent and grasp of the rudiments of the art must have been considerable to earn him the honour of such an invitation at the age of sixteen.

All this time, however, music, athletics, and other recreations were the merest side issues. His whole heart was in his business, and he worked to such

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good effect that at eighteen his grandfather felt justified in leaving him in charge of the whole concern. With increased responsibility, and a free hand, came wider ambitions, and young Carlile at once set out to enlarge the firm. He had already made several trips to France, buying silk, and he now began to speculate still further in the market.

From the age of eighteen he began to save money towards that £20,000 on which he had set his heart as a schoolboy, and for many years from now he never put by less than £2,000 per annum. Success crowned his speculations, and he was able to keep a carriage and horses long before coming of age. He had a due appreciation of the value of appearances, and boasted that his coachman wore the smartest livery in the neighbourhood. And all the time he was working away with the one object of making money. The singleness of aim, which to-day is set so effectively on the welfare of the outcast and destitute, was then set just as steadily on commercial success. Ambition, energy, imagination, tenacity, daring, all these were being trained and strengthened against that day when God should stop this young business man in the height of his career and claim these qualities for His own service.

For religion, and the whole world of deals bound

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up in the term, he frankly cared nothing. He attended chapel regularly, out of a desire to please his parents, but he never dreamed that Christianity should affect his going out and his coming in, or in any way guide his steps. The preaching which at this time he heard, Sunday by Sunday, was of a broad, vague character, practically neglecting the Atonement, and containing nothing that appealed to his heart or influenced his life. At the age of eighteen he was admitted to the membership of Stockwell Congregational Church, but this was a mere matter of form, a tribute to his father's eminence in the community rather than to his own views. He did not feel that it added to his responsibilities, or in any way demanded a profession or practice of personal religion.

A curious coincidence, worthy of mention in passing, is that the chapel of which the founder of the Church Army was once a member was also the scene of the marriage of General and Mrs. Booth.

Here Mr. Carlile met his wife. She was a member of the choir, and a common love for music first brought them together. Friendship soon ripened into a warmer feeling, and he became engaged at the age of nineteen. His marriage took place at Twickenham Parish Church in 1870, when he was twenty-three. To all who know him and his happy family

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life it is unnecessary to say more, for his has been one of those perfect unions that are surely made in heaven.

By this time Mr. Carlile's grandfather had completely withdrawn from the business, and left it to him. Now that it was entirely his own, he worked harder than ever to extend it. Branches and agencies were opened in Manchester and other promising towns in the provinces, as well as in New York. His trips to France, too, became still more frequent, and his purchases larger and more important.

With the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war came an opportunity which he was not slow to seize. Silk merchants at Lyons, Metz, and other centres, hard hit by the disorganisation of business, were only too glad to dispose of their stocks on almost any terms for ready money. Instead of discontinuing his business visits to France during the months of fighting, he therefore increased them, visiting the principal manufacturers every month, and buying up all the stock he could lay his hands on.

Naturally, these expeditions frequently brought him within the area of hostilities, and he saw fighting around Paris, Metz, and other towns, more than once coming under fire. On one occasion he was accompanying a waggon, loaded with valuable silk goods (on which he had advanced money), when a French sharp-

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shooter took the cavalcade for a German commissariat detachment. Mr. Carlile soon found himself a mark for bullets, and was glad when the harmless nature of his little convoy was discovered, though this was not before a waggon-driver near by had been shot dead.

Curiously enough, he gave little more than a passing thought and careless glance to the scenes of mingled splendour and horror that confronted him at almost every step. To a high-spirited young man the opportunity of studying the conduct and conditions of a great war at first hand should surely have proved an irresistible temptation. But one of the strong points in Mr. Carlile's character is his power of concentrating all attention on the end in view, and regarding everything else as mere idle distractions by the wayside. His aims and ideals—as he freely confesses—were not exceptionally high at this time, and he had set his heart solely on profiting by the turn of events in France. To use his own words, he was "intent only on money-grubbing"; and while the chance of a good bargain would take him under fire and through military lines, it would also, if need be, draw him away from the most dramatic scenes of war. Later on, when he had dedicated his whole life to the service of God and man, this power of concentration served him well, and brought him undismayed

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—and even unconscious—through many a storm of misunderstanding and abuse.

But although he passed among the scenes of war with something of the preoccupied air of a man rushing to catch a train, he distinctly remembers one striking figure. This was Archibald Forbes, whom he first met at Ostend, as the great war correspondent —then practically unknown—was returning to the front after dashing to London with news of Sedan.

They took train together for the seat of war, Mr. Carlile's knowledge of French making him a welcome companion to the man who had just begun an historic connection with the *Daily News*.

At one little Belgian station the war correspondent alighted to refill his flask, and returned to the platform as the train was leaving. Ignoring the shouting and gesticulating officials, he sprang on to the footboard at the rear of the train, and coolly began to make his way along to the front carriage, where he had left his newly-found friend. The guards, arrayed like field-marshals or admirals of the fleet, leaned out of the windows and ordered him, prayed him, commanded him, and besought him to get into one of the compartments at once. But Forbes hung on and worked his way along the moving train till he joined Mr. Carlile, both laughing heartily over the adventure.

At the next station the officials, with much pomp

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and circumstance, descended on the "mad Englishman" and threatened him with various forms of displeasure. The culprit knew little French, and was much too amused to utter more than "*Nong comprong*," which only led to further attempts to impress on him the gravity of his offence.

Mr. Carlile soon gathered, from the remarks and criticisms of the officials, that they might attempt to detain the Englishman who had insulted their train by strolling along the foot-board, and he attempted to pacify them. Forbes also realised that inconvenience might result from the escapade, and passed his flask of brandy to the gold-laced guards. This had the effect of assuring them that even these "mad English" had their good points, and although they could not "*comprong*" the reason for so much hilarity, they swallowed the brandy, and allowed Carlile and Forbes to go on their way rejoicing.

Only once again did they meet. This was outside Metz, the day before the capitulation, when Mr. Carlile rode into the German lines. He had with him his wife, who accompanied him on several of these trips to France, out of anxiety for his well-being, and to prevent him from running any unnecessary risks.

They found Forbes nursing a slight wound in the leg, but othewise very fit, and deeply interested

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in the great scenes of European history unfolding under his eyes. He was so delighted at the sight of an English lady that, although very lame and bandaged on one leg, he quite danced round Mrs. Carlile, by way of expressing his feelings.

Another vivid memory of those days, still fresh in the minds of both Mr. and Mrs. Carlile, is feeling their beds shake as the big guns roared near Saarbruck, and closed around the hard-pressed fortress of Bitsche. The conduct of the French people on the frontier struck Mr. Carlile as particularly impartial. They would hire a cart, pay ten francs a head to be taken to some place of safety, and spend a half-holiday watching the bombardment of a fortress by the Germans.

Later on, when Mr. Carlile was travelling to Lyons, he arrived outside Paris to find the city in the hands of the Commune, and the national troops encamped at Versailles. An official, whose uniform consisted of a cap, leather belt, and loaded rifle, demanded his passport.

He was riding with three travelling companions in a rough cart—the only vehicle obtainable. Unfortunately, the four Britons had only three passports between them, and wondered what was to be done, since discipline or any sense of responsibility seemed entirely wanting among the Communists. However,

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the Englishman who had no passport jumped down from the cart, seized the tattered ruffian who barred the way, and dragged him into a wine-shop near at hand. There he threw a franc down on the counter and picked up a bottle, exclaiming, "Voilà mon passport!" No further questions were asked, and the rough cart, with its four passengers, continued its journey around the outskirts of Paris.

With the Franco-Prussian War may be said to have begun a wistful groping after Christ, a search that was to end two years later, when at a sudden turn in the road he met Him face to face. In the meantime he was greatly delighted by the birth of his first child, a son, whom he named Victor, and who to-day takes on his own shoulders much of the drudgery of secretarial work at the Church Army Headquarters.

An incident which occurred about this time goes to show that Mr. Carlile's knack of setting others to work in good causes was already developing. It was at Broadstairs, where he had taken his wife and little son to spend a summer holiday. The company of children has always been a delight to him, and he usually spent his mornings on the sands, helping in the erection of huge castles, or organising races among the little ones for sweets and toys from his capacious pockets.

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One day, hearing that the funds of the local lifeboat were in arrears, he set to work to raise the necessary money, some £30. A concert was the most obvious way of doing this, so he at once secured the largest hall in the place, and started to draw up a programme.

One of his objects was to unite the visitors, and make them feel some interest in local affairs and in one another, so he determined that they should provide the concert between themselves. In order to hunt up talent he walked out after dusk along the sea-front, and through the neighbouring streets, where boarding-houses and apartments were to be found. Whenever he heard, through open windows, the sound of music, he listened attentively, and if the voice pleased his ear, he at once rang the bell, and introduced himself to the singer. Before surprise at the interruption had died away, he had booked another artist for the concert. In this way he soon had a full programme, and then began the task of selling tickets.

To do this he planned a demonstration on the sands, in order to collect a crowd. Dividing into two bands the children who swarmed around him each morning in search of a new sensation, he made one party of about fifty build a huge sand castle, while the others stormed it. Soon parents

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and friends gathered to see what the youngsters were up to, and then Mr. Carlile pressed tickets upon them with great success. Although religion was little in his mind just now, he was learning valuable lessons against the days when, as a young lay evangelist, he conducted children's missions at several seaside resorts.

When the night of the concert came Mr. Carlile was door-keeper, stage-manager, programme-seller, and also something in the way of a "confidence-trick" man. Having sold all the programmes at 6d. each, he collected them again, on some pretext that won its way through sheer audacity, and then sold them at the doors, for 1s., as souvenirs of the historic night. Lifeboatmen, with collecting-boxes, were told off to waylay the people as they left, and the ill-fated audience had their pockets still further lightened. However, they all took it as a very good joke, agreeing that the end justified the means, and as a result over £30 was handed to the Lifeboat Fund.

I have already said that his experiences during the Franco-Prussian war made a great impression on Mr. Carlile. He had seen men march out, in all the glory of health and the pride of strength to be mangled and tortured and killed, and although the day of his religious crisis was yet to come, the

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scenes led him to reconsider his views, and seek for some assured position in relation to the everlasting questions of life and death.

When it thus dawned upon him that being alive was a very serious business indeed, if only because it involved the problem of death, he began to cast about for some philosophy that should reassure him. To Christianity he would not turn. Accustomed to hearing the doctrine of the Atonement ridiculed, and brought up in a chapel atmosphere approaching Unitarianism, he regarded the God of the Bible as a harsh Moloch, demanding cruel sacrifice and cringing service.

At this time he was travelling a good deal in Germany, and working hard at the language, with a view to making his business relations with that country still more effective. This brought him among people who talked a great deal about Kant, and he found how great a hold the philosopher had upon the German nation. Animated by a spirit of inquiry, he plodded wistfully through the Kantian system, in search of a foothold. But, alas, his teeth only grated on stone where they had hoped to meet in bread.

The placing of intelligence upon a pedestal seemed to him to ignore the very obvious fact that men have hearts as well as heads, and that what

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may comfort the one may leave the other untouched. His own observations showed him that, taking mankind all round, the hearts vastly outnumbered the heads, and therefore must receive at least as much consideration. The divorce of the two could only mean death, as surely as in the days of such experiments on Tower Hill.

He tested Kant's system of philosophy—and all other systems too, though unconsciously—by the rough-and-ready common sense of the market-place. Could this be the way from darkness into light—this rough, ill-defined road, only to be traced by the man of education and intellect? Should not such an all-important way be one that the common people might understand?

Already he was groping towards the conception of religion that sets a little child in the midst, and adapts the road to its capabilities. The true religious system must be one that stoops to the lowest and weakest, while satisfying also the strongest and highest.

Subjected to this test, Kant's philosophy failed. It could not help all men; therefore it could not be the whole truth. There must surely be some path that all could tread.

He also picked up at this time, and read in a desultory sort of fashion some of the works of

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Tom Paine and Voltaire. But the bitterness of their tone quite counteracted any effect that their views might have had on his unsettled opinions. He had long come to the conclusion that when he groped his way to God, he would find Him a God of love. In his father and mother he had seen this love, and he could only believe that the Creator and Ruler was the Fountain Head of all goodness. Therefore he turned in disgust from the savage bitterness of aggressive infidelity.

It must not be supposed that at this time Mr. Carlile was indulging in any morbid excess of self-examination, or any real agony of mind. But already his heart was burning within him; One walked with him Whom he would know, and he was soon to reach a stage in the journey when the Stranger should reveal Himself as the Christ, and win this strenuous young business man to Himself.

Two little incidents in 1872 tended to keep alive the spirit of inquiry, and to increase the doubts he was beginning to feel about the wisdom of a purely money-making career. The story of these is best given in his own words. It will be noted, as characteristic, that he found in its philanthropic side the best Christian evidence.

"I was reading in the press," he says, "of some

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suppers for burglars, given by one who was himself a reclaimed burglar. I felt how desirable it was for burglars to feel that society sympathised with them, as it might stop some of them in their bad career. Though I was making money freely at the time, keeping a carriage and pair, and could have easily afforded to give a handsome cheque, I gave a paltry 5s. to the reclaimed burglar for his good work. He replied saying how delightful it was to be able to help others. It was a discovery to me to find that I could be of use to others even with only my money, and although I am ashamed of the miserable sum I sent, my eyes were opened to a new usefulness in life.

"An aunt of mine, a devout member of the 'Brethren,' used to send me a copy of the *Christian* every Thursday, but I always burned it for fear my wife or I should be contaminated by it. One morning the copy was being burnt, as usual, when I caught sight of a heading, 'Free Cocoa Breakfasts in Glasgow.' As all my ancestors were Scotch, I was naturally interested in Scotland, and I snatched the blazing paper from the grate, and read about the breakfasts. I had thought religion was nearly all cant and hypocrisy, but what about cocoa? Here, at any rate, Christianity produced something tangible. Why should they give cocoa?

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Why spend so much money? Why take so much trouble? Why get up on a Sunday morning early to help others who were starving and destitute, when you have been working hard all the week at your business and have earned a rest? I was troubled! I was worried! It was God's spirit moving me, through the press, to action and a more useful life. I owe my burglar friend and the editor of the *Christian* a real debt of gratitude."

This period of unrest and inquiry, born amid the scenes of horror around Metz and Paris, lasted until the year 1873, when Mr. Carlile experienced a great business reverse. For a time all his plans and prospects seemed to have come to an end, but the dark cloud parted to show as its silver lining a gleam that led to God.

The year 1873 is well remembered in business circles for the series of bank suspensions in London and New York, that brought about a day of disaster known as "Black Friday." Among the houses hard hit was Mr. Carlile's. His interests by this time had become spread over a wide area, and were specially important in the districts affected. As a result he went home on the evening of "Black Friday," staggering and dazed, practically ruined. The young man of 26, who had been worth between £20,000 and £30,000, and had owned a promising

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and rapidly increasing concern, saved only about £1,500 from the wreck.

For a time he was broken-hearted. He had worked early and late to enlarge his business, and given all his thoughts and energies to this one idea. Now, when all came crashing to the ground, he was overwhelmed, not through fear of personal embarrassment, for his father was wealthy and willing to help, but through the very humiliation of defeat. His ambitions were just being realised, his unsparing industry rewarded, his school-boy dreams fulfilled, and now, through no fault other than excess of zeal and daring, he was met by failure.

Physical prostration was the immediate result of this mental strain. Nerve troubles acted upon his spinal weakness, and for weeks he was compelled to spend much of his time on his back.

"God threw me on my back that I might look up the better," he has said to me, speaking of this period, and the remark is a happy one, for now he came to the great turning-point in his life. While on his back all his ambitions and ideals were turned about; the couch in his house at Brixton proved to be his Damascus road, on which he was stricken down, to be raised up into an apostle to the Gentile outsider.

The aunt who sent him the *Christian* each week

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soon heard of his business reverse, and came to the conclusion that this was a favourable time to renew her endeavours. She began by writing frequent letters, urging that he would only find happiness and perfect satisfaction in a surrender of his life to Christ. These letters she soon followed up by personal visits.

At first her nephew was furious. She pointed him along a way that required confession of his sin, and of his need of a Saviour. He retorted that his life had always been moral and respectable, judged by all the standards of men, and refused to humble himself. Nor did he realise the great world-tragedy on Calvary in the light of a sacrifice for his sins. In his view it was a deplorable end to the most beautiful life ever lived by man, but that it was anything more, or that anything more was necessary, he refused to believe.

This was his condition of mind for some days. But while lying on his back he had ample time and opportunity for taking stock of life, and gradually his self-satisfaction faded away. He came to the conclusion that in making money his one aim and object he had acted unwisely, if only because it was so easily taken from him. Then he reproached himself for having done so little for the good of others in his days of prosperity. He could recall

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but one instance when his sympathies had been sufficiently aroused to give anything beyond the ordinary round of almsgiving, and that was on the occasion of the supper to burglars, already referred to. But this rose up before him in condemnation rather than satisfaction, as he remembered that out of his plenty he had sent only a paltry 5s.

"I began to feel," he says, "that there was something more than gold to live for in this world. I began to feel that I was not as good as I ought to be. My life was hollow and greatly selfish."

Despite all this, he refused to listen to his aunt and her story of salvation through Christ. At last one day, fearing that nothing she said would be of any avail, she handed him a little book, saying, "Well, Wilson, if you ever feel worried about your soul, read that."

The book was Mackay's "Grace and Truth." When she had left Mr. Carlile picked it up and turned to the first chapter, which was entitled "Do you feel your sins forgiven?"

This seemed to him rather an absurd question, for while he was now conscious of "faults" in his life, he by no means regarded them as "sins." That he had not acted altogether wisely he agreed, but that he was a sinner, with anything worth forgiving, he refused to believe.

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However, here he was on his back on the couch, with nothing particular to do, so he started reading the chapter. Gradually it dawned upon him that if the words he read were true, he was a sinner in the fullest sense of the word. Further, he began to realise something of the meaning of Calvary. His old idea had been that it was a debasing view to take of God, to believe that He demanded this death on the Cross as a sacrifice for Wilson Carlile's sin. Now he began to feel that even if God did not require such a sacrifice Wilson Carlile did, and nothing else would bring home to him the horror of sin or the satisfaction of forgiveness.

The rest is soon told. "At the beginning of the chapter," says Mr. Carlile, "I was a rank outsider. Before I got to the end, I had thrown myself at the feet of Christ, and called Him 'My Lord, and my God.'"

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CHAPTER III

With the Brethren—Work among hooligans—Turned out of the Brethren—Joins the Church of England—Stormy services at Richmond—The "Rough Sunday School"—Moody and Sankey—Henry Drummond—The Camberwell Mission—The London Evangelistic Choir—Hymn writer and composer—A period of silence—Back from the wilderness—The Evangelisation Society—Tried and found wanting—Another chance.

"There are, in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

NO apology is needed for using the old word "conversion" in connection with Wilson Carlile's experience, for none other adequately describes the great change wrought in his life. Up to this time all his energies and talents had been devoted entirely to personal ambition and gain.

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"I was a money-grubber, pure and simple," he has said to me more than once, in discussing the period. "I worked and schemed with the sole idea of piling up my banking account—all my thoughts were given to that one end."

But now he turned his back upon all this. The service of Jesus Christ became his one passion. His eyes had been opened; he had seen the King in His beauty, and all else seemed poor and worthless in comparison. He knew that his Redeemer lived, for he had met Him, as surely as did St. Paul when he trod a like road long centuries before. From that day a devotion to a risen Saviour, a personal Friend more real than any at his elbow, became the great motive power of his life. No doubts or difficulties met him then, or have assailed him since. His Christian evidences have been simple but sufficient. "You may destroy my Bible, and attack as you will," he says, "but I have met the risen Lord, and to me that is sufficient proof of His divinity. He touched my heart, and at His touch all the old desires passed away, and in their place came the one desire, to serve Him, and the men He loves. That's my evidence."

After all, you can't argue with a man like that.

He knew no string of texts, or complicated "plan of salvation," which so often begins in hair-splitting

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to end in discord. He had been attracted by the love and sacrifice of a Real Person, and to that Person, Who touched his heart, he yielded his life.

He started on his career as a Christian worker with very little equipment. To begin with, he was no speaker. The very idea of saying a few words before a number of people was terrifying to him. On a few occasions, such as weddings and other social gatherings, he had essayed a speech, and landed himself in utter confusion, to the amusement of his friends and his own discomfort.

As for any knowledge of the Bible, he would have failed miserably in a competitive examination with the average Sunday scholar. Somewhere on a top shelf, covered with dust, was a Bible given to him twenty years before by his grandmother. Its brass clasp had not been disturbed for many a long day. When he took the book down, in his new-found joy, this brass clasp fell off, probably through damp or decay. In the little incident he sees an illustration of the change that had come over him. The love of money had been the clasp that kept him from the riches of Christ. Now the day had come when the clasp should fall away at the Divine touch, and no longer shut him from the everlasting treasures.

Against the two drawbacks just mentioned must

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be set several advantages, with which he started out on this new period of his career.

Chief among them was his love for music, which proved of inestimable worth. It opened to him doors which gave on to the great work of his life, when perhaps no other road would have led that way. Without being in any sense a great musician, he was a ready accompanist, having an acquaintance with the laws of harmony and a knack of rapidly "transposing" that made him a "handy man" on all occasions. He had also, as we have seen, gained valuable experience as a conductor of choral and instrumental music.

He had, too, an energy that carried him forward against all obstacles, and an enthusiasm of a most infectious character. Added to this was the power of concentration that had served him so well in his business career. All the singleness of aim that made him live for his business, and for nothing else, was now to reassert itself in a whole-hearted devotion to religious and social endeavour.

His first thoughts when his eyes were opened to Christ were of service. The blow that struck away the old thoughts and habits, and made him a free man, had been the accolade that dubbed him knight and fighting-man under the banner of the King. Before the day was out he had preached his first

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sermon, for he at once sought out his wife, to tell her about the new view he had got of religious matters.

As both of them admit to-day, his first efforts were not encouraging. Up to this time Mrs. Carlile, though a devout woman and a regular attendant at Divine worship, viewed any enthusiasm with suspicion and dislike, and she probably thought, as she was fully entitled to do, that her husband's mental and physical strain had resulted in religious mania.

"This caused the first sharp words of our married life—the nearest approach to an actual quarrel," says Mr. Carlile. "I found that when I tackled my wife on religious questions I only annoyed her, so I ceased my importunity, simply handing her the copy of 'Grace and Truth' that had so wonderfully helped me, with the words, 'If you ever want to know any more, read that.' For weeks I never alluded to the subject again, but I prayed for her constantly, and about two months later had the joy of seeing her surrender herself wholly to Christ."

He immediately got to work on his Bible, or rather on a part of that wonderful library, for from the books comprising the Old Testament he at first turned with disgust. They seemed to have little or nothing to do with that wonderful Person to Whom

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he had now given his whole life and love, and pictured to him a harsh, bloodthirsty, tribal God, rather that the Fountain-head of all mercy and truth. In time, of course, he learned to read the Old Testament in the light of later revelations, and to make allowances for its narrower scope and more restricted outlook; but for the present he shrank from it as from a terrible nightmare or a ludicrous misunderstanding.

His first act, therefore, was to get a copy of the New Testament, bound with the Psalms; and the little volume was his constant companion for years.

For some time he found even the Psalms rather repugnant, and to this day the prayers for the wholesale destruction of enemies, and other such tones of bloodthirstiness, are repulsive to him. After all, he is not the only one of us who chants such portions of the old Jewish hymns in a rather subdued tone, in the hope that we shall not be held personally responsible.

But the New Testament he devoured hungrily. It all came as a revelation to him—this story of a Life of such winning beauty, of its pitiful crisis and glorious victory. He at once began to read systematically, marking texts that appealed to him, and jotting notes in the margin. This pocket Testament

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dog-eared and battered, and marked till it would be difficult to find space for another note, is now a cherished relic of the days when he first began its study. Those who have heard him speak, and know his constant theme, will probably guess that the first text he marked was that "Gospel in a nutshell," St. John iii. 16—"God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That was the Great Fact that had pulled him up short and completely reversed his life, and has ruled his every action ever since.

From now his life becomes mainly a story of Christian work. His own business having practically collapsed in the financial crisis of "Black Friday," his father took him into partnership, and for the next four years he was connected with the old family house in Bow Lane. But his heart was no longer in a commercial career. Through office walls he had heard the call of the sweetest Voice that ever man heard, and for him there was henceforth no life but that of a modern knight-errant. All his spare time was now devoted to mission work, and although he worked hard while in his father's warehouse, it was with little of the old love and enthusiasm.

Within a few days of his conversion Mr. Carlile

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sought out a little community of Brethren who worshipped at Blackfriars. He was led to them partly out of admiration for his aunt's life and character, developed among the Brethren, and partly through reading of some practical work they were carrying on among the lads of the neighbourhood.

He met with a rather mixed reception when he walked up to their leader, one evening after service, and offered to help in the work. The good people seem to have viewed with suspicion this smartly dressed young man with a glossy silk hat and a flower in his frock-coat. His speech, too, when he spoke of spiritual things, was foreign to them and savoured of the world, for he had then as little orthodox religious phraseology as he has to-day.

However, since he seemed earnest, and begged to be allowed to help the worst people they came in contact with, they extended to him the right hand of fellowship, and hoped for the best. Just at this time they were endeavouring to reach and influence the lads of the hooligan class, for whom the neighbourhood has long had a reputation, and it was decided that Mr. Carlile should be put in charge of a Bible class recruited from this source.

When he was introduced to the class he trembled in concert with the rest of the workers, for the outlook did not seem altogether promising. But the

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hooligans, with a quick insight into character, saw in him a comrade and friend, and to his delight at once hailed him as one of themselves. When quiet was restored, he opened his Bible at the parable of the Prodigal Son, the only story he had become acquainted with. He had looked through it at home and turned the corner of the page down, so that he might find it again.

"Here was I," he says, "out 'on my own' for the first time, with a gang of the roughest and jolliest lads you ever met. I was supposed to teach them the Bible, but they cannot have known less about it than I did."

However, a door to usefulness had opened to him sooner than he had dared to hope, and led him among just the class to whom his heart went out, so he did not mean to let trifles hinder him. He plunged joyfully and unsystematically into the story of the Prodigal Son, dealing with it to the entire satisfaction of his congregation. They were so moved, in fact, that they stole his Bible as a memento of the occasion, quite in the style of the cultured tourist and hero-worshipper. While he exhorted and perspired inside the little mission-room gangs of roughs created a diversion outside, alternately fighting among themselves and demonstrating against their fellows within. Wire cages protected the windows,

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or the glass bill might have been heavy, for stones flew freely, rattling ineffectually for admittance.

Under these promising and prophetic conditions Mr. Carlile started his Christian work.

As soon as her own conversion was completed Mrs. Carlile eagerly joined him, and was given a similar class to manage. She must have lacked her husband's ear for detecting harmony in tumult, for she soon asked whether she might not transfer her class to a quiet room, away from the noise that prevailed inside and outside the mission-hall.

The authorities were willing to do what they could, and Mrs. Carlile was invited to occupy a dark cupboard under the stairs. Here she withdrew with her twenty rough lads. Unfortunately their habits did not commend themselves to her tastes, for they insisted on spitting all over the floor, out of no desire to offend, but merely to pass the trying hour of instruction. Mrs. Carlile protested, as this was really more than she could stand; so one of the fellows, with that inbred courtesy that is to be found in the very roughest, said, "All right, mum; let 'em spit in this," and he laid his cap on the floor. The action was probably more sincere than many a studied courtesy on the part of an educated and polished aristocrat. Altogether, Mrs. Carlile's first experience of Christian work was at least as interesting as that

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of her husband, for while she talked to these fellows they sat in a circle, spitting carefully into the cap in the centre of the group.

For some time Mr. and Mrs. Carlile worked with the Brethren at Blackfriars, attending several evenings in the week and most of Sunday.

They had not known the district long before they saw the terrible need for some effort on behalf of the "fallen" women who haunted it. Something more practical than mere preaching was obviously wanted, for it was no use to arouse the will without offering the way also. A house was therefore taken near the mission-hall and converted into a Rescue Home. Most of the money for this was raised by Mr. Carlile, who with this venture began his long and honourable career as a beggar.

This was his first acquaintance with a phase of Christian effort which is so intensely religious that we have invented a new name for it by way of disguise, and call it "social work." Happily Mr. Carlile has never regarded any branch of Church work as self-contained and independent. "Social work should be more evangelistic and evangelistic work more social," he has always declared; and he regards any idea of separating them as equally fantastic with a suggestion for divorcing the boiler from the engine.

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It will be seen that Mr. Carlile owes to the Brethren his introduction to the two great branches of Christian work. Curiously enough, he also owes to them views which have since made him a strong upholder of the position of the stricter school in the Anglican Church. This is on the question of the Holy Communion.

Among the Brethren, from whom he had his first religious teaching, he found the "Breaking of the Bread" made the great service of praise. It was to this that the faithful looked for their worship, other gatherings being held rather for preaching and instruction. Thus he at once began to regard the Lord's Supper as the great act of worship, divinely appointed; and later on, when he became a Churchman, and it gained in significance, he longed to see it given still more prominence. The ordinary eleven o'clock Sunday service, consisting of Matins, and Litany or Communion service, he frankly recognises as a weariness to the flesh. His ideal for most churches is a choral celebration of the Holy Communion at about 9 a.m., or earlier, as the chief service of the day, leaving the rest of the time clear for something shorter, brighter, and more aggressive than the ordinary attack of liturgical indigestion, which fails so entirely to attract the bulk of the people.

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In spite of the valuable lessons he learned from the Brethren, he was not to remain long a member of their inner circle.

His father, who was now living at Richmond, had become a Churchman and an attendant at Holy Trinity Church, of which the Rev. Evan Hopkins was then vicar. Delighted that his son had become interested in things religious, Mr. Edward Carlile one day asked him to accompany him to Holy Communion. Wilson Carlile, always devoted to his father, welcomed this opportunity of kneeling with him at the great Christian act of worship, and gladly went. This came to the ears of the leaders of the Brethren at Blackfriars, who sadly denounced him as a "disorderly brother," and forbade him to break bread with them again. For a time he continued some of the work he had been doing in connection with their place of worship; but gradually he drifted away, and there began a growth of ideas which led him into the fold of the Church of England. Soon afterwards he and his wife were confirmed at Clapham Parish Church by Bishop Thorold, of Rochester.

At that time he had not the grasp of the Church's claims and the appreciation of her position which came with study and experience. Just now he was mainly influenced by a desire to join his father, and a feeling that he would find more scope and

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freedom in the old faith and be less likely to get turned out. This decision was made in a characteristic manner. Mr. Carlile is above all things a man of action, and he sometimes takes a step without stopping to complete the lines of reasoning. A man of deeper thought and closer study, a Cardinal Newman, for instance, might have worked out the *pros* and *cons* of such a step in agony of soul for years. Mr. Carlile acted at once, as by inspiration, and finished his reasoning afterwards. To some men is given the power of doing this without disaster, and so it has proved in his case. Kipling has a good sentence somewhere to the effect that if the British army had always acted cautiously, waiting to be reinforced up to text-book requirements, the Empire would end somewhere on Brighton beach. I think the application is clear.

On leaving the Brethren at Blackfriars Mr. Carlile devoted his spare time to work at Holy Trinity, Richmond. He went to Mr. Hopkins, asking permission to try to get hold of some of the rough lads in the neighbourhood. The vicar readily consented, and placed at his disposal a broken-down schoolroom in the lowest part of the parish. Some forms were put in, and Mr. Carlile brought his own harmonium and started operations.

On the first Sunday evening the roughs for whom

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the service was intended trooped in readily, on finding that the congregation would consist entirely of themselves. Then began a scene of pandemonium. The lads took charge of the meeting, and sang comic songs with great gusto. Mr. Carlile sat at the harmonium aghast and helpless, for every time he tried to start a hymn his congregation struck up an opposition melody.

He soon saw that nothing was to be gained by attempting to stifle the hilarity, so he gave it up as a bad job, and dismissed the crowd, with the hope that they had had a pleasant evening, and would come again next Sunday. They had enjoyed themselves so much that only with difficulty were they persuaded to leave. When the room was once more empty the young would-be preacher surveyed the field of strife. The door and several of the windows were broken, and the floor was thick with mud. This reassured him, if he had ever feared that he was reaching too respectable a class, and he laid plans for the next meeting with satisfaction.

When Sunday again came round the same crowd assembled outside the schoolroom, intent on giving Mr. Carlile another social evening. But this time he stood at the door and admitted only those who seemed orderly, or promised good behaviour. This enraged all who were left outside, for they had

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gathered to have some fun, so they signified their opposition in a noisy manner. "Alarums and excursions" occupied most of the evening, and Mr. Carlile several times went to the door to remonstrate with the disturbers of the peace, for the tumult outside was getting almost too much for the self-restraint of the faithful few within. At last his appearance was the signal for a volley of stones, of which hundreds peppered the door. This entirely upset the gravity of his select congregation, who arose as one man, and proceeded to demonstrate in sympathy with their comrades who had been shut out.

In spite of these little interruptions Mr. Carlile struggled on, and by degrees some of these young hooligans, admiring his pluck and persistency, became valued workers. In time he even managed to form a choir among them, and in later years many of these ex-hooligans became Church Army soldiers.

While this was going on Mr. Hopkins asked him if he would care to start a Sunday School in the afternoon. He readily consented, but was met by the difficulty that a staff of teachers would have to be evolved, for the schoolroom where he worked had not a reputation that attracted helpers. However, he solved the difficulty by marching his sisters down

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in a body, and setting them to work. To most of them this was a new experience. One of them, Miss Marie Carlile, then a little girl just entering her teens, persevered with the class to which she had been thus suddenly introduced, and only left it some years later when the Church Army claimed her attention. Here she has proved an invaluable assistant to her brother, and has been to the woman's work of the Society all that he has been to that of the men. At her best the Church Army nurse is a copy of Miss Carlile in gentleness, quiet strength, and earnestness of purpose. The hastily-formed Sunday School in Richmond, started as a forlorn hope, has justified its existence if it only brought Miss Carlile in touch with religious work, for through her it may be said to have influenced hundreds of the most devoted workers in the country to-day.

Mr. Carlile's "Rough Sunday School," as it got to be called, stimulated his appetite for this sort of work, and he soon determined to extend it. He therefore started a night-school at the Old Baths, Richmond, seeking to gather in the worst lads from the streets, and teach them the "three R's." His staff again consisted partly of his sisters, but his "right-hand man" was a Miss Elmslie, who did wonders in handling the lads until Dr. Barnardo, then an almost unknown young medical man, just

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starting his[1] noble work, came along and married her. The scholars at this night-school were a constant source of amusement to Mr. Carlile. One of the secrets of his success in such work has been his perfect sympathy with boisterous animal spirits, and the more they romped and rioted the more he felt drawn towards them. He thoroughly understood the value of the frequent scuffles as safety valves, and only interfered when he thought enough steam had been let off to permit lessons being resumed. Two of the boys specially delighted him, on account of the violent contrast they presented. One of them always arrived with a rosy face polished to a reflecting surface with soap, and supported by a collar of snowy whiteness. The other was a sweep's boy, who generally turned up at the class triumphantly fresh from work, with black face and hands, and surrounded by a general atmosphere of soot. He was a most happy and affectionate little chap, and delighted to rub shoulders with his teachers in a perfectly unassuming manner. Only once did Mr. Carlile presume on their friendship and venture to give him a slap on the back. A cloud of soot immediately arose, under cover of which teacher and pupil separated to their tasks.

[1] Dr. Barnardo passed away, amid universal sorrowing, while these pages were going through the press.

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After this Mr. Carlile suggested that the sooty lad should take the clean-looking lad as a pattern, and try to get rid of some of the dirt before coming to school. This was an unfortunate remark as far as the clean little boy was concerned, for the little sweep, irritated at this pink and white creature being held up as a model, picked up his sooty cap and struck him across the face. The innocent little model coughed and spluttered, as the blackness, beaten out of the cap, settled upon him. Then the sweep's boy settled happily to his work, having destroyed this annoying standard of perfection. As for Mr. Carlile, his sense of discipline and desire for cleanliness were hardly taxed to suppress his amusement at the way in which his happy black friend had settled the difficulty.

With this work at Richmond he filled his spare time during 1874 and the spring of 1875. His days were spent in hard work in the City, but on the train journey to and fro, and at odd moments during the day, he studied his pocket Bible, not only to strengthen his own position, but to make him more helpful to others.

For a time it looked as though his sphere of usefulness might be limited to the hours that he could be spared from a busy commercial life. His father's business was a prosperous concern, giving scope

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for all the energy he brought to it, and at no very distant date it would be entirely his own. Then into this comparatively humdrum and unpromising life there came three men who upset all his plans, and started him off on lines which led him at last to give up all prospects of wealth and venture on the road of poverty.

In 1875, after two years spent in the provinces, Moody and Sankey reached London, and opened their campaign at the Agricultural Hall. Hearing that volunteers were wanted for the choir, Mr. Carlile saw an opportunity to use his talents in the cause he loved, and called upon Mr. Sankey at Exeter Hall. Learning that he had had some experience in choral work, and was a man of some resource on a harmonium, the great Gospel singer at once asked him to act as an occasional deputy on the instrument. Thus Mr. Carlile soon found himself at the harmonium at the Agricultural Hall, frequently leading the singing of the vast crowds that gathered there.

But the man to whom he owes most at this period is Professor Henry Drummond, who had left his college work in Edinburgh to accompany the American evangelists, and hold meetings for young men. While Moody was at the Agricultural Hall Drummond held a series of meetings in a smaller hall adjoining, and got hold of Carlile to lead the singing.

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These meetings were of a free-and-easy character, for Drummond did no preaching, endeavouring rather to develop the speaking powers of the young fellows before him, getting them to say a few words of exhortation between verses of the hymns from where they sat. Many of them related the details of their recent conversions. His position, in fact, was rather that of a chairman than a preacher.

One night, without a word of warning, he ran away from the meeting to address a gathering at the old Opera House in the Haymarket, and left his organist in charge. Mr. Carlile, feeling most basely deserted, trembled as he sat at the harmonium, and started a hymn. While his hands played over the keys, and his feet worked the bellows, he wondered what on earth he should say. Under his breath he prayed that God would bring him safely out of the most awful hole he had ever been in in his life, and give him something to say that would help the other fellows.

It was a most trying experience, for he had never attempted to address an audience before, his work having been entirely among lads in classes. However, he broke the ice, and when at the end of the meeting he heard that a goodly number of the young fellows had determined to serve Christ, he entered upon a new view of life and a fresh set of plans.

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From that moment dates the Church Army. He saw that laymen could take their share in the work of preaching Christ. Hitherto he had fancied that their place was only in the class-room and club, and that aggressive work must be left entirely to the recognised minister. Although he did not know it at the time, these very ideas were then occupying the attention of William Booth in East London, who two years later grouped his lay evangelists in a body, and formed the Salvation Army, of which he is the honoured General.

The idea took such hold upon Mr. Carlile that he talked it over with Drummond, who told him that every vacation he sent out seventy of his college men, two by two, preaching through the villages of Scotland. "Why should the same not be done in England?" Carlile asked himself, and although he did not realise then that he was the man to do it, yet from that moment he longed to see earnest young laymen, duly recognised by the Church, preaching the love of God in the market-place and on the village green.

When the Agricultural Hall Mission came to an end he had made himself so useful to Mr. Sankey that he was asked to select and train the choir for the South London Mission at Camberwell. He undertook the task with great diffidence and trepi-

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dation, but the zeal and loyalty of the workers made things go smoothly, and an efficient choir was soon got together.

The body included one or two people who appealed to his sense of humour, and helped him to that hearty laugh which so often carries him through a trying time. Before the choir took their places on the platform he usually held a short prayer-meeting, at which God's blessing was asked on the work of the evening. Two or three favourite hymns were sung, and one lady always chose "Oh, to be nothing," from the Sankey book. This was all very right and proper, but directly the gathering broke up the good lady rather spoilt the thing by making a dash for the platform, and planting herself in the most prominent seat, right by Mr. Sankey's harmonium. Her efforts to race in ahead of everybody else, and secure this conspicuous place in front of 8,000 people, became so noticeable that at last Mr. Sankey said, "Carlile, I can't stand that woman any longer. Do ask her to sit somewhere else."

Mr. Carlile carried out his unpleasant task, and Miss "Oh-to-be-nothing" retorted, "Well, if I can't sit in the front place, I won't sit anywhere." She flounced out of the building, and never took her place in the choir again, though she so far forgave

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Mr. Carlile as to attend some meetings he held later on.

When Mr. Sankey was at the harmonium Mr. Carlile usually slipped away to make himself useful elsewhere, and was placed in charge of the committee-room. While he was doing this one evening he had an encounter with Mr. Moody that he has never forgotten, and to this day he carries out in his own church the principle laid down by the great evangelist. Eight thousand people were in the building, and every seat seemed occupied when Moody walked in. "Full up?" he asked. "Yes, full up," said Mr. Carlile.

Then Moody went up the little wooden staircase on to the platform, and without looking at the great crowd before him pointed to two empty seats beside his own. "The place is not full," he said. "I want two more men here." "Oh, those seats are kept for Mr. P—— and Mr. M——," said Mr. Carlile, mentioning two leading members of the committee. "They've just gone round the hall inspecting, and then they'll want to return here."

Moody turned on Carlile with one of those looks of scorn that he could assume so well when necessary. "Go outside and fetch me the two worst men you can find," he said. "But, Mr. Moody——" ventured the young choir leader. "Ah, you don't

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care for souls," retorted the evangelist. That rebuke struck Mr. Carlile till he flinched, and he went outside, got hold of two men, and, much to their surprise and consternation, placed them in the two empty seats on the platform before the 8,000 people of the audience. To-day, at St. Mary at Hill Church, when every seat is occupied by the most remarkable congregation in London, and the aisles are filled with camp-stools, this incident comes up in his mind, and he finds room on the steps of the pulpit for two or three more from the disappointed crowd shut outside.

When Moody's South London campaign came to an end it was suggested that instead of disbanding the Camberwell choir it should be kept in being and used as a mission band. Accordingly, a committee was formed to work it, and Mr. Carlile was put in charge as honorary secretary and general manager. For ten years the London Evangelistic Choir, or "Sankey's Choir," as it was more often called, held missions in tents and halls in all parts of London, well-known speakers being secured to give addresses. One of Mr. Carlile's most interesting relics of those days is the little cash-book in which the expenses incurred in running the choir were jotted down.

Looking back on those days, we see how each successive piece of work undertaken by Mr. Carlile

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was training him for the position he was shortly to hold as leader of a great movement in the Church of England. He was now practically at the head of this choir, comprising some hundreds of people of varying ideas and temperaments. The task of keeping them happy and satisfied called for considerable tact and knowledge of human nature, while his business faculties also had full scope.

Besides leading the choir he used frequently to sing solos, and the little pocket Bible he carried at the time has numerous extra leaves pasted in on which are written, in microscopic characters, little verses that took his fancy, and to which he had jotted down tunes of his own in the tonic sol-fa notation. He also made his first and only efforts in verse at this period, and two or three of these solos were entirely his own work, both words and music.

To one of these unambitious little compositions a story is attached, which I am able to give in his own words.

"I was holding an open-air service on the river bank at Richmond one Sunday, when a young fellow, evidently spending a week-end up the river, ran his boat ashore, and joined our crowd. He seemed in a rather excited state of mind and tried to interrupt us, so when the service was over I followed him down to his boat, and spoke to him just as he was pushing

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off again. I was a bit of a boating man myself, so we got on all right for a few minutes, and then I said, 'Have you a boat that will take you over the waters of death?' 'No,' he replied, 'what's that to you?' We talked a little longer, and I learned that quite recently he had lost his mother, so I asked whether he remembered her last words. Then he told me that he was a seafaring man, and had just gone aboard his boat when news came that his mother was dangerously ill. He got leave to go ashore and visit her, and found her life rapidly ebbing away.

"'She could just manage to speak,' he said, 'and her only request was that I would sing to her. But I only knew such things as 'Champagne Charley' and 'Tommy Dodd,' and I told her I thought they would be no help. Not a single hymn or word of comfort could I think of. This went like an arrow through my poor mother, and with her last breath she begged me to turn over a new leaf and meet her in Heaven.' 'And have you started?' I asked. He shook his head. I drew a line with my umbrella on the shore, the one side to mean sin and the other side Christ. 'Step over the line,' said I, to which he replied, 'If I step over that line it means that I have to alter my whole life, and go down into that boat and tell my swearing and cursing companions that I have decided to serve my mother's God.'

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"He paused, bit his lips, and then with a desperate effort stepped over the line. He went back to his boat, took his stand for God, and when he last wrote to me he was still seeking help from Above to lead a Godly life. I wrote the following lines to a simple tune and often sang them at the missions of Sankey's Choir, and not altogether without encouraging results:

"My strength is gone, my voice is weak,
They need not pray for me.
I'm not afraid to die to-night,
I'll then your father see.
But will you sing me some sweet hymn
To cheer me as I go,
Like 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,'
You cannot say me 'No.'"

"Oh, mother dear, I know no hymns,
They're all forgotten now.
The songs I sing are all no good
To soothe a dying brow.
You're weeping, mother, do not cry,
Those tears they make me think
That I'm the cause of all this grief,
My heart begins to sink."

"Just think, my boy, when you were young
How oft I prayed for you,
When ill, I watched you day and night,
Tho' worn and wearied, too.
And yet, I fear, you have not given
Unto your mother's God
That heart He purchased on the Cross,
By His own precious blood.

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"Oh, I could die without a pang,
And joy should dry my tears,
If I could surely know that you
Were safe beyond all fears.
I've prayed to God long years for you,
And still no answer's given.
Grant now, O Lord, my boy may start
His mother to meet in Heaven."

These lines have no striking merit, but at any rate they are no worse than the average Revival song, and they point to another side of Mr. Carlile's activities, little known to his friends of the present day.

The sight of the work done by Moody had fired him with an ambition to become a preacher, and in the early days of the Choir he addressed a great many of the meetings. But when a few months had passed by he felt that he was getting "puffed up" with pride, and fearing lest in preaching to others he should himself become a castaway, he decided on an extreme measure. For over a year he never addressed a meeting, devoting his whole efforts to the management of the Choir, and securing speakers from various sources. He fully intended that his time of silence should be permanent, and had made up his mind to give the rest of his life to the organising of mission work by laymen, and to abstain entirely from preaching. But God had other plans for him, and at the

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right time He called him out of the wilderness and bade him preach His Gospel.

One night the Choir was holding a mission in a tent at Hounslow, and he was there as usual, leading the choir, and taking all the business details on his shoulders. One of the ablest evangelists of the day had promised to come down to give an address, but at the last moment was taken ill, the news only reaching Mr. Carlile just as the meeting was timed to begin. He hardly knew what to do, for no one else could be got in time. So he took what was no doubt the right view of the matter, regarded it as God's sign that his long months of silence were at an end, and poured out his full soul to the people in an unpremeditated sermon that was probably the best he has ever preached. From that day preaching has been the great passion of his life, and he regrets that the many cares and responsibilities of his present work take him on to the platform oftener than into the pulpit.

This happened in May, 1877, when Sankey's Choir had been in existence about two years. As a result of his new decision to become a preacher, which dates from that night in the tent at Hounslow, he shortly afterwards left the Choir, offering his services to the Evangelisation Society, with which he had already become acquainted, as he secured many of his mission speakers from this source. The main idea

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influencing him in making this change was a desire for some little training. Hitherto he had had none, and he felt that he was getting into slovenly, erratic ways that impaired his usefulness.

Captain Smith was the honorary secretary of the Society, and he took Mr. Carlile in hand, teaching him to introduce something of system into his addresses. This he did by insisting that every sermon should touch on five points in a fixed order—the five R.'s, as he called them—Repentance, Redemption, Reception, Renovation, and Rejection.

To Captain Smith Mr. Carlile owes a deep debt of gratitude for the pains he took to help him. The "five points" in particular made a great impression on him, and in later years he has taught them to every evangelist in the Church Army as he passed through the training homes.

His first experiences with the Evangelisation Society were hardly encouraging. They had a system of testing candidates by sending them to address meetings at which a member of the staff, quite unknown to the tyro, was present. Accordingly Mr. Carlile was sent down to a little mission-hall at Whitechapel, where he found about a dozen old women gathered to benefit by his eloquence. Quite unaware that a spy was present, he plunged into his subject, and in his efforts to be very proper

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and respectable he contrived to be exceedingly dull. He called at the offices of the Society next day to learn his fate, and was told that his services would not be required. On asking for an explanation, he was shown the report on his performance which had been sent to the office. "No illustrations, and five points muddled," it ran.

He begged for another chance, which was granted. Determined that there should be no lack of brightness and variety this time, he bought "Dickenson's 17,000 Illustrations," several copies of the *Christian Herald*, and a number of low-class papers containing illustrated police news. With this material he set to work and prepared a sermon that was doubtless somewhat out of the common. Then he went down to Whitechapel again, and let off the whole bag of tricks at the poor, unoffending old ladies.

Probably they enjoyed the discourse; it is hardly likely that any of the faithful few went to sleep under it. Indeed, their satisfaction seemed so apparent that Mr. Carlile called at the office of the Society next day in his lunch hour in high spirits. But these were soon dashed to the ground, for a second report was handed to him, reading: "All stories and anecdotes. No chance for any one to be converted." Once more it was politely intimated that no use could be made of his services.

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But once more he begged for another chance, and as a result he was taken in hand, some of his crudities polished down, and he became one of their honorary workers for about fifteen months.

He never yet gave half-hearted allegiance to any interest that captivated him, and he now devoted every moment of his spare time to the work of the Evangelisation Society. In spite of his business ties he was holding meetings nearly every evening, and was generally away from home from Saturday to Monday, holding week-end missions.

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CHAPTER IV

Decision to take Holy Orders—Bishop Thorold's advice—Leaves business—Highbury College—Ordination—Kensington—First sermon—Work among soldiers—Workhouse chaplain—A police service.

"Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls in modesty again,
Cast none away."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Henry VIII.," Act v.

MR. CARLILE had not been working with the Evangelisation Society many months before he began to consider a step which was to prove one of the great turning-points in his career. This was his decision to take Holy Orders in the Church, and to devote the rest of his life to her service.

As usual, the motives dictating the step were purely practical, resulting from his own experiences and theories rather than from the advice of men or books. Few men might lay a better claim to

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"originality" than Mr. Carlile, for he owes little or nothing to books, and when he arrives at a conclusion it is as a rule by his own efforts, and quite independent of other minds. Thus, while other men might give more voluminous reasons for such a step as he was about to take, none could be more convinced of its wisdom.

It was entirely the result of his experience with Moody, the Sankey Choir, and the Evangelisation Society. His relations with the workers had always been most happy, but experience convinced him of the weakness of undenominational efforts.

He tried it and found it wanting, as so many others have done. Moody himself, in later life, learned that huge "revivals" on neutral ground did not produce the lasting results of less ambitious efforts held in connection with some particular place of worship, nor have more recent experiments on such lines tended to prove their effectiveness. This fact weighed very heavily with Mr. Carlile. "The so-called converts," he says, "told to go anywhere often went nowhere, and the last state of some was worse than their first. I believe in interdenominationalism when it can be worked successfully, but I have a horror of undenominationalism, which is often nothing better than a rope of sand. Preaching is ineffective unless we have some definite fold to

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invite the people to. Quite apart from my belief that Christ founded a visible Church, there is the undeniable fact that men crave for, and are helped by, such a banding together."

Mr. Carlile's whole training had made him an apostle of efficiency. Weakness in a system was for him the best of all reasons for rejecting it. While he did not doubt God's ability to use weak things, he believed it to be the highest form of worship to offer Him the best we have.

As soon as he had come to the conclusion that the work on which he was now engaged was unsatisfactory he began to consider the question of taking Orders. Such a step would be a serious one and called for careful thought. It was the great parting of the ways. He had to choose between the life of a prosperous business man and that of a clergyman who could never hope for any high office, and might be doomed to a life of constant struggle. His father's flourishing business, which had been in the family for one hundred years, and in which he had now a share, would in the ordinary course of events shortly come entirely into his hands. On the other hand, he was firmly convinced that God was calling him into the ministry, which would mean relinquishing all these prospects and starting out on a road of comparative poverty. For himself

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the question presented no difficulty whatever. The mists that veil the world's greatest battleground from most eyes had parted before him and he saw the forces of light and darkness locked in a struggle to the death. His pulses leaped at the sight, and all else but battle seemed to him unmanly and shameful.

One consideration made him hesitate. He was now a married man, with a family around his knees, and he questioned whether he was doing right to thus endanger their comfort and prospects. But his wife nobly supported him. Indeed, without her strong faith in his mission and her unflagging cheerfulness in these early days, when encouragement and appreciation were scarce, the story of the Church Army might never have been written.

When Mrs. Carlile saw that her husband was gazing wistfully at a life of larger usefulness she at once fell in with his plans, and never a murmur passed her lips at the sacrifices this change entailed. Mr. Carlile's father also did nothing to hinder the carrying out of these new ideas when the first feeling of surprise had passed away. He was sorry to think that the old business would never come to his eldest son, but now, since his other son was fully occupied in the North, he bravely faced the prospect of seeing it pass out of the family.

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Before finally deciding to take Holy Orders, Mr. Carlile thought it well to seek advice from a person of experience and authority, and so called upon Bishop Thorold, who had confirmed him a few years before, and for whom he entertained great respect and affection. To him he poured out the whole story of his plans, explaining the ways by which he arrived at his present conclusions. When he had done this, the Bishop put his hand on Mr. Carlile's arm, and said, "I am sure you are called to the ministry. I wish you Godspeed." Then followed a little advice about the lines of study to follow while he was waiting to enter the London College of Divinity at Highbury, and from the Bishop's presence Mr. Carlile went straight away to buy a Greek Testament and make his first start at the language of the classics.

It was about the middle of 1878 when, with much fear and trembling, he called upon Dr. Boultbee, then the Principal of Highbury College. It must be remembered that he had left school at an early age, and devoted himself too strictly to business since to keep his knowledge of Latin in a good state of repair. As for Greek, he had only started the language a few weeks before, and was hardly sure of the alphabet. However, the interview was cordial, and he was told to call on the Rev. J. Gunnery at

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Hampstead. He did so, and was examined *vivâ voce* in Latin (bad), Greek (awful), Bible (pretty good).

For some days he heard nothing, and began to fear that his examiner had given such a report of his shortcomings that Highbury would have nothing to do with him. While in this state of anxiety he determined, if he were ploughed, to go straight to Dr. Boultbee and argue matters over, and, if no satisfaction could be had in that quarter, to call on the Bishop of London and see what could be done there. He was now firmly convinced that his place was in the ministry of the Church of England. He was quite prepared to hear that he was not wanted, but he reserved the right of believing that he was needed. This was not through any high appreciation of his own merits and gifts, for he is modesty itself, but was merely the result of his opinion that the priesthood would be strengthened by the inclusion of men who have little of the classics in their intellectual make-up, but can offer to the Church their business training and wide knowledge of the world.

Happily all his desperate plans for storming jealously guarded doors were rendered unnecessary within a week, by the news that he had been accepted as a student at the London College of

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Divinity, which he entered in October, 1878, at the age of thirty-one.

He worked at his office in the City to within a few days of entering college, and then the business was disposed of to one of the leading wholesale houses in the City, in which it forms an important part to this day. His father retired, and he himself was left free to devote the rest of his life to the service of God.

Quite unconsciously, and as usual without straining after effect, he managed to impress his individuality on his college career, and more than once the authorities must have wondered what kind of an earthquake they were harbouring. At first they seemed to have regarded him as a rather worrying kitten, that jumped about and tried to catch its tail when they wanted to nurse it quietly, as orthodox kittens should be nursed. But presently it dawned upon them that there was a good deal of method in his madness, and little regret was expressed when, before his career in their midst came to an end, the complaint had tended rather to spread.

He started out with the intention of getting through his studies and examinations as soon as possible. The Bishop consented to his sitting for his examination at the end of eighteen months, instead of completing the usual three years' college

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course. Dr. Boultbee readily gave his permission, but attached little importance to the idea, for of all men Mr. Carlile seemed the least likely to succeed. He had forgotten the little Latin he ever learned at school, while Greek and Hebrew he was just starting for the first time. His age, and the fact that he had known nothing of the discipline of hard study for the past sixteen years, were also against him. But he was determined to get through, not only because he longed to be at work in a sphere offering wider scope, but also because his now slender resources required that he should spend as little as he could, and make this non-earning period as short as possible. He would, indeed, have much liked to go up to Cambridge, but could neither afford time nor money.

While at college he continued to live at home, travelling to and fro daily from Richmond to Highbury on the North London Railway. Much of his study was done in the train, for he read continually on the journey, and thus brought on an affection of the eye which has compelled him to wear glasses constantly ever since.

This period must have been a most trying time to him. He was ill-adapted for a life of study, and his interests were rather with men and their needs than with Greek verbs and theological handbooks.

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Nothing could have tested his earnestness more severely than this life for which neither his tastes nor his training fitted him. He felt that he was being crammed with a view to passing examinations instead of being helped to help others. However, all this was swallowed manfully, as part of the price he must pay for the privilege of entering the ministry.

How he ever got through is a mystery, on which he is particularly hazy. Most of the men had a big start of him, while he was trying to get through in half the ordinary time. In spite of this, he devoted to preaching much of the time that the others gave to reading. The college authorities were naturally much exercised about such a use of his evenings and week-ends, for he was already heavily handicapped, without giving up his only opportunities of making headway. They protested that if he thus neglected his studies and insisted on filling up all his spare time with mission work, he would surely be ploughed in his exams. Sarcasm, entreaty, and anger were alike wasted on him, and for a time he pursued his unorthodox way. But after a time the chaff and ridicule became so strong that he tried the experiment of dropping all his mission work and giving his whole time to study. The result was not satisfactory. Battle was the breath of his nostrils, and

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as soon as he withdrew from the fray he felt his spiritual life losing in depth and his enthusiasm fast ebbing. Among text-books and lexicons he pined for the satisfaction that came of preaching Christ and seeing men won by the power and mystery of the Cross. At the end of a month he bade the scoffers and teasers do their worst, and went back to the work on which his heart was set.

However, so far from disgracing his college at the examination, he came out top of the Highbury men. At the Bishop of London's examination for deacons he took sixth place out of thirty-three, and seventh place when examined a year later for the priesthood.

During his first Highbury vacation he was conducting a short mission in the parish of Christ Church, Preston, when the Rev. Raymond Firth, who is now Hon. Warden of the Church Army Training Homes, was vicar. One morning he opened a letter at breakfast, glanced at it with a laugh, and tossed it across to his host. It was an offer from a leading English firm of cotton spinners to represent them in New York. The salary was to start at 5,000 dollars (£1,000) per annum, and to increase as the business spread, while he was to be allowed three nights a week free for preaching.

"Take it?" he said, in answer to Mr. Firth, "no, of course not. My work's here in England. I've

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done with business, and all my time now is for God."

Towards the end of his college course he heard that the vicar of Kensington, the Rev. Carr Glyn (now Bishop of Peterborough) wanted a curate, a part of whose duties it would be to work among the soldiers who constituted the guard at Kensington Palace. He had been attached to soldiers ever since he saw the bravery and devotion of both sides in the Franco-Prussian war, and so applied for this post. He secured it, and was ordained deacon at St. Paul's Cathedral by Bishop Jackson in Lent, 1880. To Kensington he at once moved, making his home at 15, Sheffield Terrace, Campden Hill. Here he lived, not only during his short curacy at the parish church, but all through the first ten years of struggle that built up the Church Army.

For some weeks, or even months, after his ordination, Mr. Carlile could hardly realise that he was really a clergyman. In every-day phraseology, "it seemed too good to be true." No newly commissioned subaltern, wearing the King's scarlet and gold for the first time, could feel greater pride in his uniform than Mr. Carlile felt in his black coat and clerical collar. He seems to have found the latter particularly satisfying. "I couldn't realise it at first," I have heard him say. "It seemed far too

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wonderful that the Carlile who had lived only for his business, and had tried to adopt Agnostic views, was now one of God's ministers. My hand would often steal to my collar to make sure that I was not dreaming."

He now found himself a member of a large clerical staff, consisting of the vicar and ten curates. Junior in position and experience, he was older than either his vicar or his fellow curates by the calendar, and was then the only married man among them.

Nothing could have been a better preparation for his later work than the society in which he now found himself. It might have been his fate to work as the only curate of a vicar who was strongly attached to one party in the Church, and thus his experiences and sympathies would have been narrowed. But at Kensington he found himself among a number of men who, representing all the different schools in the Church, were united in earnestness and enthusiasm. High, Low, and Broad worked happily together, vieing only in zeal and self-sacrifice. Such society was an invaluable education to Mr. Carlile. His experience of Church life and work had not up to the present been of a very wide and comprehensive character, and Highbury professedly did little to remedy this. While this

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might have been no particular drawback had he been destined for an ordinary parochial ministry, it would have hindered, or even rendered impossible, such far-reaching work as that of the Church Army. But here he was able to study the faith and works of the three great schools in the Church, and with this study came perfect sympathy and thorough appreciation. Mr. Carlile is too thoroughly in love with the Church to be a violent party man, for every true worker in her ranks must be his friend and comrade. Any other attitude appears to him as ridiculous as that of one regiment in action refusing to support another because their officers belong to different clubs.

The great event of the week at St. Mary Abbots was the council of war held every Monday morning, when the vicar and his ten curates sat at a long table reporting on their various works and discussing plans for the future. Here Mr. Carlile had his grand opportunity of meeting men of all views. One of the curates, known among his colleagues as "The Thin End of the Wedge," who bore good-naturedly the suspicion of trying to lead them all to Rome, was seated next to one who was nicknamed "The Bulwark of Protestantism," while a Broad Churchman, whose fine voice won him the duty of singing the service for the High Church-

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man, sat opposite. Among them was the raw recruit from Highbury, taking copious mental notes and having tremendous powers of admiration.

He was appointed to the district church of St. Paul's, then an iron building, where he worked under the Rev. William C. Haigh (now the vicar of St. Paul's, Clifton, Bristol), to whom he owes a deep debt of gratitude for advice and guidance when he was a very raw and inexperienced curate.

"My memories of Mr. Carlile are all of a very happy nature," Mr. Haigh said, writing to me recently. "He was always very sweet-tempered, and took with good humour any criticisms of friends or those hostile to his methods of work, a trait of character none too common in those who are in earnest in good causes, but which has a great missionary value, because it wins admiration and trust. No one could well get angry with Mr. Carlile. He disarmed suspicion and want of sympathy with novel modes of work. He made us come and help him, and then we saw for ourselves.

"He soon began to do good mission work in Kensington, and that among classes which we clergy do not, as a rule, get much hold of. God blessed those efforts, which increased with the months, and were noticed even by the policemen, more than one of whom spoke to me of Mr.

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Carlile's work. Here is a fact which speaks for itself. One Easter Day morning, before one of the early Communions, some hundred of the people whom he had, under God, reached and helped in the higher life, assembled outside his house in Sheffield Terrace. He came out and joined them, and marched at their head to St. Mary Abbott Church, the whole party singing hymns on their way, and then joining the other communicants in the grand church.

"Kensington had as vicars Dr. Maclagan, now Archbishop of York, a most sympathetic missioner, and Dr. Carr Glyn, now Bishop of Peterborough, an ardent and most faithful parish priest, but neither they nor any of us got hold of the kind of people whom, through the grace of God, Mr. Carlile won and retained in God and the Church.

"The simple earnestness, the love of souls and the desire to win them for the Lord Jesus—these points, combined with his good nature, unconventionality, and courtesy were the qualities which God used. There was little of what is called power or deep thought or eloquence, but it is an old story. We want men of all levels of education, rank and gifts, to reach men of all ranks and levels of life, and God can use any man so long as He finds in

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him loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ and a desire to serve men for their good.

"I wish our Fathers in God would not always trust to examination for their deacons and priests. There are men who are not learned in Latin and Greek because they have been trained in other branches of work, but they are full of Christ and His Spirit, and if we could have more of them ordained we should see results where too often we see little or none.

"Such work as Mr. Carlile's was a novelty in a West End parish like Kensington, where we were all too respectable. He went into the poorest and roughest districts in the neighbourhood to hold out-door services. One Sunday night, when he joined me at St. Paul's for evening service, his top hat was "all battered in." Some one in the Potteries had let a flower-pot fall on it, carefully aimed while Mr. Carlile was preaching under the window. I don't forget the hat, or the nice way in which Mr. Carlile took it. It might do many of us 'West End' vicars and curates much good to do work which involves the battering in of our Sunday hats, with flower-pots on our heads.

"For many years I have seen little of Mr. Carlile. But his work is before our eyes, and abides in the heart of God and man. I would ask those who may

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not agree with all that Mr. Carlile does, or with all that many other earnest men do, to remember that God works through men and means often in the most striking contrast to each other—that in this world there is room for us all to do our little best and to live and let live."

It was in St. Paul's Church that Mr. Carlile one Sunday evening preached his first sermon as an ordained minister from the text, "There was great joy in that city." He has never claimed to be a pulpit orator, or a very original thinker so far as theology is concerned, but to a power of graphic description he adds intense earnestness and a faith in his message that have made him a powerful exhorter. He possesses to a striking degree the power of carrying his hearers with him in the rush and excitement of his imagination. Quite recently a layman came up to him at a reception at Lambeth Palace, and said, "I don't think I've spoken to you since you were at Kensington twenty-four years ago, but I remember to this day a sermon of yours on the Flood, when it all seemed so real that I thought my house and the church and everything else were under water."

As he was only a deacon and the junior member of the staff Dr. Glyn asked him to write out his first sermons and submit them to him. He pre-

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sented the manuscript of his first discourse in fear and trembling, trying to comfort himself on the grounds that "it was only a very small one." Then he began to read it aloud.

The vicar only listened to a few sheets, and then threw himself back in his chair in uncontrollable laughter. "Oh, Carlile, you'll kill my people," he gasped, when he could utter words.

"Not many to kill," ventured Mr. Carlile. "Just thirty-five heads in church last Sunday night."

After this Dr. Glyn ventured to hear one more sermon, and then declared he had enough. "I'll give you up, and hope for the best," he said, terminating the interview with a laugh. The enthusiasm and zeal of his new curate had already won his confidence, and these limitations did not blind him to his useful qualities. He began to have a vague suspicion that this ugly duckling might turn out a credit to him.

It was the prospect of working among soldiers that had attracted Mr. Carlile to the parish, and he at once threw himself heart and soul into plans for their welfare. Every Sunday morning they paraded and marched to St. Paul's Church for service at 9.30. This consisted of shortened matins and a sermon by Mr. Carlile, the whole lasting not more than forty minutes. Many of the illus-

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trations in these sermons were drawn from the preacher's own observations and experiences in the Franco-German war. This naturally interested the men very much, and when Mr. Carlile visited the barracks next day he would often be questioned on details of the campaign, or severely criticised for some mis-statement of military technics.

Visits to the barracks were of almost daily occurrence, but there was some difficulty in getting thoroughly acquainted with the men, for the hundred and fifty soldiers who constituted the guard were moved every three months, and thus were lost sight of as soon as a friendship was beginning to form. For this reason the work cannot be regarded as very effective, though Mr. Carlile probably underestimates matters by saying that no good was done at all.

His love of music as an excuse for social gatherings led him to get up frequent concerts among the men. Much of the talent came from the barrack-room itself, while he would sometimes persuade other friends to help with a song. Very happy times they were for him, when he sat at the piano, and accompanied the soldiers in a comic song or in one of those sentimental ditties which are usually still more popular in such company. Towards the close of these concerts an attempt would be made to give

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things a religious turn by means of a sacred song or a few words concerning those things that lay nearest the young curate's heart, but he knew his men too well to attempt to force religion down their throats, or to let these little entertainments be regarded as a reward for assent to his views.

Another important part of his duties was in connection with the large workhouse in Marloes Road, to which, under Dr. Glyn's supervision, he acted as chaplain. At this time deaths, especially from bronchitis, were very frequent at the institution, and almost daily he would watch souls pass into the region of mystery and silence. In not one of these instances can he recall a single case of "death-bed repentance." The weakness of the body and mind attendant on the great change always appeared to prevent any comforting grasp of religious truths, where these had hitherto been rejected or ignored. While no man may judge how far the Redemption has benefited those who pass from life without professing faith, these saddening death-beds deepened Mr. Carlile's resolve to urge men to seek health of soul while still in health of body.

Services were held here every Sunday afternoon, while Mrs. Carlile and others also visited the sick wards with flowers, and started the patients singing favourite hymns where medical orders permitted.

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Old Folks' Quarters at Fulham Road Workhouse, illustrating Church Army Missions to Workhouses

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These visits to the workhouse convinced him that many were there as a burden to the ratepayer who might, with some little effort, be enabled to support themselves. He therefore suggested to Dr. Glyn, and received permission to organise, a body of lady visitors, each of whom should make at least one able-bodied inmate of the union her special care, and try to get him or her into a situation. In a short time fifty ladies were secured, and as a result of their efforts many men and women were drafted into situations. The idea was not regarded very favourably by the authorities at first, who considered that the work of the lady guardians themselves should be sufficient. But carefully organised, and kept within reasonable bounds of discipline, the scheme resulted in many being taken off the rates, and a similar interest in workhouse inmates might well be copied elsewhere, with good results. This was Mr. Carlile's first experience of workhouses, a direction in which he has since received grateful thanks from several Boards of Guardians, for "taking men off the rates, and making ratepayers of them."

Another piece of work put into Mr. Carlile's hands about this time, and one in which he took great interest, was among policemen. The police-station is just outside St. Mary's Church, and here the whole

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of the men of the division, numbering nearly one hundred and fifty, gathered every Wednesday to receive their pay. They handed in dockets just before 1 p.m., and then had to wait half an hour before their money was ready for them. Dr. Maclagan, the former vicar of the parish (now Archbishop of York), arranged a service in the church for them, to occupy the interval, and this was kept up by Dr. Glyn. When Mr. Carlile came to the parish he was put in charge of this police service, and thus had an opportunity of meeting about fifty policemen every week, who came voluntarily to the little gathering, of which a ten-minutes' sermon was a feature. Mrs. Carlile also became interested in the police, and held a Bible-class for them in her drawing-room. In the same room was held one afternoon a little meeting addressed by Miss Catherine Gurney and Mrs. Carlile, from which sprang the Christian Police Association. This has now spread all over the country, and made Miss Gurney's an honoured name in every police-station in the land.

These events served to still further strengthen Mr. Carlile's friendship with the police, and although there shortly began a period of his life when he was continually being "moved on," while preaching in the street, he always preserved the happiest relations

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with the members of the force. Few men have suffered more personal violence in the cause of free speech, but he has always found that prompt compliance with police instructions secures all reasonable liberty, and assists this splendid body of men in their trying duties. One of his most cherished mementoes of these days is a handsome brass inkstand, presented to him by the police when he left St. Mary's to organise the Church Army.

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CHAPTER V

A new move—The two uses of the magic lantern—"Family prayers" for hooligans—Open-air services—The need for lay-helpers — Evolving the Church Army idea — The Vestry Hall meetings—Rough scenes—Dr. Maclagan's visit—The "Skeleton Army"—Rotten eggs—A colonel to the rescue—"A perfect nuisance"—Coster's barrow as pulpit—Opposition grows—Work brought to an end—Advised to organise the Church Army—Taken under the wing of the Church Parochial Mission Society.

"Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,
In the Day of the Lord at hand!
The Day of the Lord at hand!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WHILE the soldiers, the police, and the workhouses gave Mr. Carlile plenty of scope, he felt very dissatisfied with his work at St. Paul's Church, where he was the Sunday evening preacher; for while the morning service, at which Mr. Haigh

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preached, was crowded, people did not care to desert the dinner table in the evening to hear the new curate. All his efforts failed to raise the attendance much above one hundred, and when he saw the crowds of people in the streets untouched by any religious work, he determined to try other plans. Evidently ornate surroundings and formal liturgies did not attract the people, and Mr. Carlile, who has always believed himself to be an apostle to the man in the street, rather than to the man in the pew, sought Dr. Glyn's permission to start simpler services on more neutral ground. Close beside the parish church are the schools, and here he began to hold short, informal services on Sunday evenings. These started when the ordinary Church services were over, and the results were not at first all that he desired. So much curiosity was aroused among the regular churchgoers concerning the doings of this go-ahead new curate, that he found the meeting filled with a well-dressed and respectable set of people. This entirely defeated his plans, for he aimed at getting hold of the careless, indifferent outsider, to whom, he believed, his mission lay. He therefore made a move that soon remedied this state of things. A magic lantern was secured and used at the service. This had the effect of driving away all orthodox people in horror, and attracting the loafers from the

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street, who warmly supported the new form of service long before it received a friendly smile from the bishops.

While these meetings were in full swing Mr. Carlile turned his attention to another section of the community, to whom his heart went out in perfect sympathy and affection, and he planned week-night gatherings for the rough lads of the district. These certainly succeeded in attracting the fellows for whom they were designed, for it was usually impossible to get a hearing amid the uproar which they made. They came determined to enjoy themselves in the only way they understood, and the result was as rowdy a series of meetings as can be imagined.

Ordinary methods of securing order were useless, but Mr. Carlile is always full of excuses for these street lads, who have no cricket and football to expend their energy and high spirits on, and he went to work in a highly original manner. Using the lantern, he threw on the screen the most outrageously comic pictures he could get hold of, and encouraged his audience to sing, clap, stamp, and yell to their hearts' content. This went on for about three-quarters of an hour, and then, as a result of these deliberately organised gymnastics, all the fellows were exhausted—too hoarse to

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shout, and with hands and feet too sore to applaud. Perhaps by this time it dawned upon the sharper of them that they had been badly fooled. At any rate, their rowdyism had been used as a weapon against themselves, for as soon as they were unable to make another single noise, Mr. Carlile's turn came. He seized the opportunity to conduct what he called "Family Prayers," a devotional conclusion to an evening not devoid of interest and excitement.

While the "Stations of the Cross," beautiful pictures in bas-relief of the last hours of Christ's life, were thrown on the screen, a lady would sing a solo, usually "There is a green hill far away." When the picture of the Crucifixion was shown—a plain white marble Figure and cross against a black background—a hushed silence fell upon the gathering. The roughest and hardest were won by this most simple and touching appeal to the heart. The spark of good was uncovered and fanned, and these remarkable gatherings would often close with two or three strong, rough lads and men staying behind to kneel with Mr. Carlile to plead for strength to lead better lives. Some of his best helpers in the hard work that immediately succeeded this period were enlisted in this way. From the first he impressed upon them, in hackneyed phrase,

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that they were "saved to serve," and must seek, in whole-hearted devotion to God and man, strength to resist the temptations and persecutions that would beset them.

These meetings by no means exhausted Mr. Carlile's ambitions and energies, and he soon longed to make still further efforts to seek those who would not seek him. The excitement of preaching to a few people in church on Sunday evenings continued to pall on him, and he got Dr. Glyn's permission to hold open-air services on week-nights. This brought him to the most important period in his career, for the Church Army sprang directly from these meetings, started as a forlorn hope.

A beginning was made in the early months of 1881, on the spot outside old Kensington Vestry Hall (now the Free Library) where a drinking-fountain now stands. This fountain is surmounted by a cross and forms an appropriate, though unintentional, memorial to the birth of the Church Army.

The services were held each evening between 9 and 10 o'clock, the late hour being chosen as the one when numbers of coachmen and grooms were taking a stroll, while the streets were also full of casual passers-by. Often the most disagreeable weather prevailed, but this never hindered the

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gatherings, which huddled under umbrellas in rain and snow, and sang cheerfully on. Mr. Carlile's own flame of enthusiasm always burns so fiercely that he is able to impart warmth to others, and his noble little band of workers rallied round him in fine weather and storm.

At first the whole burden of the meetings fell on his shoulders, for while those he had influenced at church or in the schoolroom services would stand by him, and help in the singing, they were by no means prepared to speak. His fellow curates were all hard-worked in their own particular spheres, and he could not look to them for assistance. Thus the strain of preaching in the open air night after night, at the end of a long day closely packed with other efforts and interests, soon became too much for him, and he was compelled to train some of his lay workers to become preachers. The decision was an important one, for out of it arose the whole idea of the Church Army.

The great difficulty was to make a start. The workers he had gathered around him were willing to help in the singing, but the sound of their own voices, speaking alone, was terrifying to them. They were close to their own homes, among the people with whom they worked side by side during the day, while the audiences were most critical, not

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hesitating to pass the most severe and unpleasant comments on the struggling efforts of the young beginners.

Many of those who were now supporting Mr. Carlile were men-servants from large houses in the fashionable district that lay around St. Mary's Church, and from their ranks sprang the first Church Army workers. Things were started by a young butler, who was one evening induced to read out the verse of a hymn before he nervously subsided into the crowd. Soon he had the courage to give out two or three verses, and later on to read a text, and tell how God helped him. Then a groom from some stables near by consented to read a short lesson from one of the Gospels, and gradually he also ventured to tell how the verses expressed his own feelings and experiences. In this way, a few at a time, was formed a little band, not so much of preachers, as of men who by their very earnestness, by the sheer, personal backing of their words, and by the testimony of their lives out of church hours, won others to the truth that had made them free. Many of them are to-day still bearing good witness in the neighbourhood, and working in connection with St. Mary's Church, or in poorer parishes around; others are scattered to different parts, still striving to lead men to Christ.

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From this source, also, came the first Church Army officers.

In time, as they became more self-reliant, Mr. Carlile began to send them out to the slums of North Kensington, to a district then known as the "Potteries," where they held Evangelistic meetings alone, at street corners, or in lodging-houses. Here was the nucleus of the Church Army, although it was at present only an isolated parish organisation, with voluntary helpers giving their spare time to the work, and having only the training that came in the course of active service. After all, an army must see a little fighting before the need of a Sandhurst is revealed.

At this time the little band of workers was known as the "Church Militant Mission," or, rather, that was the official title; the street roughs gave it what they judged a happy and obvious rendering, calling the workers "Carlile's Monkeys."

The open-air meetings soon became so well attended that traffic was impeded, and Mr. Carlile would be moved on several times in an evening, or, rather, would move on directly he caught a warning glance from a policeman, for his weekly service had made him such firm friends in the force that he was anxious to save them all possible trouble.

One of the men in blue, who had been won for

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Christ at Mrs. Carlile's Bible Class, was stationed on point duty outside High Street Station (Kensington), just opposite the spot where these meetings were held—when they had not been "moved on" elsewhere. He would stand at his post, listening to every word spoken, and striving to catch Mr. Carlile's eye. Having accomplished this feat, he would wave his hand, and shout across the road "Alleluia!" This was probably the first official recognition and support the Church Army ever received, and very welcome it was at a time of misunderstanding, ridicule, and not a little abuse.

"It was usual at these meetings," wrote Mr. Carlile some years ago, "to announce the Sunday evening services at St. Paul's Church, and earnest invitations to attend them were given. The result was soon an increase in the congregations. The workers, however (or, as we now call them, the soldiers), were not invited to come, and rarely did I ever allow them to hear me preach in the church. They were encouraged to come to a prayer-meeting at 6.30 a.m. on Sundays, as preparation for Holy Communion at 7 a.m., and then to attend the morning service. In the afternoon some attached themselves to already existing Bible Classes, whilst others went forth into the slums of North Kensington to assist in evangelistic work. At such

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gatherings the plainest and simplest Gospel invitations was given, the General Confession, Lord's Prayer, and Creed being often used. It pleased God to vouchsafe 'signs following,' which attested to the change of heart and life in many of those who were thus influenced for good."

One of Mr. Carlile's best workers at this time was Miss Cheshire. She was engaged in Christian work near by, and heard that there was a very remarkable young curate at the parish church who was quite waking the place up. She at once threw in her lot with the movement, followed its varying fortunes through the succeeding years of struggle and persecution, and is to-day a valued member of the staff. Indeed, next to the founder himself, she may be said to hold the "long service" record of the Church Army. To her I am indebted for much information bearing on these early days.

Soon after the open-air meetings had been started a remarkable series of indoor services was held in old Kensington Vestry Hall (now the Free Library), in what was then the Magistrates' Room. These were held on Sunday evenings after the service in St. Paul's Church. Mr. Carlile would hurry away in his cassock from the church and meet a group of his workers at the corner of Young Street, where they awaited him with a banner

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bearing on it a large cross. Then the little procession would pass along to the hall, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and inviting passers-by to "fall in" and join the march. Often they would pass St. Mary Abbot Church just as the congregation was leaving, much to the concern of the good people, who were not at all sure that it was respectable for one of their curates to rub shoulders with the poor in this fashion. The fact that it had been said of his Master that "the common people heard Him gladly" did not appear to them to mitigate the disgrace.

By the time Mr. Carlile reached the hall crowds of people had filled it, and overflowed into the street, so that he often had to fight his way through them to get inside. Of the services themselves he has written as follows:—

"Then began meetings, conducted by myself in my cassock, in which it was felt that downright evangelistic work was quite possible on strong Church lines. The hymns and choruses were always very bright, the extempore prayers rarely exceeded one minute, and if they were longer a verse of a hymn was usually begun. The addresses, which generally commenced or ended with some pointed passage of Holy Scripture, scarcely ever lasted more than three or four minutes, and were

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often much shorter. These addresses were almost invariably from the lips of tradesmen and working people, and sometimes fifty would take part in one evening. At the close I went to the magistrates' long table in the middle of the hall, and asked all who were desirous of serving Christ to come and kneel with me, and pray for mercy and strength. Night after night we had the joy of pointing many to the Saviour, and of getting that individual touch with hearts that is so desired by every earnest clergyman."

If these were remarkable services they had remarkable results. They soon became the talk of the district, for real and visible work was being done. People might question the methods used, and ascribe much of the success to excitement, but they could not ignore them.

"Rarely did a night pass," says Mr. Carlile, "without some agnostic or sceptic attempting to upset the proceedings, denouncing them as "bosh" or "rot." The same opponents would come again and again, bringing others to increase the disturbance. But on many occasions those who came to scoff remained to pray, and have continued earnest mission workers to this day. Some of the worst men in Kensington became my most regular workers, and a sportively inclined lady of the upper classes,

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who came purely to make a disturbance on refined lines, was afterwards a devoted helper in the Church Army. A number of adults came forward for confirmation. Many who had quarrelled shook hands and became the best of friends. Others who owed money made desperate efforts to repay it."

While all this good work was going on the little band was encountering the most violent opposition. Both in the open air and in the hall organised attempts were made to wreck the meetings. At this time Mr. Carlile made his first acquaintance with a remarkable body who were carrying on a regular war against all open-air preaching. Those whose experience of such work in London dates back to the early eighties will remember the "Skeleton Army," a body of young men, said to be nearly 2,000 strong, who set themselves the task of breaking up any out-door religious meeting. Many of them wore as a scarf-pin or badge a tiny model in metal of a human skeleton, and a black flag with skull and cross-bones often waved over them, as they "rushed" a service. A fair sprinkling of them came from the more respectable classes, and would go to any part of the metropolis in search of "fun." There they were reinforced by local sympathisers, principally roughs of the lowest class, encouraged in many instances by the publicans,

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whose trade suffered when religious meetings flourished. During the next year or two the Church Army received considerable attention from the "Skeletons," who took a deep interest in its doings, and on the whole did more to launch it successfully than those whose active assistance might have been expected.

Between members of this guerilla army and local roughs Mr. Carlile and his gallant little band soon came under fire. Their first experience of rotten eggs, sticks, and stones was enjoyed outside the Vestry Hall. All would apparently be going happily when suddenly, without a moment's warning, an egg would spread itself odorously on the banner, or find its billet on Mr. Carlile's head. "It's all right," he would say, wiping the unsavoury mess away, "better outside than in," and the meeting would proceed uninterrupted.

One Sunday evening a little procession, consisting of about twenty workers, was marching from Young Street to the Vestry Hall, when it was roughly jostled in the rear by about thirty of the "Skeletons." Mr. Carlile at once stepped aside and attempted to quell the disturbance, for the back of the procession consisted entirely of women, and he felt that they at any rate should be protected from such rough usage.

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While he was parleying with the roughs, with but little success, they suddenly turned from the small procession and seemed to be quarrelling among themselves. Seizing the opportunity, Mr. Carlile at once led his little force away without further trouble.

Not till many years later did he learn the cause of this sudden change of tactics on the part of the "Skeletons." Then one day a colonel in the British army walked into his office and explained the mystery. He had been passing along Young Street that Sunday evening early in 1882, and saw what he considered a most cowardly and brutal attack on the women workers. Without knowing anything of the contending parties, or pausing to reckon the odds, he straightway attacked the roughs with his umbrella. Taken in the rear they at once turned from Mr. Carlile's little band and gave their attention to the new foe, falling on the gallant colonel in such force that his umbrella was soon broken in the unequal fray, and both sleeves of his frock-coat torn off. In this plight he was compelled to take refuge in a police-station near at hand, and when the crowd had melted away he made his escape in a borrowed overcoat and a hired cab.

Another interesting experience of these days was preaching near the parish church, between three

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public-houses, outside of which three hired brass bands were playing, with a view to drowning his voice.

Although Mr. Carlile soon managed to get around him a good body of workers, he still tried to do too much himself. On one occasion he was seen conducting a meeting in the Vestry Hall, playing a harmonium with one hand and working a limelight lantern with the other; one foot was engaged with the bellows of the harmonium, while the other was pressed hard against two large gas-bags to keep the weights on top from falling off, a task in which Mrs. Carlile was also giving assistance. It may be noted in passing that this very incident illustrates a marked trait in Mr. Carlile's character. He has nothing of that personal dignity that makes the leader of a movement stand out in the eyes of the world. He is far happier working a harmonium and lantern both at once, or leading a slum procession with a trombone, than when being acclaimed at an influential public meeting. While this refusal to put on "side," or take any position of dignity, has endeared him to his workers, it may have retarded his progress in the favour of the authorities. A man who takes a place in the lower room, and only laughs at the bare idea of going up higher, is not always understood, even by his fellow Churchmen. As a

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rule the world takes a man at his own valuation, a method of appraisement whereby we arrive at the exact opposite of the truth.

An excellent impression of these Vestry Hall meetings was written many years ago by a Kensington friend, and since it was "taken on the spot," I cannot do better than reprint part of it here. It is written in the form of a dialogue:—

"What can be the matter? Where have the crowds come from? Such a rough class, too! What can they be doing here? Had it been a week-night I should have supposed that some political meeting was going on at the hall, but it cannot be that to-night. Why, the whole roadway is blocked! it is difficult for even the omnibuses to get through. What can be the matter?"

"Oh, it is only Mr. Carlile at the Vestry Hall," was the answer.

"Mr. Carlile? Who is he?" was the next question.

"He is one of the curates at our church. When he came he could not be satisfied with preaching in his own church, but he must have these open-air meetings, and what he calls 'open meetings' at yonder hall."

"But how does that account for all this crowd?"

"Oh, you do not know Mr. Carlile. He has got a number of people with him whom he inoculates

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with his love for these wretched roughs and outcasts, and he sends them to all the low places around; and, indeed, he is bringing the very scum of society into Kensington. He goes into the hall opposite in his cassock, and sits down at the harmonium and plays, and everybody sings and shouts. He will sing a hymn, something about 'Sons of God, awake to glory,' and 'Marching on and not fearing death's sable waters,' and a ringing chorus about the 'Trumpet sounds to victory or death,' and he will sing it to the 'Marseillaise,' till everybody is so impressed that they are ready to march wherever he will lead them. Then he will have another of these hymns, sometimes out of our church hymn-book, 'Oh, happy band of pilgrims,' or something like that; then he will walk up and down the hall and call for what he terms 'testimonies,' and then a dozen or more people will get up and say most extraordinary things—yet it sounds sweet sometimes—about how the Lord Jesus is saving them. And some of them really used to be dreadful characters; and there is no denying that they are wonderfully changed, and I suppose that makes people listen to them. Then, interspersed with these 'testimonies,' as they are called, will be a dozen choruses. I must admit that some of them are very pretty, one especially about 'Walking through the shadow of death and not being afraid.'

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After this Mr. Carlile gives an address, and there does seem to be a strange, unaccountable power in it. I cannot understand it at all, and I went one night just out of curiosity, and I must confess he made me feel terribly bad. I cannot tell you how it was, but he really made me feel as if it were almost wrong to conform to the rules of society. He would almost persuade you that things were lies which one has to say every day in society. The night I was there there was one young man would not stand it, and he made a terrible riot at the meeting; I am not sure that he did not strike Mr. Carlile, who certainly tried to soothe him. I was dreadfully frightened, and the people wanted to send for the police, but Mr. Carlile would not allow that; he put his arm round him and defended him from the people, and the man kept on saying that he would not have his character exposed before all that congregation. Mr. Carlile got them quiet somehow and went on with the meeting, singing and praying, and appealing to sinners to come to Christ, and numbers professed to do so. They came out from their seats and knelt down at the magistrates' table, and some of them began to cry to God to have mercy on them; but I was so agitated that I got out as soon as I could—a very difficult thing I can assure you."

The crowds outside the hall continued to increase,

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traffic was impeded, and complaints were made from several quarters.

One morning, when Mr. Carlile called on his vicar, he was received with the words, "You and your open-air meetings are becoming a perfect nuisance. I'm getting so many anonymous letters of complaint that I've had to get another wastepaper basket. Just listen to this: 'Dear Vicar,—I was at your curate's open-air meeting near the Vestry Hall last night for five minutes. In that time three purses and two watches were stolen. Can't you stop the nuisance?'"

Mr. Carlile modestly suggested that the complaint was a testimony to the value of the work, since it proved he was attracting a class other than the regular churchgoers.

"Yes, you're right; go on and God bless you," said the vicar, grasping his arm heartily.

Long before Mr. Carlile could get from his church to the hall on Sunday evenings the place was packed out, and the doorway blocked by a dense crowd. In a window a board would be placed bearing the words, "Full; come earlier next Sunday."

One Sunday evening the present Archbishop of York, then Bishop of Lichfield, and formerly Vicar of Kensington, paid a visit to the parish church. He heard of the remarkable meetings being carried on

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with such wonderful results by the new curate, and expressed a wish to see one of them. Mr. Carlile therefore met him at the church after service, and escorted him to the Vestry Hall, where he had to fight a way through the crowd to get the Bishop inside. The meeting was quite up to its usual standard of rowdiness, and the struggle to reach it, the noisy interruptions, the occasional scuffles, and the solemn ending, with strong, rough men kneeling in penitence, praying for mercy, made a deep impression on Dr. Maclagan.

One Sunday evening while Mr. Carlile was conducting a small open-air meeting at the top of Bangor Street, a favourite abode of beggars and street-corner roughs, a large lump of chalk came flying through the air and struck his silk hat, which he managed to catch as it went spinning off his head. This is the only bit of luck he ever had, the unfortunate hat falling into the mud on all other occasions. It happened that a constable was standing just behind the boy, and the next moment, much to his surprise, he was being urged towards the police-station. Mr. Carlile's whole congregation adjourned to the police-station to watch affairs, so he followed them and pleaded with the inspector for the lad's liberty. He pointed out that it was not the lad's fault, but his, for coming to an open-air meeting in

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a tall hat. This was obviously too much for a lad with a lump of chalk near at hand. If the inspector would release him, he (Mr. Carlile) would never wear a tall hat again at an open-air service. After all, the whole affair was only a huge joke.

But huge jokes lie entirely outside the comprehension of a police inspector in uniform, and the next day the boy was fined 5s. for shying a stone at a curate's hat. So are our fine old English sports being crushed out!

The following Sunday a service was being held on the same spot when a sudden yell was heard, and a coster came rushing into the crowd, pushing his barrow before him, and scattering the people right and left as he made for Mr. Carlile. "I'll pay you out," he roared, "for running my son in for five bob."

It was useless for Mr. Carlile to urge that he had endeavoured to get the young marksman off, so he paid the disturber 5s. and went on with the meeting. The coster pushed his barrow out of the crowd again, took a seat on it, and listened attentively.

He evidently approved of what was said, for when Mr. Carlile turned up at the same spot next Sunday coster and barrow awaited him. "'Ere ye are, guv'ner, I've brought yer pulpit," said he, and a pulpit the barrow accordingly became at that service.

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Shortly afterwards a mission was held at a neighbouring church by Canon Body, and one of the first to offer himself for confirmation was this coster.

One night in the Vestry Hall a group of very noisy young fellows occupied seats in the front. Their ringleader, who had evidently been drinking heavily, kept on interrupting and using bad language, so that Mr. Carlile had to interfere and insist on silence. This annoyed the young fellow, and his annoyance increased when he was told to keep quiet or leave. Whipping a pistol out of his pocket, he flourished it about, and expressed his intention of "finishing" Mr. Carlile.

The threat was probably a piece of bravado, but it led to an uproar. The people around seized him and half killed him in their sudden enthusiasm for the new curate, while some one near the door sent for the police.

Mr. Carlile rushed forward and threw his arms round the young fellow to protect him from the others, who evidently proposed to lynch him. It is an interesting feature of mission work that when you have won the hearts of a rough crowd they are particularly anxious to commit a few little murders for you. So Mr. Carlile found it now, and his task would have been more easy had he been less popular. The police arrived, but he

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begged them to go away again, promising himself to keep order.

Eventually he got the room clear, and had a quiet talk with the young fellow. The next evening, at an open-air service, this same young fellow was seen pushing through the crowd. The workers were scared, fearing that another scene was coming on. But the newcomer only walked up to Mr. Carlile, and insisted on carrying for him the bag in which hymn-books were taken from place to place. This little duty he made his own, and for some time afterwards insisted on carrying it out, while his special delight was walking arm in arm with Mr. Carlile through the principal streets. Mr. Carlile, who remembered the days when he himself would not have been seen with a clergyman for a £5 note, heartily appreciated this little attention.

These incidents are typical of many, for "scenes" were of daily or even more frequent occurrence. In this way many of Mr. Carlile's workers were won, gathered out from the whirl and turmoil, and placed quietly by his side for service. Such converts soon found themselves active workers, led on from one small duty to another till, much to their surprise, they found themselves preachers to the fellows they had left behind.

The success of these meetings hastened their end.

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The Vestry Hall stands in Kensington High Street, one of London's main arteries, conveying a constant stream of traffic east and west. So great were the crowds that gathered for the meetings that the omnibuses often had difficulty in making their way along, while more than once they were diverted entirely from their route. This naturally led to complaints, and the chorus was swelled by neighbouring shopkeepers, especially publicans, who declared that trade suffered from the ministrations of this restless young curate. Their efforts to bring the meetings to an end by encouraging rowdiness having rather added fuel to the flame, they joined forces with other parties in making representations to the police.

It soon became apparent to Dr. Carr Glyn that the police would be compelled to take some action in the matter, and he therefore decided to interfere. He very wisely concluded that it would be better for all concerned if the meetings were stopped by him instead of by the police, and in June, 1882, he asked Mr. Carlile to discontinue them.

This decision was a heavy blow to Mr. Carlile, and perhaps he did not at first realise its wisdom. He had so concentrated his attention on the work that the objections that would arise, not altogether without some reason, did not reveal themselves to him.

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The decision was communicated to him at such short notice, and acted upon so promptly, that he had not time to inform all his workers, and Miss Cheshire was among those who arrived at the hall that evening expecting to find the usual programme to be carried out. Finding that Mr. Carlile was not there, and no preparation had been made, she hurried round to his house at Sheffield Terrace to make inquiries.

She found him in his little study, sitting with his head in his hands, dazed by the vicar's request, which for the moment seemed to bring all his cherished plans toppling to the ground. "Oh! Miss Cheshire," he said as she entered, "this is heart-breaking." After a few minutes' silence he continued, "Do you know what I am thinking? I believe God's hand is working in this, and that it is His way of pushing me out into a wider sphere. I may have to leave Kensington, or I may be able to work from here."

He took the earliest opportunity of meeting his vicar and talking matters over with him. Dr. Glyn was then, as ever, keenly interested in all his plans, and prepared to back him as far as he was able. Mr. Carlile's idea of training working men to go out and preach to their fellows appealed to him as aiming at a solution of one of the Church's problems, and he suggested a consultation with

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Canon Wilkinson (then Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and now Bishop of St. Andrews, Primus of Scotland) and Canon Hay Aitken, of the Church Parochial Mission Society.

Canon Wilkinson had already heard of the Kensington meetings, and was keenly in sympathy with all Mr. Carlile's ideas. He was one with Dr. Glyn in recommending that the Church Army should be started, if possible, as a branch of the Church Parochial Mission Society, so that for the first year or two of struggle it might have the older and better-known body at its back.

One little difficulty had to be overcome. It can offend no one now to say that at that time the Church Parochial Mission Society was somewhat of a partisan body, entirely in the hands of the Low Church party. From the first Mr. Carlile had determined that the Church Army should be a non-party society, as broad as the Church, and the ally of the High, Low, and Broad schools alike. This ideal was warmly supported by all whom he consulted at this time, and it was felt impossible to work with the Church Parochial Mission Society as that body was then constituted.

It was therefore suggested to the Secretary, Rev. Darwin Fox, and Canon Hay Aitken, who seemed friendly towards the Church Army movement, and

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prepared to foster it, that the Church Parochial Mission Society committee should be strengthened by the inclusion of some well-known High and Broad Churchmen. The matter was referred to the committee, but not very favourably received at first. The idea of working men becoming preachers in the Church was so old fashioned as to be regarded as revolutionary. If Mr. Carlile would drop this absurdly apostolic idea the Church Parochial Mission Society would welcome him, and indeed they offered him a good salary to become one of their staff of mission preachers. But although his dream was ever to be a preacher, he had determined to sink personal tastes in the work to which he believed God had called him, and he held out for the working-men's mission idea. For a time things were at a deadlock. Several leading men continued to take a great interest in his plans, and at one time it was practically decided that if the formation of the Church Army could not be satisfactorily arranged, he should form, under Canon Wilkinson, a brotherhood, in cassock and girdle, under rules and vows on the lines of the old preaching friars.

The one objection to this, as the canon readily agreed, was that it would partake too closely of the nature of a party movement. The Low Church party, perhaps unduly suspicious of anything

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hallowed by age, would have regarded the idea as "Romish," and, on the whole, a body of cassocked brothers might find their sphere of labours confined to one section of the Church. A body that could work with all parties was the ideal aimed at.

Eventually the Church Parochial Mission Society agreed to meet Mr. Carlile's conditions regarding the representation of all parties of the Church on the committee, Canon Body and Prebendary Shelford being among those invited to join. Thus the Society lost in a moment its exclusively Low Church tone, and the High Churchmen who then joined its committee are with it to this day.

It was decided that a sub-committee should be formed to direct the Church Army, and Mr. Carlile was appointed honorary leader and chief secretary. That is over twenty-three years ago, and not one penny has he ever accepted for his services.

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Photo, Hills & Saunders.

REV. F. S. WEBSTER
(now of All Souls, Langham Place) in his costume as first Church Army Training Homewarden.

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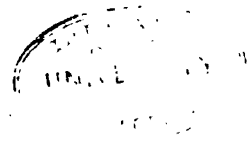

CHAPTER VI

Help from Richmond, Oxford, and Bristol—They join forces as the "Church Army"—Mr. Carlile's great aim—A busy holiday—Questions for recruits—Mr. Clifford joins the movement—The Walworth campaign—An enemy who came over—Westminster—Workers as ninepins—Mr. Carlile's cornet—Red ochre—Trousers as a text—Opposition bribed with beer—The copper scrimmage—"No thoroughfare"—Laughter that won—A scuffle in the gallery.

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."
SHAKESPEARE, "Henry V.," Act iv.

WHILE Mr. Carlile had been developing his ideas at Kensington three other men had also been fired with the idea of utilising the laity in aggressive mission efforts, and were working on very similar lines. These were his old friend, the Rev. Evan Hopkins, then Vicar of Holy Trinity, Richmond (now of St. Luke's, Redcliffe Square, S.W.), the Rev. F. S. Webster, then an undergraduate at Oxford (now Vicar of All Souls', Langham Place),

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and Canon Atherton, then Vicar of Bedminster, Bristol (now Canon Missioner in the Exeter Diocese).

Mr. Hopkins had formed in his parish a "Church Gospel Army," the members of which devoted themselves to mission work in the poorer parts of the district. Among them was Mr. Webster, whose home was at Richmond, and who threw himself heart and soul into the work during a college vacation. He returned to Oxford determined to set on foot a similar effort in the parish of St. Aldate's, where he was then helping the vicar. Accordingly he formed the "Church Salvation Army," choosing the title as a little tribute to the splendid work which was then growing under the leadership of General Booth, for whom he had the greatest admiration.

At the same time Canon Atherton had organised a "Church Mission Army," which also embodied the theory that the enthusiasm of devout working men should be utilised in the service of their Church and their fellows.

When Mr. Carlile found that events at Kensington were pushing him out into a wider field, he suggested to the leaders of these three "armies" that they should join forces with him in organising and developing the idea, so that from a merely local effort it might become a widespread movement. They readily agreed, and thus Mr. Carlile became the

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leader of a little body which took the obvious name, "The Church Army."

In many quarters, at one time and another, this name has brought down on Mr. Carlile's head a good deal of misunderstanding and abuse. Quite respectable Church people, who might have been expected to know better, have regarded it as a modern vulgarism. And yet, of course, the idea of comparing a body of Christians with an army is as old as St. Paul's Epistles. The great preacher, in fact, goes much further, and in a well-known passage uses military terms to an extent that must horrify Mr. Carlile's critics. But in slum mission work the appeal is rather to the present than to the past, and it was largely as a concession to those among whom the Society was born and grew up that the name was chosen. Mr. Carlile had already found that the name "Church Militant Mission" was rather a mouthful for the street-corner loafer. On the other hand, the word "army" appealed at once to his imagination. It pictured for him all that religion should mean—a constant war against sin, not only for the sake of self, but for the sake of comrades too.

It is true that the Church Army might have been called the "Society for Utilising Devout and Enthusiastic Working Men in the Service of Their God, Their Church, Their Fellows, and Their Nation."

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But the S.U.D.E.W.M.S.T.G.T.C.T.F.T.N. hardly looks the sort of thing that one could die for.

Mr. Carlile's main idea, for which he pleaded from the first, and for which he now began to plead in the Press and at such clerical gatherings as would give him a hearing, was a mission band in every parish. He urged that an organisation carrying on aggressive work among lapsed adults was quite as essential a part of the parochial machinery as the Sunday School. This was the great point in his plan, and the training of evangelists who should give their whole time to mission work grew out of it as the need arose. Besides the "corps" at Richmond, Oxford, and Bristol, several other clergy caught at the idea, and either reorganised existing efforts on the lines and under the name of the Church Army, or added this important branch to their work. Thus it came about that within a few months of Mr. Carlile leaving Kensington a number of parishes all over the country boasted a detachment of the Church Army, and regarded it as under his leadership.

Much of the work of evolving plans, setting down rules, and constructing necessary machinery was done by Mr. Carlile at Penmaenmawr, where he went for a little change in the summer of 1882, after the hard work and worry at Kensington. His ideas of

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rest are somewhat original, for he no sooner arrived at the North Wales health resort than he obtained the vicar's permission to engage in mission work. Thus his "holiday" consisted of holding children's services and organising games on the beach in the morning, and preaching to big crowds of adults in the open air in the evening, the rest of the time being filled in with study and correspondence. Miss Cheshire, who had been one of his first and most faithful workers, was now undertaking a share of the secretarial work, and every day he posted to her bundles of notes, suggestions, and drafts of circulars, the latter to be multiplied on a copying apparatus.

One of his chief cares was to get hold of the right sort of men for evangelists, for he was full of faith that openings would soon offer themselves. Already a start had been made, two men-servants who had been his first open-air speakers at Kensington having given up their situations and offered themselves for training as Church Army officers. To add to their number he now issued the first appeal for candidates for Church Army work in the form of an advertisement in several Church papers. It read :—

"*Evangelists.*—Wanted, young men, single or with small families only, full of fire and hard work, ready to give up all for the Lord Jesus. Apply, &c."

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The inquiry form sent to all who answered the advertisement was drawn up by Mr. Carlile at Penmaenmawr. Some of the questions are not without interest. After inquiring how long the applicant had been a communicant member of the Church of England, and asking for clerical references, &c., it proceeds:—

"Can you take a back seat, and play 'second fiddle' with a happy heart?

"Can you use the same homely language in speaking for Christ as for your trade?

"How much indoor and outdoor persecution can you stand without being angry?

"Can you turn a disturber out of a meeting in a smiling and kindly manner?

"Have you ever kept an open-air meeting going for an hour without one person to help you?"

Of course, a number of questions dealt with religious knowledge and experience, and were framed on more orthodox lines. I have only selected such as are rather out of the common, and bear internal evidences of Mr. Carlile's unaided efforts. No one can say that he asked any question to which he could not himself return a satisfactory answer.

By this time the Church Army sub-committee of the Church Parochial Mission Society had been formed, consisting of Mr. Reginald Braithwaite, Mr.

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Edward Clifford, Dr. Armitage, Mr. W. J. Armitage, Mr. J. Bowker, and the Rev. W. Carlile.

A familiar name to all acquainted with the Church Army is that of Mr. Edward Clifford, who from the first gave himself whole-heartedly to the movement, proving himself its friend and advocate in the drawing-room and the street gutter. Its earlier London campaigns were marked by scenes of discomfort and violence that tried the metal of every active worker, but he stood this most cheerfully, as well as subsequent years of the drudgery of office work, though this must have accorded ill with his artistic tastes and pursuits. It was while engaged in mission work in the East end of London that he first met Mr. Carlile. The latter, who was then in the middle of his brief but important career at Kensington, told Mr. Clifford of his plans for the Church Army. Mr. Clifford at once grasped the possibilities of the idea, feeling that it was a work into which he could throw heart and soul, and he there and then volunteered his services.

While directing the work that was already starting in different parts, and giving attention to the organisation of the Church Army generally, Mr. Carlile determined to carry on a vigorous personal campaign in London. The Nelsonian idea that the leader should lay himself alongside the biggest of the

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enemy's ships prompted him to select as difficult a district as possible for this effort. He began by offering his services to the vicar of St. Mark's, Walworth, on the south side of the Thames. This parish contains within its borders a large open-air Sunday market, second only to the famous "Petticoat Lane," and to Mr. Carlile this was one of the attractions, for it brought together a rough and irreligious crowd. Here he arrived with a small following in December, 1882, to conduct a short mission.

Events soon justified his choice of locality, for the first press notice that the Church Army ever received shows that it was in the thick of the fray—

"The 'Church Army' has commenced at Walworth," it says. "Its nightly processions, consisting of a clergyman with a banner, half a dozen lady workers and a number of the laity, have been pelted with cabbage stumps and rotten apples, but they have succeeded in drawing a number of people to the hall."

The mission-hall was in York Street, and from this centre the little procession would move out to sweep the district. Rotten eggs were old friends by this time, and Mr. Carlile was often seen with one smashed on each cheek. "The yolk sticks on the face in a yellow lump," he explains, with the air

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of a connoisseur, "while the 'white' trickles down inside the collar. It wants getting used to."

By this time he had acquired the very useful accomplishment of walking backwards at the head of a procession. This is particularly valuable when leading a little band of workers through a rough crowd, and Mr. Carlile is apt to judge a slum missioner's abilities by his progress in the art.

One evening he was marching backwards at the head of his little procession in East Street, Walworth, when a young fellow, out for some fun, threw himself down in the roadway in a mock fit. The result was immediate and disastrous. Mr. Carlile naturally fell over him; the next man in the little band, the churchwarden, fell next, and on top of him came the rest of the workers. In a moment the procession had become a struggling heap of humanity, and the youth of Walworth felt that life was well worth living. Mr. Carlile and his friends picked themselves up, and resumed the march. The ringleader of the opposition, who had caused the upset, made another attempt at a similar trick, but this time Mr. Carlile, though still walking backwards, was warned, and just managed to avoid the trap. A little later a huge cabbage basket was placed just behind him, so that he might fall into it, but this was also avoided. Then he managed to get hold of

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the enterprising youth, Tom by name, who was by this time the hero of the street. "You've given me a good time out here," he said; "now come inside and I'll give you a good time."

Tom thought this a huge joke, and consented to return to the hall, calling on all the crowd to come with him and see the fun. Clergyman and hooligan started for the hall, arm in arm, and the best of friends. But they soon became separated in the crush, and Mr. Carlile arrived at the building only to find entrance practically impossible. It took him three-quarters of an hour, and the assistance of two policemen, to fight a way through the crowd. When inside the doorway he found Tom in possession, triumphant at winning the race, and seated at the harmonium trying to give expression to his delight. He was strumming away and singing "Champagne Charley," to the entire satisfaction of his mates and the horror of two or three respectable old ladies, who were regular churchgoers, and had secured front seats early in the evening, in order to help on a good cause.

Mr. Carlile fought his way to the platform, and, having secured some sort of a hearing amid the uproar, declared the meeting at an end. But, with the possible exception of the old ladies in front, who were quaking with fear, the people were enjoying

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themselves too well, and no one would make a move. Then an appeal was made to Tom, who readily consented to help clear the hall. He went at it with a will, rushing to and fro, and pressing every one towards the door, where Mr. Carlile stood to bid them good-night. In this way the crowd was thinned out, and at last order was sufficiently gained for a meeting to be held. Mr. Carlile spoke a few words, his workers followed, and then an invitation was given to those who desired to make a fresh start, and serve God, to kneel at the harmonium.

Several did so, and the first of all was Tom.

He proved the faith that was in him by forming one of the procession the next evening. His presence in such company caused so much excitement among his old companions that there was almost a riot. But Tom stuck to his guns; the wondrous fascination of Christ had seized on his imagination, and he became a devoted worker in his spare time. His subsequent history illustrates a state of affairs that has lost hundreds of earnest working men to the Church, and still further strengthened Mr. Carlile's plea for a Church Army "corps," or some similar organisation, in every parish.

When the three weeks of the Church Army mission came to an end, Tom felt lost. Every night he had helped Mr. Carlile, in the open-air procession and the

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indoor meetings. One little service led to another, so that he was soon able to give a few words of exhortation to his old mates at the street-corner. But now there was no mission work to occupy his spare time, and give outlet to his new-found zeal. He appealed to the vicar, but the vicar was already overworked and could not see his way to add to existing organisations, so all he could offer Tom, in the way of work and excitement, was a Temperance meeting once a fortnight. The result was that poor Tom, longing to tell out the love of God, that had won his heart, and feeling that only in such active work was his soul safe, amid his many and peculiar temptations, was practically forced to join a Non-conformist mission near at hand. Here was a splendid fellow lost to the Church. He had been won by the Church, and in her fold he was willing to live and work and die. But she made no provision for him, she could not or would not utilise his enthusiasm, and give him the helping hand that he needed seven nights a week, so she lost him.

This has been the history of thousands, and Mr. Carlile felt that such men must not be driven away. The life-blood of the Church was trickling away because the parochial clergy, already overworked, had not the time or the machinery at hand to stop the flow. The Church army was needed, he felt, to make

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a place in the Church for the earnest working man who found in the service of Christ at once his joy and his strength.

The Walworth mission having come to an end, Mr. Carlile secured an opening in a district on which he had for some time cast longing eyes. This was the slum district of Westminster, then considered one of the roughest and most depraved parts of the metropolis. The rules of the Church Army have always required that the invitation of the vicar of a parish be secured before work is started. This was soon arranged, and with the new year of 1883 began the most important and exciting experiences of the pioneers of the Church Army. "Westminster days" is a household word among all Church Army workers to this day, for there the little band went through the fire, and only emerged after such a time of trial as threatened at one time to blot out the whole movement.

At the back of the Abbey lie a number of narrow streets and slums that are no health resort to-day, but during the past few years great improvements have been carried out. Black patches have been swept away and replaced by fine buildings, such as the Peabody Dwellings. In the early eighties the district bore a most evil reputation as the shelter for thieves and cut-throats, as well as women of loose living and

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their attendants. Here it was, wedged in between Westminster Abbey and old Millbank Prison (which stood on the site of the present Tate Gallery) that the Church Army made its real start. The spot was an appropriate one. Nothing could better illustrate Mr. Carlile's ideal than a picture of a prison and an abbey linked by the Church Army; so that from the place of despair men might gain the place of hope. He would have the Society the Church's hand of sympathy and practical help stretched out to the lowest and poorest, and a way by which the outcast and the destitute may be led from the depths to respectability and hope.

The headquarters of the Church Army for this active work now became Portcullis Hall in Regency Street, a turning off Horseferry Road. The spot forms the centre of a triangle enclosed by lines drawn between the Houses of Parliament, Victoria Station, and Vauxhall Bridge. Operations began on January 2, 1883, and a hand bill bearing that date announces: "Every night at 8 o'clock, and Sundays 3 and 7, Church Army declaration of war against sin and Satan; under the command of the Rev. W. Carlile. Come if you dare."

Surely no more remarkable story is to be told than that of this mission, under the shadow of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, in the latter

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part of the nineteenth century, when the workers went in danger of life and limb, and suffered every sort of indignity and assault. They were a special mark for the "Skeleton Army" and other forms of opposition, for the Church Army committee made a rule that no case should be taken into the police court, and hence Mr. Carlile and his party were a sort of cheap sport, with no risk attached.

"We were a God-send to the roughs of Westminster, from the ninepin point of view," he says, laughing over the memory of those days. "They rather shunned other people, for fear of police court proceedings, but as it soon got about that nothing of the kind need be feared from us, they used us as bowls and ninepins."

It was here that Mr. Carlile first began the use of the cornet. He took it up as an effective aid for slum open-air work, as it has a wide range, and brings people to doors and windows or into a street crowd.

His knowledge of music soon enabled him to play one or two tunes. But he had no intention of hanging back till concert-pitch was reached; and as soon as he could blow three notes he put them to use. Going into a street in Westminster one Sunday afternoon at 2.45, he took up his position outside a public-house just before it was due to close. He

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went through his repertoire—just three notes—over and over again, to the intense satisfaction of several small boys, who offered to take the hat round. Presently a man put his head outside the public-house door. His eyes opened wide with wonder as he shouted to those within, "I say, lads, 'ere's a parson bloke tryin 'to blow a 'ole in a cornet." Curiosity aroused and attention secured, the "parson bloke" was able to deliver his message, an invitation to the Portcullis Hall meetings.

The sight of a clergyman blowing a cornet was a great source of interest to the people around Portcullis Hall, and the open bell of the instrument made a constant mark for mud and stones. One night a young fellow popped a carrot down this tempting opening. As a result the music suddenly went off into a plaintive squeak, to the delight of the bystanders, who roared with laughter when the mischief-maker remarked, "Oh, guv'ner, ain't 'e got a cold to-night!"

The following impression of these days was written some years ago by Mr. Carlile, and gives a vivid picture of the trying times, often lightened by laughter, that went to make up the Church Army's early history:—

"It was a windy, drizzling night, and the streets were dismal and dirty. Our little procession sallied

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forth into the slums without any annoyance from our good friends the 'Skeletons,' who had purposely kept themselves out of sight. In the front rank, by the side of the banner, we had with us a well-known West-end clergyman, who fearlessly came to support us, feeling that others should share in the nightly rough handling we had recently been receiving. Suddenly, round a dark corner, some of the roughs rushed out from a side court, laden with a new form of ammunition. They wrapped up red ochre in little pellets of tissue paper and threw them at us as we advanced.

"The effect was disastrous. One of the largest of these impromptu bullets hit the banner pole and burst all over our clerical friend. His neat, black clothes were immediately transformed into a bright red hue, and his face was so besmeared that even after shaving for three days his good wife informed us that the lines made by the red ochre were still visible on his cheeks.

"It often happened, however, that those who had treated us the worst, being by their very deeds convinced of their own wrong-doing, came with us to the mission-hall and apologised afterwards. They would sometimes kneel by our side praying God to forgive them for their disgraceful behaviour. It was in this way we first made the acquaintance

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of some who became invaluable helpers afterwards."

Here is another picture, also from Mr. Carlile's pen :—

"It was a bright Sunday morning, and Westminster's slumdom had turned out in good force. Costers and coster-helps formed the majority of the crowd, most of them being in touch with the criminal classes, if they had not already made acquaintance with the inside of gaol.

"A fair hearing was given to the address of the Evangelist, who assured them that true religion was as good for this world as for the next, and that it was a first-rate stepping-stone to comfort and happiness.

"'I'll back that's true, guv'nor,' nervously fell from the lips of a stout, ruddy-looking young ruffian with very short hair.

"'Shut up! What do you know about it, Bill?'

"'I tried it six weeks, and got a bran new suit of black out of it.'

"'I don't believe it.'

"'I'll show 'em to you.'

"'Humbug! They are at your uncle's.'

"'No, they ain't.' And with that he disappeared.

"'Look, you blokes, he's gone. I told yer so. He couldn't show 'em.'

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"For a few minutes the sermon continued, amid amusing criticisms interspersed from time to time, on the disappearance of our ruddy friend. It was perfectly true that for six weeks he had attended the Church Army Mission, having been all the time under deep conviction of sin. He gave up all his old companions, who were mostly members of a well-known gang of thieves, and began to lead a new life. His heart seemed quite changed, and the story of the Cross had often brought tears to his eyes.

"Alas! the world was too strong for him; his old pals drugged him, and he fell. He still kept near us, and used to walk at the back of our nightly open-air procession, half ashamed and yet regarding himself almost as one of us. He had signed the pledge, and often helped us to barricade our doors against the assaults so repeatedly made by the 'Skeletons.' He had been a real help and comfort to us.

"In a few minutes he reappeared, elbowing his way through the crowd, and carrying triumphantly over his left arm the clothes for which he had honestly worked.

"'Ere they are, old chap,' he shouted, as he proudly held up his suit as an object-lesson to endorse the teaching of the sermon. 'I told you they wasn't at "uncle's"' (the pawnshop).

"The trousers, being on the top, came first, and

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were held up to the admiring gaze of the assembled crowd. They were made of good, strong cloth, though the folds, which could not be extracted, told the story of their long acquaintance with somebody else's uncle.

"'Gentlemen,' exclaimed the Evangelist, 'there is no argument against these. My friend gives up drink and other bad ways; he prays to God for six weeks, tries to live straight, and this is the result.'

"The statement was unanswerable, and as the garments were still held up to view a dead silence fell upon all. If not convicted of wrong-doing, they were at least convinced that there was a God who took a lively interest in well-doing. That night many followed on to the mission-hall (our ruddy friend being amongst them), and several knelt at the front, praying for mercy and for strength to make a fresh start in life."

Night after night these extraordinary scenes went on, the workers never knowing whether chaff or violence was to be their lot. The whole district was under mob-rule. While taking part in an open-air service, with feet firmly planted to withstand a sudden rush, one or another of the workers would hear a sharp ripping noise. They at once knew what that meant, for the crowd regarded it as a huge

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joke to cut a jacket from top to bottom, and the ladies especially suffered in this way. Flour and red ochre were thrown so constantly that for months Mr. Carlile and several of the workers always wore mackintoshes at these open-air gatherings, so that they could be washed down on reaching home. Mr. Clifford usually came to the meetings in a light suit, on which flour was not very noticeable.

It would be difficult to say who enjoyed the fun most, Mr. Carlile or the mob. One evening a rough-looking customer came up to him and said, "Could you oblige me with the price of a night's lodging. I'm downright hard up—clean stumped." A pal of the speaker, who was standing near by, burst out laughing. "Well, I'm blowed," he said. "'Ow 'ave yer got the cheek? B'leve me, guv'nor, 'e's just spent his last sixpence on flour to pelt you with." The humour of the situation appealed so strongly to Mr. Carlile, that there is reason to fear that for once he broke his rule about never giving "bed money" to street loafers.

It was well that he could see the "funny side of things" so readily, for he had to stand constant ill-usage from the crowds, though he pleads that they often meant nothing more than a little rough horse-play. As leader of the little band, he was marked out for special attention. Sometimes he would be

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knocked down in the street several times in one evening by roughs, who had learned that he would not prosecute. But all such mishaps he took in good part, clutching at the legs of his tormentors as he fell, and saying, "Sorry to fall against you, old chap; I hope I haven't hurt you. Come along with me." By thus selecting his companions from among the ringleaders, he was able to return to the hall arm in arm with a pretty collection of new acquaintances. This individual tackling of rough customers at street corners is one of his strong points, for he is too delighted to be in such company to assume any air of condescension.

They owed much of their hostile reception to the publicans of the neighbourhood, who expressed their candid opinion of such a question as the Church and the liquor traffic by doing all in their power to crush the little mission. Night after night most determined rushes were made at the Church Army procession, and the cat was out of the bag when one of the crowd admitted that a publican near by had offered a pot of beer for every square inch of the banner brought to him. Around this banner ranged many a stormy scene, knives and scissors being brandished in an attempt to earn the pots of beer that seemed to be falling from heaven. Several nights, in fact, the little band, after struggling along

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for a few yards, were forced to return to the hall, scratched and battered, but bearing the banner back in triumph. A few gashes disfigured it, but its sum of square inches remained. The drum often had to be left behind, since slashing it with a knife was a popular recreation with the roughs.

But worse was to follow. One night a carefully organised attack was delivered, and for some time Mr. Carlile was almost broken-hearted at the thought that the banner had been captured by the mob all in one piece. But it turned up again safe and sound, having been snatched from the ground when roughs had torn it from the pole, and carried off in triumph by a lady worker under her cloak. The intrinsic value of the banner to the Church Army workers was little (though it was worth a pot of beer the square inch to the roughs), but as a symbol of victory they loved to keep it flying. Besides, they were ordinary human beings, especially their leader, and there was a sporting interest in carrying it unscathed through every attack.

Mr. Clifford, too, was not without his adventures and misadventures. It was, indeed, a source of anxiety to him that the attack was levelled so persistently at Mr. Carlile, and he often made attempts to rescue his colleague, or to draw off the crowds in another direction. Once or twice, when

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the horseplay developed into really spiteful brutality, as it would do under the influence of drink, he shouted out, "Really, this is too bad, to attack one man. I'll be 'captain' to-night; come and attack me." Then he would push his way from Mr. Carlile's little group, and taking up a position some distance away, start another meeting. The sight of one man preaching and singing all by himself usually had the effect of thinning the crowd around Mr. Carlile, and giving him a little much-needed rest. This brought Mr. Clifford himself "under fire," and although the special light suit was proof against flour, it made a tempting mark for soot and red ochre.

On Sunday mornings a favourite spot for meetings was an open space outside a public-house, and close behind the Army and Navy Stores. Here stood a "sarsaparilla chariot," a gaudily painted van, from which was sold, at a penny a glass, a mixture guaranteed to relieve the effects of over-indulgence the night before. This van was a recognised meeting-place for the roughs and criminals of the neighbourhood, and here the "often backs" from Pentonville and Wormwood Scrubs would call to renew acquaintances that had been broken by the hand of the law. They threw down their coppers and drank off the reviving decoction, just as their

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richer brethren go to foreign spas and take the waters.

The Church Army soon made friends with the proprietor of this "sarsaparilla chariot," and received his permission to use it as a pulpit. Then the strange sight was to be seen of a clergyman and a tall gentleman in a light suit preaching from a gorgeous red, blue, and gold van, to a crowd of men who were trying to cure parched mouths and aching heads while waiting for the public-house to open.

One day Mr. Clifford's speech was interrupted by a voice from the crowd, "It's a good job you're at, guv'ner. When's the collection comin' on? You make a good thing out o' this."

The speaker took the chaff good-naturedly, and descended from his pulpit to be jostled and smeared with mud in the usual style. He said nothing, but evidently thought a lot, for by the following Sunday he had developed an effective reply. When the usual taunts about "the profits of the prophets" were thrown at him, he plunged his hand into his pocket, and crying, "Money? What do I care for money?" he brought out a handful of halfpence and scattered them among the crowd.

In an instant his audience seemed to turn upside down and become a headless mass, scrambling for

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halfpence, and revived with hopes of further sarsaparilla.

The whole thing was intended for a joke, but it had its irksome side, for all Mr. Clifford's attempts at gaining a hearing during the next week or two were met with cries of "When's the copper scrimmage coming on, guv'ner?"

If the outdoor work led to strife and turmoil, the indoor meetings were no more fortunate. Every kind of interruption, from chaff to riot, was brought to bear on them. Things were comparatively quiet for the first few nights, but when one or two of the people tried to come out on the side of Christ and turn over a new leaf opposition broke out. Criminals feared that their pals who had taken up with these Church Army people would split on them; and men who lived on the shame of women saw their ill-gotten gains fading away as the poor, wretched creatures, won by the story of Divine compassion for the Magdalene, struggled wistfully to break with the past. Such results soon showed the people that a power to be reckoned with was in their midst, and it was really a testimony to the Church Army's worth when chaff and horseplay developed into savagery and brutality.

But as he looks back on these days it is principally the humorous side of the campaign that

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appeals to Mr. Carlile, and his eyes twinkle as he tells of the curious form the opposition sometimes took.

One evening, for instance, the proceedings had been exceptionally noisy. A rough crowd had stormed the door, pushed back the workers who acted as stewards, and broken into the hall amid an uproar. With difficulty a meeting was carried on, hymns and addresses being interrupted with shouts and caterwauling. Towards the close, order having been partly restored, Mr. Carlile prayed that a spirit of repentance and love for Christ might sweep over them. Nearly every head was bent, many eyes were closed, when suddenly peals of laughter rang out. Looking up, Mr. Carlile saw that one of the audience had brought in from the street a big "No Thoroughfare" board and put it right before the platform, where he was inviting penitents to gather. This silent protest against his appeal for men to come forward robbed the close of the meeting of much of its solemnity.

On another evening the opposition in the open air had been exceptionally bitter and brutal, and the little band returned to the hall battered and bruised from head to foot, and with faces covered with mud and red ochre. Mr. Carlile, as usual, had come in for special attention, and besides the now familiar red

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ochre, he had a big smear of pitch on one cheek. Judged on their merits as works of art, the workers looked comical in the extreme, and they were hard pressed to keep from laughing.

Inside the hall things continued to be disorderly. The people refused to sing and to keep quiet, and they literally growled when any appeal was made to them. At last Mr. Carlile, in a last attempt to get them to sing, gave out a hymn verse, beginning:

> "Then upon the golden pavement,
> Robed in glory, I shall stand."

As he uttered the words he glanced at his workers, who sat behind him. The spectacle was too much for his sense of the ridiculous. At the sight of the workers, looking like Red Indians, and trying to keep grave countenances, as befitted those whose thoughts were fixed on the prospect of walking "robed in glory," he burst into laughter. Partly as the result of overwrought nerves, the fit of laughter was a long one, and at last the people stood in dead silence, gazing open-mouthed at his merriment.

Then up jumped a rough-looking fellow, who had taken an active share in the uproar. As he pushed his way towards the platform he was recognised as the man who had rubbed the pitch on Mr. Carlile's face, and it was feared another attack would be made. But

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he arrived at the front only to stretch out his hand and cry, "Say, guv'ner, will yer fergive me? I'm awful sorry—I beg yer pardon. 'Ere, shake! I'll tell yer wot'll git that pitch off. Forgive me, will yer? Yer're a real good sort?"

Mr. Carlile grasped the genuinely penitent fellow by the hand, and turned to address the meeting. From that moment he had it in his grip, and from the rowdiest it became the quietest and most successful of the campaign. At the end, when most of the people had cleared away, seventeen stayed behind to kneel with Mr. Carlile and his workers and pray for God's help in leading better lives.

The temper of the people varied remarkably. One evening they went for Mr. Carlile, smashed his cornet, and threw him under a form. "I thought it was my last meeting, and that I'd never see my wife and little ones again," he said to Miss Cheshire the next day. And yet while they were speaking, one of the roughest of the ringleaders slipped a little parcel into Miss Cheshire's hand. It contained a handkerchief, which she had dropped in the street a few evenings before. Her name had been seen marked on it, and it was returned to her as soon as the finder had had it washed.

At the back of the hall was a little gallery, where the rowdiest characters usually gathered. One

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evening a worker, whose short stature had earned him the nickname "little George," ventured up to quell the uproar. The occupants picked him up by the coat collar and trouser band and shook him over the edge of the gallery, threatening to drop him on the heads of the people below. The latter took a personal interest in the proceedings, and having cleared a spot for "little George" to fall on to, they clamoured for the performance to take place. But, as often happened, the good-nature of the victim prevailed, and he laughed so loudly that his tormentors decided to forgive him. So the dive from the gallery never came off.

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CHAPTER VII

Mr. Carlile as editor—His first "leader"—Westminster Drill Station — The *Gazette* — The Church Army's mixed reception—Hostilities at Westminster—The baptism of stones—Mr. Carlile attacked—Arrest of his assailant—An apology from prison—Mr. Carlile's six months out of the fight—Return to Westminster.

"Yet shalt thou help the frail
From the phantoms that assail,
Yea, the strong man in his anger thou shalt dare;
Thy voice shall be a song
Against wickedness and wrong,
But the wicked and the wronger thou shalt spare.
And while thou lead'st the van,
The ungrateful hand of man
Shall smite thee down and slay thee unaware."

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THESE stormy times in Westminster did not occupy the whole of Mr. Carlile's attention. Nearly every morning he left his home at Kensington for the offices of the Church Parochial Mission Society in the Adelphi, where a good deal of secretarial work awaited him, in connection with the

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Church Army. Appeals were being sent out in all directions, inquiries from clergy dealt with, and all sorts of plans made for the extension of the work. This occupied him till the afternoon, and then he rushed off to Westminster to meet his little band and do some visiting before the evening operations commenced. These were naturally anxious times for Mrs. Carlile, since she had good grounds for constant fear that her husband would meet with serious injury. Ordinary bruises and disfigurements with red ochre and soot were daily happenings to all the party. Miss Cheshire usually left Portcullis Hall before Mr. Carlile each evening, and called on her way home at Sheffield Terrace, to let his wife know that he was still safe and sound. Only the conviction that the work to which he had now given his whole heart and life was set before him by God, and therefore not to be shunned, supported Mrs. Carlile in these anxious days. Those who applaud the work of the Church Army to-day should remember how much of its success is due to Mrs. Carlile, for in these early days a word from her might have brought it to a close. But she bravely refused to utter the word, and cheered on her husband in the way he would go.

He shortly added to his labours and responsibilities by founding a little halfpenny paper. The first number was dated April 2, 1883, and bore as its

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title *The Battleaxe, or Gazette of the Church Army Crusade and Mission Band Movement.* For some time Mr. Carlile edited this himself, besides taking on his shoulders the whole financial burden. This was no light matter, since its circulation was necessarily small at first, while no advertisements were admitted, and he lost money on it for several years. As soon as it began to make a profit he handed the proceeds over to the Church Army funds. Without going too deeply into private matters, it is only right to point out that he had now no regular income, and this was a heavy drain on his small, private means, already seriously taxed by family expenses. For many years to come he and Mrs. Carlile felt the pinch very keenly, sharply contrasted as it was with the ease and comfort he had given up.

Mr. Carlile's first "leading article" was a call to arms—short, but stirring. He wrote:—

"It is with great hesitation that we have ventured to start on such untrodden ground. However, it is hoped that *The Battleaxe* may be a real weapon in the Almighty Hand to strike a real blow at real sin. We shall strive to develop Church Army work in any good way which, as it is parochial, must of necessity be very different in various places, and entirely under the clergy. The spirit of aggression must be forced on the Church laity, or they will

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slumber. They must either "manfully fight" or die. The good parish clergyman is everywhere already overworked, and the laity must put their hand to the sword. To the soldiers of the Church Army we say, 'Fire away; tell us how we can help you. We rejoice in your bravery, self-sacrifice, and humility. *The Battleaxe* is yours, wield it. Pray that it may be propelled by the Divine Hand to beat down the strongholds of Satan.'"

Another interesting announcement from Mr. Carlile's pen in the first number concerns the selection and training of candidates. I quote freely, since it shows how far Mr. Carlile's plans had shaped thus early. Headed "Westminster Drill Station," it proceeds:—

"At the present moment there is a small number of young men who are drilling for Church Army officers. They are mostly working men who have made a real sacrifice, and given up good wages to come as candidates for just their bare support. Westminster is one of the best stations for drill in the country, because of the great numbers of the criminal class who throng the meetings. Many of them are now gloriously fighting for Christ.

"The poor people subscribe from 30s. to 60s. per week, mostly in coppers, but that only pays the rent. The expenses of the meetings and

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keeping the cadets are very heavy. There are plenty of volunteers for the work; there are plenty of demands for the workers; the money alone is wanting. The expenses will soon be about £10 a week.

"Who will help? We believe that with the fixed clergyman as the fixed pastor of his flock, and the working-man Church Army officer in rotation, from three to six months under him, we shall have in the Church of England any advantage that the movable system of the Methodists possesses, without its inconveniences and dangers.

"The young men live in the houses of two Christian men in the neighbourhood at a merely nominal charge. Our earnest prayer is that we may soon be able to get a house near by, where a more systematic training may be given.

"We rejoice in any good that has been achieved by the Salvation and Blue Ribbon Gospel Armies, but as Church people we believe we can have the same work done in a more lasting way, having the Church, her sacraments, her clergy and her teaching as a solid basis."

This appeal for what at the time seemed the large sum of £10 a week reads strangely to-day, when the Church Army's yearly income is nearly £200,000, and still growing.

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How widely the work had already spread, although only a few months' old, may be seen from the fact that the first issue of *The Battleaxe* contained reports from Church Army detachments at Barrow-in-Furness, Stepney, Oughbrington, Oxford, New Hinksey, Richmond, Tunbridge, and Exeter. These were evidently only a few that might have been represented, for an editorial note states that "some of the most important stations have sent their reports in too late for insertion."

For some time this little paper was issued monthly then fortnightly, and at last, in December 1884, it was announced that its circulation justified the experiment of publishing it weekly. The experiment succeeded, and it has been the weekly organ of the Church Army ever since. Before long, its name was changed to the *Church Army Gazette*. Under both titles it has played a good part in building up the society of which it is the official organ. To-day, with a circulation of about 85,000 a week, it is a source of revenue to the tune of over £1,000 a year to headquarters' funds, besides bringing in a profit on sales, to Church Army corps, varying from a pound or two to over £40 a year. Indeed, but for *Gazette* profits, many poor parishes, where such work is most of all needed, could not afford to keep a Church Army officer or mission

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nurse. As a rule, the sales are pushed by a body of workers known as a "*Gazette* Brigade," and this is often a means of utilising a good deal of voluntary help which from inexperience or shyness is unsuited for speaking or any other more public work.

But even where there is a flourishing "Brigade" the officer or nurse will generally dispose of a good number of *Gazettes* each week, principally because they form some excuse for calling at houses where Church workers are not altogether welcomed. The little paper has in many instances proved a key to some fast-closed door, and won a way first for a little chat and then for a warmer friendship, till at last one of the most unlikely men or women in the parish has been coaxed to the mission-room and won to Christ. Many officers use the paper as an excuse for regular public-house visiting, and publicans often look out for them on Saturday night, and take care that they are not molested. A good number will be sold out in a short public-house round, and when a man puts his hand into an almost empty pocket the next morning and pulls out a *Gazette*, he is apt to consider his ways and give more thought to their direction. Figures on the subject are naturally impossible to tabulate, but all over the country stories are told of pledges being signed, men brought to the mission-hall and church,

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homes brightened, and the wife and children better clothed inside and out, as a result of *Gazettes* sold at the Saturday night beer carnival. For some years now the paper has been edited by Miss Burn, and daily she is cheered by such news from different parts.

But we must return to the early days, for we are still in the spring of 1883. The work had by this time got a hold in various parts of the country; the idea that the working-man was a part of the Church, and might become a very useful part, was beginning to spread, and things looked fairly promising. It is true that Mr. Carlile did not meet with all the appreciation that might have been expected. Indeed, the most striking feature of the early days of the Church Army is the hostile way in which the movement was generally received by the press, especially by most of the Church papers. It might have been thought that some sense of responsibility, coupled with a knowledge of the way in which valuable enthusiasm has been driven out of the Church in days gone by, because it revealed itself in an unexpected form, would have dictated more reasonable articles. However, let bygones be bygones. The fact that any public opinion worthy the name, in the press or elsewhere, now backs the Church Army heartily, though Mr. Carlile has

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never surrendered a single ideal or method, is a sufficiently graceful acknowledgment that he was in the right.

But it is doubtful whether then, or in later days, he was ever aware of a tenth part of the dismay his enthusiasm aroused in "orthodox and respectable" quarters. Fully engrossed in work for others, charitably thinking the best of all men, he has been far too busy to heed idle chatter and abuse, and if he has ever looked up and caught sight of an umbrella being shaken at him, it has been with a sigh of compassion for people who have nothing better to do. It is, indeed, thanks to this spirit and to his constant belief that there is a place in the Church for enthusiasm and for new methods, that he and his Society are to be found in the Establishment to-day. A man less firmly convinced that his mission was to strengthen, not to weaken, the Church, would surely have been driven out by the discouragements of the early days. This is worth remembering to Mr. Carlile's credit to-day, when all sections of the Church join in a bewildering chorus of praise.

So things went on, the work gaining ground in spite of many hindrances till the Whitsuntide of 1883, when sudden disaster overtook Mr. Carlile, and threatened for a time to bring all his plans to naught.

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It came about, as did so many other scenes of violence at this period, through the conversion of a man whose "going over" annoyed and alarmed his old mates, and brought them out with bricks and belts, the only way they knew of protesting against a clergyman who thus "dragged the Church into the gutter," for they did not think of writing to the press. The convert in question was named Challercombe. He was a member of a gang of thieves, and acted as "disposer" of the property acquired. His gentlemanly appearance and good address were of great value to him in his profession, and he did so well in it that he used to drive from place to place in a smart brougham to dispose of the plunder.

One night he casually attended one of the open-air services in the back slums of Westminster. The message touched his heart, and he determined to lead a new life in God's service. And then the hero in him came to light; for, realising to the full the consequences of such an act, he threw up his old occupation and left the gang. From this moment he backed up Mr. Carlile in every possible way. It needs no little courage to nerve a new convert to plead with old and still unreclaimed comrades at open-air meetings. In Challercombe's case the action meant extreme physical courage as well; for his old "pals," terrified lest he "split" on them,

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made his life an intolerable burden by their threats of murder. His was not one separate deed of heroism; it was the daily and nightly endurance of an awful dread, the constant and unflinching stepping forward in the paths of death. For three months the poor fellow "faced the music," his life in continual and ever-growing danger.

To add to this opposition, a member of Challercombe's old gang, who had already displayed enmity to Mr. Carlile, met with a set-back in the course of a bit of mischievous horseplay. One night, in Mr. Carlile's absence, he made a blaze with paper outside Portcullis Hall, and set fire to the notice board. The flames looked like spreading, when up came the police, and after a rough-and-tumble fight, the would-be incendiary was dragged kicking to the police station and sent to prison. His brother, Dennis Russell, swore revenge, and made a wager that he would kill Mr. Carlile and "get even," not only for his brother's arrest, but also for Challercombe's conversion.

Matters came to a head on Whit-Monday. At this time Battersea Park was being laid out, and Mr. Carlile thought this would be a good spot to hold a Bank-holiday open-air campaign. The "Skeletons" and other roughs from Westminster ("Carlile's lambs," as they were often called now)

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got wind of the arrangements, and when the little band of Church Army workers entered the park they found ropes stretched across the roads. Brought to a standstill, they were met by volleys of stones and gravel from heaps that lay about on the half-made paths. Mr. Carlile tried to reason with the roughs, and point out that a number of ladies were being hit, but this availed nothing. Showers of stones continued to rain on them, and with the coolness of veterans who had been under fire many times before the little band started "Onward, Christian soldiers," and then a favourite hymn, the war-song of those early days, which went to the tune of the "Marseillaise."

All this time Mr. Carlile was standing between his workers and the mob, trying to argue with the roughs. He was severely hit all over, and soon his head was badly cut, the blood running down his face. At this sight the stone-throwing ceased; for, as he often pleads, the roughs were not so bad at heart, and probably in a fashion of their own they were beginning to love this clergyman whose pluck and perseverance appealed to their sporting instincts. At any rate, the morning passed off without any further trouble, and the Church Army workers marched back to Portcullis Hall to prepare for the usual evening campaign in the Westminster slums.

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After a hasty lunch, Mr. Carlile said that he would go out and visit some houses, giving away bills about the meetings, while the others rested after their morning adventure. By this time the bleeding from his head had stopped, so, with the wound roughly strapped up, and full of fire, though looking rather white, he started out, accompanied by Miss Cheshire and two other workers. Later they were joined by Challercombe—most unfortunately, as things turned out.

They passed along several streets without being molested, and were in Regency Street on their way back. Suddenly a man rushed from a doorway, and made a spring for Challercombe. Mr. Carlile stepped forward, received the assailant on his back, and then staggered back under a blow on the cheek. This was followed by a nasty body blow that knocked his wind out for the moment and brought him to the ground, and while he lay gasping for breath he was kicked several times in the side. His assailant proved to be Dennis Russell, one of Challercombe's old gang, and brother of the man who was in prison for trying to burn the mission-hall.

The events of the next few minutes form no part of Mr. Carlile's recollection, and he opened his eyes a quarter of an hour later to find himself in the front room of one of the houses, where his friends had

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dragged him. For a few moments it had been thought that he was dead or dying, and his assailant had fled in terror, leaving Challercombe to go scot-free.

The street soon filled with people whose sympathies were now entirely with Mr. Carlile, in the generous and altogether irresponsible fashion peculiar to a British crowd, which to its credit is usually on the side of the man who is down. No doctor could be persuaded to come through that rough district, and so Mr. Carlile's friends had to do the best they could for him. One who was standing by tells me that before he came to he was praying for his assailant, and begging that he might not be punished.

Soon he managed to drag himself to Portcullis Hall, and tried to carry on the evening meeting, but his strength had left him, and he was obliged to give up and take a cab to Mr. Clifford's house, his own home being shut up during Mrs. Carlile's absence with her sons at the seaside.

The next day Mr. Carlile dragged himself out again, and took up his stand at one of his usual street corners, with a strong man on each side of him, and his arms round their necks. Dennis turned up again, evidently bent on finishing his work this time. But his popularity with the crowd had waned with the attack on Mr. Carlile, just as that of the

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victim had waxed, and he was received with shouts of "There 'e is! Scrag 'im!"

This reception staggered poor Dennis, who had come out to receive hero-worship, and he turned away. His retreat soon became an undignified run, for he was pursued by a mob of infuriated women, mostly of the "unfortunate" class, who were eager to constitute a body-guard for Mr. Carlile. The result was that the man soon found himself in the grip of the police, and rather relieved to have their protection against his old friends, who now betrayed him.

Mr. Carlile tried to avoid appearing in court, and refused to charge him. But he was compelled to give evidence of the assault at Westminster Police Court. Newspaper reports mention that he looked very ill, and was accommodated with a chair while speaking. The prisoner was committed for trial, and eventually sentenced to six months' hard labour.

While in prison, awaiting trial, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Carlile (I have revised the spelling, which was somewhat phonetic):—

"DEAR SIR,—I write these few lines hoping to find you in better health than I last saw you. I humbly beg your pardon for having insulted you or any of your people on Whit-Monday. I should like to see you before I get my trial, and I hope when I come

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out I shall be one of your followers. And please tell Mr. Clifford I should like to see him too. So no more at present.

"Your loving friend,

"DENNIS RUSSELL."

Unfortunately, by this time Mr. Carlile was on his back, as a result of the attentions of his "loving friend," and he was unable to see him. On leaving prison Dennis enlisted under an assumed name, served his time with the colours, and then went to America. He was last heard of doing good work in connection with a mission at Chicago.

Of the whole incident Mr. Carlile now talks lightly, his chief interest in it being Challercombe's share, and he gave the following account to a recent interviewer :—

"One of the old gang made a rush for poor Challercombe, and I was lucky enough to get in between, and so the would-be murderer failed. Of course my little share was all over in a minute—a few blows and I was demolished. But—and here lies the stuff of heroism—poor Challercombe, like a real brick, for many long months after that nearly successful attempt upon his life, went on with his work with us, never slackening in his militant Christianity, nor shrinking from the public duties it

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compelled him to perform. Still he went nightly with our officers into Westminster, and still the threats and persecution made his life a horror, until at last, worn out and broken down with the awful strain, he said that life was not worth living in London on those terms. So we helped him to emigrate, and afterwards he wrote very cheerily to us from the new country in which the shadow had been lifted."

Mr. Carlile's "little share," as he calls it, was sufficient to keep him out of the fight for six months. Several things went to make his injuries more severe than they at first appeared. No doubt he was in a low state of health at the time, for the events of the past six months had been of a wearing nature, while he was all the time planning for the extension of the work, feeling that God had given him an opportunity of doing something for the Kingdom of Heaven of which he must make the most. Then the body blows had found out the weak spot in his constitution, and renewed the spinal trouble, so that his illness partook of the nature of a complete collapse, in which both mind and body were incapable of any great effort.

At first he was removed to Richmond, where he lay on his back for some time. This was a most trying period. He wondered whether God had laid him aside as an instrument tried and found wanting.

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All his ideas and plans seemed to have come to naught. He had so joyfully placed all worldly prospects of riches and comfort on the altar, as a sacrifice to God, for His glory and the good of man, and here was the sacrifice seemingly rejected, the altar left cold and dark.

Too weak and ill to take any part in the work, the effort of dealing with correspondence or the making of plans and suggestions for others being beyond his strength, he could only lie on the outskirts of the battle in which he had known such brief delight, with the dread over him that he would never draw sword again. For months he made little or no progress. From Richmond he was moved to various seaside resorts, to try the benefit of change of air and environment, but seemingly without avail.

Then at last he began to mend; the prayer of friends prevailed when all else had failed—probably to teach a lesson of dependence on God—and one day in the autumn of 1883 he was able to return to Westminster, and plunge once more into the battle smoke.

During his absence the work had been kept together by the little band of helpers who had supported him so well, two of the first Church Army officers making themselves responsible for the usual services.

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From this time the movement began to make rapid progress. It seemed as though Mr. Carlile's mishap had been a challenge from the enemy, which he eagerly took up. He was now on his feet again, more determined than ever, full of plans, and bubbling with energy to put them into force.

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CHAPTER VIII

The Oxford Training Home—Early difficulties—A door-to-door campaign—The first annual conference—Communion music—Defending the military title—Training Home moved to London—Brunswick Chapel—Bishop Lightfoot—Heresy hunts—A Cornish incident—The non-party attitude—How Mr. Carlile avoided a scene—The Church Army in Lancashire—The man who saw a ghost—Beer for Mr. Carlile—The foreign field.

"Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an irresistible to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands towards you." WALT WHITMAN.

THE "Westminster days" of the Church Army form the most striking part of its early history, on account of the scenes of violence that greeted the

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movement. But equally important events were in progress at Oxford. I have already mentioned the work of the Rev. F. S. Webster, in St. Aldate parish, and the part he played in joining hands with Mr. Carlile to form the Church Army. While still an undergraduate he had worked under the Vicar of St. Aldate's, Oxford, who (to use his own phrase) "let him loose in the parish," and regarded him as a lay curate. Mr. Webster started by holding men's services in the Victoria Theatre, and these were shortly transferred to the St. Aldate's Rectory Room, where he formed a mission band of earnest young laymen, which eventually became one of the first Church Army corps. The work soon attracted favourable notice, and Bishop Mackarness, interviewing him shortly before ordination, urged that it should continue. Accordingly, when Mr. Webster was ordained, on St. Thomas's Day, 1882, and appointed to St. Aldate's parish, it was with a view to further developments.

The need of systematic training of Church Army evangelists soon became apparent, and in 1883 Mr. Carlile and Mr. Webster together planned a Training Home, of which the latter was the hon. warden. Before the home had been open many months the Bishop, whose interest in the movement was keen, called and informally examined the men in training,

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expressing himself thoroughly satisfied with their progress, and with all the arrangements. He consented to become a patron of the Church Army, and was the first bishop to give this official sanction.

Amongst those who passed through the Oxford Training Home in these early days was Captain Prior, now van secretary to the Church Army, and senior officer in the Society as regards years of service. He has kindly supplied me with the following interesting reminiscences :—

"It was while listening to the Rev. W. Carlile at a Church Congress (Reading, 1884) that I made up my mind to offer for Church Army work. Mr. Carlile had received a remarkably hostile reception, and the way in which he took it made me think him a specially remarkable man. On leaving the building a candidate's form was handed to me, and after seeking the advice of my Rector, I filled in the form and was asked to enter the Training Home at St. Aldate's, Oxford, the following week.

"The Home had been a shop, and would not accommodate more than ten of us. We had a Training Home Mother for one hour in the day, to prepare dinner ; the rest of the meals and all other domestic duties were done by the brothers. On Saturdays we scrubbed every room in the Home, blackleading grates, cleaning windows, &c. I found

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I was with men who believed not only in prayer but in real hard work and self-denial. The funds were not high, and sometimes we did not know where the next meal was coming from. At the best it was very plain: sometimes we got meat or a pudding for dinner, sometimes we did not. One day there was nothing, and so we made a small collection among ourselves and bought a loaf of bread and a few sprats, which we cleaned and cooked. How we did enjoy that dinner, and never so heartily did we thank God.

"The Principal of the Training Home (Rev. F. S. Webster) was also curate in the parish, and a real go-ahead, earnest man of God. He used to come in each morning and give us lessons on getting up addresses, lectures on the Prayer Book, Church history, &c., and occasionally took us out for open-air work in the afternoon. One afternoon we went to the fair for an open-air meeting. The Principal's coat was torn, our tunics were soon in pieces, and our caps were treated like footballs. They spat in our faces, bad eggs were thrown and all kinds of refuse hurled at us, but by God's grace we were enabled to hold on; and here I learnt that I must have courage, endurance, and grit. It did us much good, and we enjoyed evensong at the Cathedral so much better that evening (we used to attend daily).

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"The third week of my stay we had the Rev. W. Carlile from London. He taught us, among other things, how to get a crowd in the street without shouting ourselves hoarse. He took out a three-legged chair, with each leg painted a different colour, black, red, and white. We were dressed in private clothes, and were looking on from the side streets. Our leader put the chair down, walked round it a few times, and then began asking questions of the passers-by about the black leg of the chair, which represented sin; the red, the blood shed on Calvary; and the white, a pure and holy life. Soon we gathered around, for the crowd had become very large. A few questions were asked, and before long the crowd became so great as to block up the roads, and the police kindly requested us to move on.

"We were filled with a deep yearning to bring our fellows back to God, and were made desperately in earnest by our chief. Our hearts were overflowing with love to God and our brother men. We longed to be of some use to others, and bring brightness into their lives and homes. After passing an examination by the Bishop of Oxford, I was sent to my first station, and although many years have passed I feel a thrill of joy passing through every fibre as I remember what God did in those days. Men would cry out to God for mercy in the ordinary services.

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Men and their wives were kneeling side by side giving themselves back to God, getting confirmed and coming to God's Holy Table, who had not been for years to His house. As I look back upon the years of my Church Army life, I am led to exclaim, 'Wonderful! wonderful! It is God's doing, and marvellous in our eyes,' for surely He hath been with and blessed and prospered Church Army work."

With the establishment of the Oxford Training Home, and its steady progress under Mr. Webster's enthusiastic guidance, there arose further needs. No difficulty was found in getting candidates for the work, but training expenses had to be met. These were kept at an exceedingly low figure by exercising the strictest economy, and by requiring each man to do his share of the housework, but even then they amounted to a considerable sum in the course of a year. And when the men had been trained, examined by the Bishop, and passed as Church Army evangelists, there still remained the difficulty of finding them openings.

From the first the Church Army strictly observed the parochial system, and no mission work has been started without the goodwill and support of the local clergy. This loyalty has been at once a source of strength and a hindrance to the Society. When Mr. Carlile and Mr. Webster had trained their men

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they were unable to set them to work until the invitation of some vicar had been secured. If Mr. Carlile had been founding a sect instead of a society in the Church, the movement would have spread far more rapidly, though its constitution might not have been so sound, or its final position so strong. He could have made his own openings, governed solely by the needs of the district, instead of depending on the goodwill of the clergy. But he chose the more difficult course, and most men will say the better. He loved the Church, and longed to serve her. It is easier to drive a new road across unappropriated country than to make a new way through London's traffic tangle, and judging the work merely by the mileage, the former is the greater. This may be taken as illustrating the difference between founding a new sect and forming a society within the Church. Mr. Carlile had to make a toilsome path; in avoiding one obstacle he was in danger of colliding with another, and so his progress has been less showy and more difficult than some efforts with which it has been at times compared. And yet, as a man who stops at home and makes good roads through London's maze has deserved well of his fellows, so the Church Army by staying in the Church, despite frequent disappointment and difficulty, has done a work for which no amount

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of success it might have won as a sect could atone.

All this by way of pointing out the difficulty of getting openings in the early days of the Church Army, and explaining why, in spite of the hundreds of candidates who volunteered for the work, its progress for a year or two was slow.

In order to arouse sympathy and support, Mr. Carlile, in 1884, started on a personal campaign, and spent almost the whole of his time in visiting the principal provincial towns, addressing meetings on the Church Army's aims and methods. At such clerical meetings and conferences as would give him a hearing he explained his ideas. Where a Church Army officer was already working, or the clergy were sympathetic, public meetings were arranged for the same purpose. This necessitated constant travelling, and sometimes for many weeks at a time he would be in a different town each day. On arriving at a place for a meeting, he usually spent any time that his arrangements left free in visiting the local clergy, seeking openings for his men. In this way he must have tramped hundreds of miles, and knocked at hundreds of vicarage doors, like a modern Peter the Hermit preaching a new crusade. His reception was not always friendly. The religious history of the early eighties reveals many instances of undis-

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ciplined enthusiasm playing curious pranks, and among the clergy generally there arose a somewhat natural distrust of anything off the beaten tracks. Hence Mr. Carlile was often looked upon as a rather dangerous firebrand, whom it was wise to bustle off the doorstep and out of the parish with all speed. But, on the other hand, he made many staunch friends for the Church Army in the course of these informal and unannounced calls, and when he could get an unprejudiced hearing and a judgment on his actual work, and not on what other people said of other movements, he usually won his way.

He had his reward in seeing the Church Army make steady if slow progress. In January, 1885, the first annual conference of officers and workers was held in Manchester, and some encouraging announcements were made. "A year ago," said Mr. Carlile, "we had fifteen working-men evangelists, in addition to our honorary staff. Now we have forty-five, wholly engaged in the work, while many parishes maintain a Church Army corps with the aid of the local officers. We have between four and five thousand active members, many of them at one time drunkards, gamblers, wife-beaters, blasphemers, and others, who are now workers in the cause of Christ. Our income for the past year was £2,500 in regular subscriptions, besides over £4,000 in working people's pence."

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Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, presided at one of the meetings, cheering the workers by his words of approval.

During the conference there was a special celebration of the Holy Communion at the Cathedral for Church Army officers and friends, when Archbishop Thompson, of York, addressed them. This was one of the first occasions on which an arrangement of Congregational Choral Communion, by Mr. Carlile, had been used. It was specially commended by the Archbishop as tending to reverence and simplicity. From the earliest days of the Church Army, Mr. Carlile has urged the importance of the Holy Communion, and his object was to draw up a simple musical setting easily understood by the people, and not protracting the service beyond reasonable limits. His arrangement of the service has received the approval of the majority of the bishops, and is now used very widely all over the country. In a preface to the printed forms of the service he writes :—

"Our Lord did not say of Morning Prayer or Litany, 'Do this,' as He did of the Holy Communion. We have, therefore, a right to insist that he who reads his Bible aright must obey this dying command, or be but Christian only in name. According to the Rubric, the penitent believer who is 'ready or desirous to be confirmed' is heartily welcome to receive, the

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responsibility lying with himself rather than with the clergyman.

"The working man in towns, and often in the country, cannot well worship for more than half an hour at a time. To make this worship more real, it is important that he take an active part himself throughout. To estrange him from the Church effectually, take Morning Prayer, Litany, Ante-Communion, sermon, and then the Holy Communion all as one service. These were intended to be separate services.

"In these days, when the laity are keen on entering more fully into Church life, this service will be found most useful, especially for an early Communion. Why should not Morning Prayer occasionally be taken plain, say at 10.15, and then this service at 11 quite separately, as well as at 7, 8, or 9 in the morning, or at such an hour as is most convenient to the majority?

"The great mass of the baptized are ignorant of the service altogether. Make it possible for them to learn, and instead of an increase of hollow ceremonialism will be a deeper penitence, faith and obedience, proved by the lives and zeal of the people. The Sacrament is a silent but mighty preacher of the simple Gospel truths of the atonement, and of present free and full salvation."

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In February, 1885, the Church Army attracted the attention of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury. The Archbishop mentioned that he had received a communication from the Rev. W. Carlile, calling attention to the work, and suggesting that some informal license should be accorded to it, so as to link it more closely with the Church system. The Bishop of Oxford (Bishop Mackarness) spoke of his experience of the work in his own diocese, particularly the Training Home, and urged that the movement was of value as retaining in the Church earnest men who might otherwise drift into dissent for want of interest and activity. He moved a resolution "heartily welcoming the working men who have expressed a desire to serve Christ in His Church and to convert their fellows who have hitherto lived without God in the world," and this was carried unanimously.

The military title of the Society did not meet with the approval of all in these early days. At that time the Salvation Army had not won the general respect in which it is held to-day, and many Churchmen, otherwise favourable to Mr. Carlile, urged him to drop a title that seemed to suggest imitation and extravagance. As a matter of fact, Mr. Carlile did consider, about this time, whether it might not be advisable to choose some other name, and also

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relinquish the only other military terms in use, "captain" and "soldier." But Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, one of the Society's first friends and most valued advisers, strongly objected to this, saying that St. Paul would not be at all surprised at such phraseology, and that the present need of the Church was primitive *aggression* coupled with apostolic *obedience*—in short, enthusiasm combined with order. The Bishop of Oxford, whose counsel had largely shaped the first training home, gave similar counsel.

Mr. Carlile himself wrote to the *Guardian* on the subject in January, 1887, and after referring to the advice of these two bishops, he continued:—

"The subject was also placed before many of the parochial clergy, who permitted this military nomenclature to be employed in their parishes; and nearly all replied that they had suspected it at first, but found it beneficial; and now that the local prejudice had died a natural death, they declined to give up the use of such phraseology."

An important step was taken in 1885, when the Training Home was moved from Oxford to London. The selection of suitable premises exercised Mr. Carlile's mind for some time, till he settled on Edgware Road. This brought him near Lisson Grove, then a far worse slum district than it is to-day, besides being near Hyde Park, the great open-

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air speaking place for West London. These two facts settled the question, and rooms were taken over a jeweller's shop at 174, Edgware Road. Canon Barker, of Marylebone, presided over an informal opening of the home in December, and described the Church Army as "one of the most heroic and splendid efforts ever made by the Church."

In order to continue the work, Mr. Webster resigned his Oxford curacy and came to London, to give his whole time to the Church Army, it being arranged that he should have charge of the new Training Homes and act as editor of the *Gazette*.

On arrival in London he called on the Rev. E. W. Moore, incumbent of Brunswick Chapel, Upper Berkeley Street, who arranged a special weekly Early Celebration for the men in the Training Home, and invited them to make the church their regular place of worship. This was done, and Mr. Webster accepted the post of Sunday preacher, thus beginning a connection between the Church Army and Brunswick Chapel which soon grew more intimate. Under the present incumbent, the Rev. E. C. C. Parr, a member of the Church Army's staff, and largely through the generosity of Lord Portman, the building is the Society's West-end church, having its own officer and body of workers, and acting as a mission centre for much of the Training Home work.

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By this time the Church Army had quite separated from the Church Parochial Mission Society, having rapidly outgrown the parent body, and become a separate and self-contained Society.

The Second Annual Conference of the Church Army had been held in June, 1885, and Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, presided over an enthusiastic public meeting in Princes Hall, Piccadilly. His speech on that occasion so cheered the workers at the time, and has proved such an inspiration in later years, that as a mere matter of Church Army history a quotation is of interest:—

"I single out three features of the Church Army," he said. "First of all, its magnificent hopefulness. It starts from the assumption that the Gospel is meant for all, that it must be preached on the house-tops, and carried to the hedges and highways; that all things are possible with God, and that we must despair of no man. Secondly, there is the adoption of more various and less conventional modes of teaching and religious services than those hitherto prevailing. This seems to me a matter of great importance. Thirdly, there is a feature of the highest interest, namely, the principle of sending out working men as evangelists to working men. The Church Army is loyal to the Church, and is a valuable handmaid to her."

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The Bishop's phrase about the Church Army's "magnificent hopefulness" is one that stuck in the minds of the hearers, and the workers have ever since regarded it as not only commendation for the past, but counsel for the future.

One of the features of this conference was a reception by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Archbishop Benson) of Church Army officers at Lambeth Palace, when his Grace addressed them in the private chapel, and sent them forth with his blessing to what he described as "the warfare of the slums."

In the same year, at the Portsmouth Church Congress, the Bishop of Newcastle, speaking of the enthusiasm which was a feature of the age, said: "The Church Army is one of the most prominent outcomes of this blessed enthusiasm. Mr. Carlile will bear me out when I say that when he came to see me about the Church Army I was somewhat in a quiver. I did not altogether see my way, and I asked him three questions. The first was, 'Is it definite Church teaching?' and the answer was heartily, 'Yes.' The next was, 'Do you ever go into a parish where you are not invited?' The reply was emphatically, 'No.' The third was, 'Do you ever stay in a parish where you have been invited, if the clergy afterwards want you to go?' The answer was as emphatically 'No.' Well, I, for one, am most

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thankful for the work of the Church Army. I have just had a requisition from the clergy of some parishes in my diocese to go over and confirm and speak to a number of adult pitmen, who have been brought in by the Church Army." Mr. Carlile was also an invited speaker at this Church Congress, and was received in more friendly manner than at Reading the year before, when he was literally howled down.

These speeches go to mark an important stage in the Church Army's history, for they were among a number of encouraging public statements made by Bishops and other prominent clergymen about this time. As the Bishop of Newcastle's "three questions" show, the movement was approached usually in a critical spirit, and words of commendation were therefore the more valued.

The Church Army's report for 1885, issued at this time, ran to over 60 illustrated pages, and forms the first complete story of the work. It stated that 65 evangelists were then giving their whole time to the work, assisted by 6,000 communicant members, who were voluntary helpers, 20,000 open-air and 20,000 indoor meetings had been held in the year, attended by 3,000,000 people.

Much of the earlier suspicion and misunderstanding, at any rate in higher and more responsible

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ranks of the Church, was now dying away, and at many diocesan conferences Mr. Carlile was requested to explain the work of the Church Army, his addresses being received in a most kindly manner. The old difficulty about getting openings also began to pass away, as a result of warm words from several bishops, and by the beginning of 1886 Mr. Carlile no longer found himself compelled to beg from one vicarage door to another to place his evangelists out in work.

But in spite of encouragement in high places, the Church Army still had to fight against a good deal of misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Every now and again correspondence would break out in the Church press, High Churchmen denouncing the whole thing as a purely dissenting movement, while Low Churchmen were equally positive that it was Romish. Heresy hunts were the order of the day, and Mr. Carlile was continually writing letters to prove that he followed neither the "Scarlet Woman" (as some charitable Protestants used to call the Church of Rome a few years ago, before education became more general) nor John Calvin.

Enthusiasm appeared to be regarded by many Churchmen as the mark of the beast, and that the Church Army could really care for men, and yet remain true to the Establishment seemed to them

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impossible. This lack of sympathy undoubtedly hindered the progress of the movement for some years, and it is to the credit of those who directed it that, despite discouragement, they remained loyal to the Church and Church order, till at last the night of persecution passed away, and they were recognised by clergy and laity alike as a force not merely to be endured, but to be valued as a help and a defence. The folly of boycotting enthusiasm because it turned up in an unexpected quarter, in a novel form, began to dawn on men, and they realised that they could best serve the Church by guiding and using the Church Army, instead of misrepresenting and abusing it.

In 1887 the Church Army was for the first time mentioned in a bishop's charge, Bishop Lightfoot, who had taken such a keen interest in the movement, commending it to his clergy in words of hearty approval. "I take as example," he said, "the two parishes in this diocese (Durham) where it has had the longest and fairest trial. I cannot for a moment doubt—the confirmations are visible proof—that in these parishes it has effected what no existing parochial organisation could have effected. It has dragged numbers of men and women out of the gutter, has expelled the demon drink or some other gross vice, and has seated them clothed and in their

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right minds at the feet of Christ. Of one thing I am sure, no incumbent need be apprehensive as to the loyalty of the officers. Loyalty is a fundamental principle of the Church Army."

It would be impossible to keep this chapter within reasonable limits if I attempted to give a tithe of the remarkable incidents that marked the early years of the Church Army, and the adventures, both grave and gay, that beset Mr. Carlile's path. But one or two may be taken as characteristic.

One of the first officers who had been trained at Oxford was known as "the fighting flunkey," for he had been one of the Kensington men-servants who had rallied round Mr. Carlile in the old vestry-hall days. When the Church Army was invited by the vicar of a Cornish parish to hold a mission, this man was sent westward. With the Celtic character and its extraordinary emotionalism he was quite unacquainted. The working people flocked to hear him, and towards the close of the first week a deep sense of sin had been aroused.

One of the worst women in the little country town, at the close of the service, ran from the back of the schoolroom to the front of the table near the platform, fell down on her knees, and with copious tears and considerable noise cried to God for mercy. The evangelist was rather bewildered and the vicar was excessively alarmed.

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After five or ten minutes the woman seemed pacified, evidently finding that pardon and peace which she had been so earnestly seeking. She rose to her feet, and at once proceeded to the back of the room, seized her husband, and tried to pull him forward, as a sign that he would give up his bad, drunken life, and join her in a better way. The bewildered man, however, firmly planted himself against the wall, and declined to move. No arguments could induce him to stir. His energetic wife, who had often lifted huge weights of fish, carrying them from the vessel to the shore, promptly bent down and seized her good man by the legs, carried him the length of the building, and placed him unwillingly on his knees at the platform table. Either in terror of his wife, or of the consequences of his past sins, he began to pray.

Though the congregation did not appear greatly disturbed by this summary treatment of the impenitent man, the evangelist was rather alarmed. The vicar—a grave and earnest man of God—retired to the back of the room, placing himself well against the wall in a corner, where he could not easily be approached, lest the newly developed zeal of the muscular fishwife should question his theological standing and treat him in the same way that she had treated her husband.

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If "all is well that ends well," the extraordinary procedure was justified, for, greatly to the astonishment of both vicar and evangelist, the newly converted pair came forward for confirmation, and for years have been amongst the most devoted and earnest communicants.

One of the most important features of the Church Army from the first has been its non-party attitude. The way in which the Church of England is able to secure the loyalty of men of widely differing schools of thought is among her strongest claims, but unfortunately these men do not always display the love for one another that they feel towards the common mother-Church. These divisions, however, were far more acute twenty years ago than they are to-day, and it may be claimed for the Church Army that in making a common platform for High, Low, and Broad Churchmen it has done much to bring about happier conditions. When the Oxford work was first started all the clergy of the town, of all schools of thought, helped Mr. Webster, either by taking part in the services or by throwing open their parishes to his open-air and indoor meetings. The same sort of thing has since happened all over England, and the platform of a public meeting in support of the Church Army invariably reveals men of all parties united to further a common cause.

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This has brought Mr. Carlile in touch with all types of Churchmanship, and in travelling about the country, preaching in "Church Army parishes," he has often in the one day worn Ritualistic vestments and Protestant black gown with equal satisfaction and benefit. Unfortunately, there are still scattered about a few people who cannot understand the attitude of a man who loves the Church as a whole instead of merely a section of it, and when he refuses to please one party by abusing the other they are still more troubled.

Mr. Carlile once found himself in an awkward position in a certain northern town, where the "Orange" party and other politicians had introduced into Church matters a bitterness and lack of humour that tended to divert attention from true religious work. There were two parishes side by side, one "Orange" and the other of a stronger Church tone, and in both of them the Church Army was flourishing. One Sunday evening Mr. Carlile was announced to preach at the "High" Church, and forty workers from the neighbouring "Orange" Church proposed to attend the service and keep an eye on him. If he dared to turn to the east at the Creed they declared they would all turn to the west by way of protest. Of course, it was Mr. Carlile's intention to follow the practice in vogue at that particular church,

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but happily news reached him of the threatened "protest," and a little diplomacy smoothed matters. On this particular evening it happened that, having processioned the streets three times that day in cassock and surplice, he was very tired and asked permission to lie on his back on the vestry floor till his presence in the pulpit was required. Thus the "heresy hunters" were disappointed, and by keeping out of the way during the Creed Mr. Carlile was able to save a good deal of disturbance. Surely this justified the manœuvre.

This, of course, is an extreme instance. As a matter of fact, the Church Army is particularly strong in the North of England, and Lancashire has perhaps a better claim to be considered its head-quarters than London. It would be difficult to say how many of the officers hail from that part of the country, but probably quite a third grew up within hearing of the clatter of the clogs in Bolton, Preston, Blackburn, and other cotton and coal centres. Miners have a proud record in the history of religious revival, and their share in the growth of the Church Army has been an important one. So strong has the work become in Lancashire that in many parishes where an early celebration of the Holy Communion was at one time unknown it is now held regularly for the benefit of the Church

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Army soldiers, who turn up at an early hour, while the older Church people are otherwise engaged, in order to have their time left free later in the day for mission work among their fellows. They usually prepare for the Holy Communion by a Church Army prayer meeting in the church porch or vestry, sometimes as early as six in the morning, rarely later than seven.

In the early eighties the presence of a clergyman in a slum street in cassock and surplice was rather a novelty, but Mr. Carlile insisted that fully robed processions had always been a feature of Church mission work, and he was not to be deterred by unfounded accusations of copying methods from other bodies. One day, while marching at the head of a procession of Church Army officers and soldiers in a provincial town, and stopping to speak with any loafers who seemed in need of a word, he saw a man leaning against a public-house wall in a semi-dazed condition. He stepped up to him, tapped his arm, and said, "Come along with me!" The man looked up languidly, and then, as he took in the white-robed figure before him, he trembled and tried to shriek. But he was too full; he could only stand and stare in open-mouthed horror. "You must come with me to-night," repeated Mr. Carlile. The man looked about for a way of escape, but none

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seemed to offer, and he was hardly in a fleet-footed condition. He thought he had seen a ghost!

Then he heard the band. He was fond of music, and that settled it. He took Mr. Carlile's arm affably and permitted himself to be led towards the mission-hall. At the next public-house he met a chum, also somewhat fuddled, with views and demonstrations of his own on the revolution of the earth. "Hullo, Jim!" he cried to the man on Mr. Carlile's arm, "oo 'ave yer there?" "He's coming with me. You'd better come too," replied Mr. Carlile. So the curious group moved on, the surpliced clergyman in the centre, with a very grave and self-conscious drunken man on either arm, much to the horror of "respectable" bystanders.

On arrival at the hall the two men were given the place of honour in front. They were rather restless at first, and tried to creep out, but were persuaded to stop by the simple expedient of hiding their hats, for by this time Mr. Carlile had acquired the wisdom of many serpents in dealing with men of this character. At the end of the meeting Jim, who had quieted down considerably, left his seat and threw himself on his knees before the platform beside Mr. Carlile. "O God," he cried, "can you save a man while he's drunk?" Then he prayed

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for himself, and asked the workers to pray with him. That night he left the mission-hall with a new purpose and a new strength.

By all the laws of decency and order Jim ought never to have been allowed in that hall, and he was not at all the sort of man to be encouraged to pray and to believe that he was being heard and answered. And yet God draws men to Himself in curious ways at curious times, and that He really did draw Jim was soon evident. Several months later Mr. Carlile again visited the same town to address a meeting of six or seven hundred people. At the close he asked for a personal testimony from any one who had been helped by the Church Army. Before all those people a man stood up. They said it was Jim, but Mr. Carlile could hardly believe this neatly dressed man, with the clean face and well-brushed hair, was the man who had taken such a zigzag course on his arm to the mission-room a few months before. Jim's short speech started with the words, "I'm happy now without beer!"

Then he went on to tell how he had taken Mr. Carlile for a ghost when, in cassock and surplice, he accosted him outside the public-house. Scared out of his life, he had taken his arm, to be led he knew not whither. At the service God had touched his heart. "Once my home was a pandemonium. Now

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it's a little bit of paradise. If you don't believe me ask the missis. She's there in the third row."

At the end of the meeting Mr. Carlile was walking down the hall, when some one said to him, "I wish you'd talk to that butcher. He knocked two men down at one stroke this afternoon, and now he wants to talk to you." With this promising introduction Mr. Carlile went up to the man and found him deeply impressed by Jim's words, for he had known him before his conversion, and could realise the full force of the argument. There and then he got up, followed Mr. Carlile to the front of the hall, knelt with him at the platform, and begged God to forgive and receive him. And this had been brought about, not through the eloquence of any clergyman or any special worker, but by the humble ministry of a working man, who told from the depths of a full heart how God had helped him.

I have told this story, not because it is an exceptional case, but because, on the contrary, it is a type of hundreds of others. All over the country the Church was coming out to fetch the men in, and when the men had learned for themselves how very real God was they were encouraged to tell their fellows and lead them into the same path. So Mr. Carlile had succeeded not only in securing a place in the Church for the working-man as evangelist, but

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also in encouraging and using all earnest folks who, seeing the depths from which they had been raised, were glad of an opportunity of telling the good news to their fellows. This is the work that is going on all over the country, and of this type are many of the best Church Army soldiers.

On another occasion Mr. Carlile stepped out of a procession in his cassock and surplice, and went up to a man who had put his head out at a public-house door on hearing the music.

"Come along with us," he said.

"No," growled the man; "religion's not for my sort."

"Oh, yes, it is," replied Mr. Carlile; "it'll suit you down to the ground. It's just the one thing you want to make you happy. Why, man, God loves you!"

The man stared at Mr. Carlile for a moment, then seized him by the sleeve and dragged him into the public-house. Mr. Carlile has had his surplice drenched with beer on several occasions by men who thought the sacrifice of good liquor justified if it annoyed him and shut him up, and he probably expected something of the kind now. But his captor was kindly inclined. He dragged him up to the bar, picked up a pot of beer, and handed it to him with the words, "There y'are, guv'ner, you can finish the lot!"

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It was all the poor chap valued in the whole world —perhaps all he'd got, but he gave it willingly in return for a kind word, and for the good news that God cared for him.

Before long the attention of the Church Army was directed to the foreign and colonial field.

In the annual report for 1886, Mr. Carlile wrote: "Ihsan Ullah, an earnest and consistent native Christian from the Punjaub, came amongst us, and pleaded with us for our kinsmen in India. He made a tour round many of our stations, and some of our best men have offered for the work. Mr. Clifford is going out to India for the winter in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and will view the land for us."

Soon afterwards four Church Army evangelists left for India, and were shortly joined by others. Work was started at Calcutta, Amritsar, and Dera Gazi Khan, and when Mr. Clifford visited India in the early part of 1888 he was able to send home good accounts of the work.

In the succeeding years the work continued to develop, especially in Santhalia, where Church Army evangelists travelled about preaching to the people, and presenting many for baptism and confirmation. Their converts in many cases were enrolled as Church Army soldiers, and impressed with the importance

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of becoming soul-winners in their turn. In the diocese of Lucknow another officer was working, especially among British soldiers, under the Bishop of Lucknow, brother to Mr. Clifford. Several mission nurses also went out to the same diocese.

So for some years the work continued, until in 1894 it was felt that it could be carried on more effectively if placed entirely under local control, and accordingly the officers joined the Church Missionary Society, and the Church Army, as a separate body, disappeared from the field. This by no means meant that Church Army interests in the foreign field died out. On the contrary, it yearly increases, and all over the world the Society's men and women are at work. But it has been found better to supply trained workers to societies already on the spot than to found branches of the Church Army in foreign lands. The fact that Church Army officers work under, and are chiefly responsible to, the local clergy and the diocesan, makes foreign work independent of the London Headquarters.

In Canada work on Church Army lines is actively carried on among the Indians of the North-West, and several corps, consisting largely of red men, are at work under the bishops and clergy. In the United States a similar movement has been put on foot in the Episcopal Church, a prominent layman

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Exterior of New Church Army Headquarters. Edgware Road frontage.

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having spent some months at the Church Army's Headquarters in London, studying the organisation and its methods. Australia is also attempting to adapt the work to its own needs, especially in scattered districts.

Mr. Carlile sums up the foreign work of the Church Army in a few words: "They kidnapped all our men and ordained them," he says, referring to Church Societies already on the spot, "and so we found it better to cease work in India and the Colonies as a separate organisation, and be content with meeting so far as possible, the many requests that reach us for trained men to work in other lands. By doing so we are to-day represented in every part of the globe."

Before the Church Army was many months old, it quite outgrew its foster-parent, the Parochial Mission Society, and became a separate organisation. But Mr. Carlile and his workers have never forgotten the valuable help and counsel that Canon Hay Aitken and his colleagues gave in those early days.

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CHAPTER IX

A weak point in the Anglican Church — Is this being remedied?—Mr. Carlile's hopes—Recruiting for Church Army officers — Training — Hyde Park — The Bishop's examination—Recognition by Convocation—The parochial officer — The Bishop's license — Church Army soldiers—The R.F.—How the Church Army feeds the Church.

> "They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee!
> Better men fared thus before thee;
> Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
> Hotly charged—and sank at last.
>
> Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall!"
>
> MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN supporting his contention that the system of the Church of Rome is superior to that of the Church of England, Macaulay, in his essay on the "History of the Popes," contrasts the policy of these great branches of the Catholic Church on the question of laymen. The Church of Rome, he points out,

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"thoroughly understands, what no other church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasm. . . . In England it not infrequently happens that a tinker or a coal-heaver hears a sermon or falls in with a tract which alarms him about the state of his soul. . . . He is reconciled to his offended Maker. . . . He ascends the Delectable Mountains, and catches from their summit a distant view of the shining city which is the end of his pilgrimage. Then arises in his mind a natural, and surely not censurable desire, to impart to others the thoughts of which his own heart is full—to warn the careless, to comfort those who are troubled in spirit. The impulse which urges him to devote his whole life to the teaching of religion is a strong passion in the guise of duty. He exhorts his neighbours; and, if he be a man of strong parts, he often does so with great effect. . . . Zeal for God, love for his fellow-creatures, pleasure in the exercise of his newly-discovered powers, impel him to become a preacher. He has no quarrel with the Establishment, no objection to its formularies, its government, or its vestments. He would gladly be admitted among its humblest ministry. But, admitted or rejected, his vocation is determined. . . . For a man thus minded there is within the Establishment no place. He has been at no college; he cannot construe a Greek author, nor write a Latin theme; and

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he is told that if he remains in the communion of the Church he must do so as a hearer, and that, if he is resolved to be a teacher, he must begin by being a schismatic. His choice is soon made. He harangues on Tower Hill or in Smithfield. A congregation is soon formed. A license is obtained. A plain brick building, with a desk and benches, is run up, and named Ebenezer or Bethel. In a few weeks the Church has lost for ever a hundred families, not one of which entertained the least scruple about her articles, her liturgy, her government, or her ceremonies. Far different is the policy of Rome. The ignorant enthusiast, whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy, and, whatever the polite and learned may think, a most dangerous enemy, the Roman Catholic Church makes a champion. . . . In this way the Church of Rome unites in herself all the strength of the Establishment and all the strength of Dissent. . . . Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford. He is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome. He is certain to be the first general of a new society devoted to the interests and honour of the Church."

This is a somewhat long quotation, but it is worthy of careful thought, for it largely influenced Mr. Carlile in the days when the Church Army idea was evolving, and it is, indeed, an eloquent plea for the whole

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movement. To make "a place within the Establishment" for the earnest-minded working man, and thus to wipe out the stain of Macaulay's indictment, became his aim. He pondered over the whole question, and studied particularly the history of the Franciscan and the Wesleyan movements. He asked himself whether it might not be possible to avoid the fate of Wesley, profiting by his misfortunes and mistakes, and form within the fold of the Church a society that would retain and utilise this earnestness and enthusiasm instead of carrying it elsewhere.

The value of the layman in Church work is generally recognised to-day, and he is approved by all, from bishops downwards. One of the most recent and interesting pronouncements on the subject comes from Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, who said, on the occasion of his enthronement as Bishop of Worcester:—

"The laity have a duty to perform as well as the clergy. The work of the many supplementing the stirring gifts of the few must be found not only in the priestly and pastoral action of the clergy, but in a ministry of the laity, exercised not only in such things as counsel, philanthropy, and finance, but in actual ministering in the congregation. A well-considered, well-agreed plan for admitting into consecrated buildings the ministrations of laymen, duly

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qualified, and licensed with as great care, in regard to doctrine, discipline, and morals, as was taken in licensing the priest and deacon, would, at all events in some instances, enable work to be done which was now not done, and would restore to the Church a strength which belonged to her, but had been for centuries half-lost."

But for the mere crime of being so far ahead of his times as to urge this point in the early eighties, Mr. Carlile brought down on himself not a little misunderstanding and abuse. A representative gathering of clergy and influential laymen howled him off the platform at the Reading Church Congress in 1884, because he ventured to submit that the ministrations of carefully selected and trained laymen might be permitted in consecrated buildings. Times have changed.

In the Congress Hall at Reading was a young layman who, ignoring the example set him by the clergy around, ventured to be attracted by the plans and personality of the enthusiastic speaker. As a result he entered the Church Army, became the first van evangelist, and is to-day at the head of the sixty-five Church Army vans travelling about the country. This very man, Captain Prior, van secretary to the Church Army, was among the invited speakers at the Weymouth Church Congress, his

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subject being "Lay Ministrations in Consecrated Buildings." It is an interesting coincidence that the man who was attracted to Mr. Carlile by his hostile reception at the Church Congress of 1884 is in 1905 an invited speaker on the one-time forbidden subject. So we live and learn.

But now to consider the way in which the Church Army officer is trained and sent out on his mission. The "cadet," as the raw recruit is called, is often brought into the work in his native town or village. A Church Army captain, attached to the parish church, has won him, probably more by influence than eloquence, to see the beauty of Christ and the joy of His service. He has turned wistfully to follow this wonderful new Friend, hardly daring to believe that He wanted him at His side, to fight His battles. But it was all true. Life, from being dull and purposeless, had flashed into the brightness and newness of early dawn, and he seemed to know at that moment how the world looked and felt on the first Easter morning. Soon he began to help the Church Army captain, and to tell in rough, halting speech about the Saviour Whom he had met and learned to love. So gradually there came upon him the conviction that he must leave all and, following after Christ, give up the rest of his life to the service of God and man.

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Others have learned of the Church Army through the visit of a van to their quiet little village, or in some newspaper article they have read about the work, and another vicar, with a satisfaction that drowns any selfish regret, sees his best Sunday-school teacher go out to fight a harder battle under the Church Army's banner.

And so, from one source and another, the Church Army gathers together the very men who would, at one time, have been driven into Dissent for want of opportunity and encouragement in the Church. It may be claimed, therefore, that Mr. Carlile's plan is a remedy for the state of affairs described by Macaulay, and a most effective agency for retaining in the Church the men whom she can least spare. For long the cry had gone up that in many districts the Church had lost touch with the working classes. Is it any wonder that this was so when it happened that earnest working men, who could best get hold of their fellows, were snubbed and discouraged, and told that the Church had no place for them unless they kept quiet?

When the young recruit offers himself to the Church Army, he is required to answer a number of searching questions, and to furnish clerical references. His experience and abilities are thus arrived at, and the opinion of the vicar under whom

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he has been doing voluntary Church work naturally carries great weight. In this way the applicants are rapidly thinned out. The man who is out of work, or has had a quarrel with his employer or his sweetheart, and regards the incident as a call from God, is a not infrequent character, and the process of firmly declining his services is a short one. Many inquiries, too, come from Nonconformists, and these receive special care. They may be divided into two classes, one to be rejected at once, and the other to be further examined, and probably found satisfactory. There is the young Baptist or Methodist who wishes to take advantage of the free training, while reserving his opinion on questions of Church order and doctrine, and remaining a Nonconformist. But there is the Nonconformist of the type described by Macaulay in the passage quoted at the beginning of this chapter, who has no quarrel with the Church, save that hitherto it has discouraged enthusiasm in the working-class laity. Frequently he is a baptized and confirmed Churchman, who has only drifted from the fold because the Church ignored him. Now that he finds things altered, and the layman encouraged to work shoulder to shoulder with the parish clergy, he returns gladly to the Church of his fathers, and becomes one of her most loyal sons. The very

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fact that Mr. Carlile is a Nonconformist who has become a Churchman, and is every day more convinced of the Church's claims, has undoubtedly done much to attract men of this class.

It need hardly be said that the greatest care is taken in admitting ex-Nonconformists to the Church Army. Their services are only accepted when they can give sound reasons for "coming over" and feel thoroughly satisfied about their position. They must have been confirmed, and worked under the vicar of their parish for at least four months, before they can be accepted as candidates for Church Army evangelists. It has been Mr. Carlile's experience that such men usually make the most loyal Churchmen, for they have had to examine the question very thoroughly, and therefore feel more convinced than those who belong to the Church merely because their parents did. It may be mentioned here, as an interesting and illuminating fact, that in the first year of the Church Army's existence seven hundred applications were received from Nonconformists, most of them local preachers, who welcomed this opportunity of returning to the mother-Church.

When a man has been selected he is put through a course of training. This is a matter which has received the closest attention of Mr. Carlile and his staff, for it is not unattended with anxiety. Every

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now and again the charge has been brought against Church Army evangelists, usually through the shortcomings of one or two men, that they are insufficiently trained. There has been in the past some grounds for the charge. In the early days of the Church Army, when finances were an anxiety, each man's stay in the Training Home was as short as possible, for during all that time he was a heavy burden to the Society. Thus it happened that before the mission vans started work, the total period of training never amounted to more than three months. In many cases this was ample, for the majority of the men had already gained some experience as mission-workers under their own vicars, and only wanted a final polish, and instruction in Church Army aims and methods. But, on the other hand, there was a sprinkling of those who, possessed of great earnestness and real devotion, were deficient in book knowledge and systematic habits, without which the most splendid gifts may be wasted.

With the starting of the mission van system—fully described elsewhere—a great improvement in the training of the men was at once set on foot. Each of the trained and commissioned evangelists in charge of a van has with him two young fellows who are candidates for the work, and are serving a term of probation before entering the Training

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Home. They serve on the vans in this way for periods varying from six to twelve months, according to the progress they make. Thus they gain practical experience of mission work on Church Army lines, besides being encouraged to form habits of regular study, and advised as to a course of reading.

This was a step in the right direction, and the system of training has recently been further strengthened. Now, when a candidate has been accepted, he comes straight to the Training Home for four weeks, before going to the vans. During this preliminary month at the Training Home he attends lectures and classes, and, if he is worth his salt, he picks up hints that will guide him in his private study. But most important of all is the fact that at the very outset of his career an appeal is made to his imagination. From a parish where he may have known little or nothing of the Church Army, and fancied vaguely that it began and ended with the evangelist working at his Church, or the van that once visited his village, he is suddenly set down at the very centre of things. He finds himself a member of a society that requires a huge block of buildings for its Training Home and Headquarter offices. The sight of a large staff, pulling strings that tug at spots far-scattered over the country brings home to him in a moment the scope and

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magnitude of the work as figures and statistics might never do. Later on he may be sent out on lonely outpost duty, away from the blare and splendour of parade, or the lifting excitement of the general action. But he will never forget that he is a member of a great and conquering Army; his imagination and his loyalty have been captured, and even if he has gained nothing else in this preliminary month, he has done well. So he goes out to serve on the vans, proud to be the humblest in such an Army, and showing in his address and bearing a determination that it shall not suffer in the eyes of those who see him and his uniform.

When it has been decided, from the reports that reach Headquarters at regular intervals from the van officers, that a cadet is ripe for the move, he is put on the list of names for the next term at the Training Home, and one day his heart is gladdened by orders to report himself in London. Arriving at the Training Home, he finds himself one of a body of about thirty young fellows, gathered from vans all over the country. Now he has to settle down to three months of really hard work, which is, however, lightened, as any work would be when done in company with a number of other young fellows in high spirits, made glad by the feeling that they are fulfilling their life's

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destiny, and embarking on the noblest and highest of all careers.

The Hon. Warden of the Training Home is the Rev. R. Firth, and under him is a commissioned officer, responsible for order and discipline. This officer is usually in residence for about a year, and then returns to the field, making way for a fresh face. In this way the Training Home captain, whose influence is an important factor in the shaping of the cadets, is always a man fresh from the fighting line, full of ideas on practical work, instead of a mere dry-as-dust theoriser. The chaplains and tutors responsible for the lectures are the Rev. Edward Maxlow, M.A. (vicar of Swadlincote), Rev. F. E. Rogers, M.A. (rector of Littleport, Ely), and Rev. A. J. Waldron, vicar of St. Matthew's, Brixton, whose experience as an open-air preacher on Christian evidence makes him a most valuable guide.

The Men's Training Home is in Bryanston Street, near Marble Arch, and stands between the Women's Training Home and the Headquarters offices. There are now two long terms in the year, for men undergoing their final training, and two short ones, for the preliminary training before cadetship on the vans. In 1904, an average year, 67 cadets passed through and were commissioned for work in the field. The lectures by the Hon. Warden and chaplains deal

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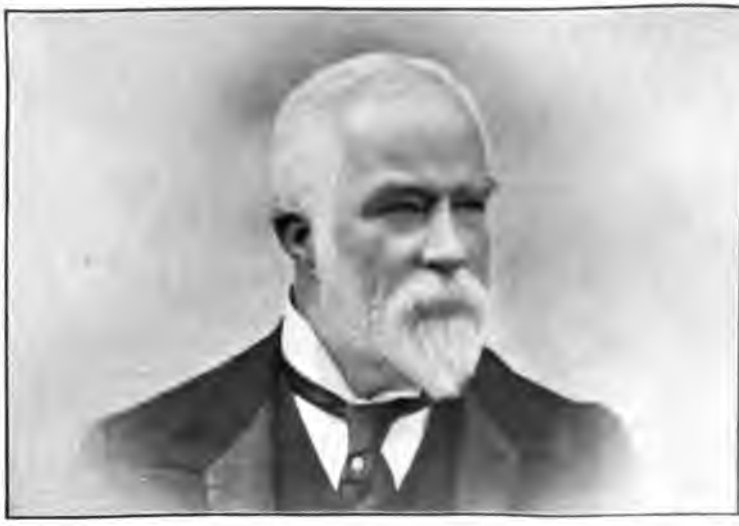

MR. EDWARD CLIFFORD,
Hon. Evangelistic Secretary of the Church Army.

MR. COLIN F. CAMPBELL,
Hon. Social Secretary of the Church Army.

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mainly with the Bible, Prayer Book, Church history, and Christian evidence; while instruction in practical mission work and advice on methods and difficulties are given by the Rev. W. Carlile, Mr. Edward Clifford (Hon. Evangelistic Secretary), Mr. Colin F. Campbell (Hon. Social Secretary), and other members of the staff. A course of ambulance lectures is also given, and every man is required to qualify for a "First Aid Certificate." This is a most important feature in the practical training of men who go out to minister to their fellows. The public have a right to demand that those who go out in the name of Christ should follow His example, and care for both body and soul; and a Church Army uniform anywhere near a street accident should be as welcome as that of a policeman.

At 6.30 the cadet in training has to turn out and help with the housework, for Mr. Carlile believes that it is good for the men themselves, as well as an economy, that they should be handy with the broom and brush. As they have all had to do their share on the vans, where domestic servants are unknown, this is no great novelty or hardship, and when the bell goes at eight for chapel the rough work is over for the day. After prayers comes very welcome breakfast, shaken down by a spell of bed-making, and at 9.30 the cadet enters the study for a short instruction, usually given by the Training Home

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captain, on some phase of practical mission work. From ten to one he is busy listening and note-taking at the chaplain's lecture, which is broken at eleven by a half-hour for fresh air and recreation. Dinner, reading, and practice at the cornet or harmonium, with a short staff lecture, fill up the time till three, and then, after a short prayer meeting, he turns out for *Gazette* selling and visiting till five o'clock.

Besides dealing with regular *Gazette* customers, this visiting is a means of keeping in touch with those who have been influenced at the Hyde Park and other meetings, for the Training Home is an active mission centre. The cadets thus gain experience in a most important phase of parish work, and have the opportunity, which they are all keen to seize, to influence men and women for good.

Tea, at five o'clock, is followed by evensong and private study till seven, when the evening work begins in real earnest. A move is first made to Hyde Park, where, in the recognised public-speaking ground under the shadow of the Marble Arch, among men of many creeds and no creeds at all, the Church Army has stood nightly for many years. Here a service is held, under the leadership of experienced officers, and the cadets gain some knowledge of the difficulties that face the open-air preacher and the doubts that occupy the minds of

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their fellow-men. Infidelity, of the street-corner rather than the reverent, inquiring type, has many supporters here, and the wildest anarchism is not without its strong-lunged advocates. This is the spot selected for the Church Army Training Home pulpit; and it is well chosen, for nowhere can a would-be preacher learn better the importance of getting a firm grip of the reasons for his faith. Lines of study are suggested as he hears the objections brought against religion by the "man in the park," and he is driven to the important conclusion that he must fit himself intellectually as well as spiritually for the work that lies before him.

At eight o'clock the Church Army group forms into a procession and returns to the Training Home, where indoor meetings are to be held. The chapel is used as a mission-hall, the altar being curtained off and a lantern screen erected.

Mr. Carlile takes a deep personal interest in these services, and is present as often as his numerous engagements all over the country permit. He gives the following account of a typical evening at the Training Home, when the meeting was worked on what he describes as "Corinthian lines":—

"We sallied forth," he writes, "with drum, cornets, and concertinas, to Hyde Park. A banner with a picture painted upon it soon attracted a crowd.

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There was no singing, prayer, or Bible-reading as soon as the meeting began. Nothing but two-minute addresses kept rigidly to time, consisting of a short story or illustration, followed by one sentence of personal testimony, and concluded by a pointed passage from Holy Scripture. The captain acted simply as chairman, calling the speakers by name and saying where they came from and the business they were formerly engaged in.

"This introduction disarmed the careless from feeling that they were attending a religious service, for a 'service' it was not. The workers then returned with processional music to the Training Home. Magic-lantern pictures, both sacred and secular, were thrown on the sheet. There was no singing of hymns, no playing of organ, no prayers, and no Bible-reading. The workers immediately began short speeches of two minutes each, just as outside. Those not occupied inside were sent out to fish in others from the crowded thoroughfare, one by one. This is far more effectual in a busy street than any amount of processions and open-air preaching. Nine out of ten who were brought in, were probably the result of such button-holing.

"At the close of half an hour the lantern sheet was raised, the curtains were drawn aside, three lights not visible to the people were turned up,

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throwing a quiet light on to the Holy Table. The captain then gave an earnest invitation to the careless to kneel with him at the Communion Rail, the women on one side and the men on the other. Nine men and eight women came out to the Communion Rail, confessing a desire to repent of their sins, and trust in God's mercy. There had been a free fight at the back of the meeting, owing to one man, who was drunk, persisting in talking and smoking. A tall fellow, over six feet, insisted on his being silent, to which he objected, and a scuffle ensued. But the spiritual power of the meeting was deepened rather than hindered by the disturbance. At the end of the meeting a resolution card was given to all those who had come out to the front, their names and addresses were taken, so that efforts could be made to follow up impressions received. Each one was presented with a halfpenny copy of the Gospel of St. John and a copy of 'Feeling Saved,' a halfpenny pamphlet of mine on the difficulties of the soul.

"'Corinthian lines' are somewhat similar to those used by the infidels and anarchists themselves, who hold their nightly discussions at the Marble Arch and elsewhere, without any singing whatever. Possibly St. Paul had none on Mars Hill.

"The following describes the class of gathering in the Church at Corinth :—

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"'If all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all, thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth'" (1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25).

The order of the services is sometimes varied, and ordinary Gospel meetings, with hymn-singing, are often held. But "Corinthian lines," Mr. Carlile believes, are often best for the crowds peculiar to Hyde Park.

These meetings are over by ten, and after supper and prayers the cadet is very glad to turn into bed, for he has got through a day's work that makes "out lights" a very welcome order. Special meetings are held in the Park on Bank Holidays. Mr. Carlile is generally present, and has several times carried them on for over eight hours at a stretch, with relays of speakers from the Training Home and Headquarters Staffs. Throughout the whole of the day there was always a good crowd round the Church Army ring.

On Sundays the cadets scatter far and wide. Some go to Mr. Carlile's church in the City, to help in the East-end mission work carried on from that centre. Others go to various London parishes, where the over-worked and under-staffed clergy are glad to borrow a man for Sunday School and open-air work. Those who are not called abroad in this

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manner carry on the Hyde Park meetings, afternoon and evening, and help at the Church Army Headquarters Church, Brunswick Chapel, Upper Berkeley Street, where a large programme of work is mapped out, giving scope to all.

Monday is set apart as a rest-day in the busy week, and the cadets are free when breakfast is over till the evening meetings begin. Parties are often made up to visit places of interest, and as many of the men are strangers to London, these little excursions are much enjoyed. Mr. Edward Clifford will conduct them through the National Gallery and give such information and hints as enable them to appreciate and profit by the great works of art. Another trip will be made to the British Museum, where the Rev. A. J. Waldron points out the many priceless objects that illustrate and confirm Bible and Church history. Friends of the Society living near London will sometimes give a garden party, or a day will be devoted to a ramble through historic districts and among old book-shops, and so the weekly break comes as a time of refreshment and improvement. The value of the weekly rest-day is a strong point with Mr. Carlile—though this is the single instance where he is inclined to preach more than he practises—and all Church Army officers are expected to recognise it. Indeed, the importance of studying

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health is urged on all the cadets, who are specially instructed in the matter, and given every possible opportunity for practising the cold-water and fresh-air cures. The latter can be indulged in on the roofs of the Training Home and Headquarters, which have been built flat and railed in for the purpose. There are far worse places in London on a fine day than these roofs, which tower above the surrounding houses, and afford views extending from Hampstead Heath on the north to the Surrey hills on the south. The man who could not spend an hour happily up here, book in hand, and lulled by the dull hum of traffic that floats up from Oxford Street and Edgware Road, must be hard to please.

Examinations herald the end of the term. The chaplains and the Training Home Warden first test the progress of the men, and they are then handed over to the Bishop of London's nominee, who at the time of writing is Archdeacon Bevan. He examines them in their knowledge and grasp of the Bible, Prayer Book, and Church history. In the latter "intelligent Churchmanship," to use Mr. Carlile's phrase, is aimed at, rather than a parrot-like knowledge of dates and names. Failure to pass this examination throws a man out, and three courses remain open to him. He can either go back to his home and old employment, or take up such a post

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as assistant at a Church Army coffee tavern, where success in exams is not an essential, or come up again for the examination after a short term as an uncommissioned officer in a quiet parish. But so carefully are the men selected, weeded out, and trained, that failure at the Bishop's examination is comparatively rare.

Those who pass are then presented to the Bishop of London, as bishop of the diocese in which the training homes are situated. He receives them in his private chapel, either at Fulham Palace or St. James's Square, and admits them to the office of evangelist in the Church. This is done under orders of Convocation, passed in 1897. Mr. Carlile had for long thought that the Church should officially recognise lay evangelists—a thing she had not done since the days of the preaching friars—and in that year he received the promise of the Bishop of Lichfield that the matter should receive attention. It was brought up at Convocation and carried unanimously, after a number of most generous and hearty tributes to the Church Army from leading dignitaries of the Church. This official recognition was most gratifying to Mr. Carlile and a source of satisfaction to every Church Army worker.

The men are then commissioned by Mr. Carlile, in the name of the Church Army, in the Training

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Home Chapel, after solemn prayer and fasting, and thus become officers. They sign an agreement that in the event of their leaving the Society they will not accept for six years any mission work within six miles of any parish where they have worked for the Church Army, without special consent. If they leave at their own wish within three years of their commissioning as officers, they agree to refund a due proportion of the cost of training. Abstinence from tobacco and alcohol is also required, and the other clauses are carefully framed to protect the interests of the Church Army, the vicar under whom the man may work, and the man himself.

The new captain is now ready to go to his first post. If he is appointed to a parish, to work under the clergy, he applies after a few weeks, through his vicar, to the Bishop of the diocese for a license. Thus the Church Army ideal is arrived at. The man, trained by the Society, is put to work in a parish, under the direction of the vicar, and with the official recognition of the Bishop of the diocese. His work, therefore, depends largely on the encouragement and scope afforded him by these authorities. It must be remembered that every parochial officer in the Church Army works under the vicar, and adapts his methods to the wishes of that clergyman. This should be borne in mind by those who, having

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refrained from any study of the subject, believe that the Church Army drops down on a parish and does all sorts of extravagant things, to the helpless horror of the authorities. As a matter of fact, any method used by a Church Army officer has the approval of his vicar, who could at once stop it if he wished. Much of the merciless criticism levelled at Mr. Carlile's head for the "go-ahead" ways of his men all over the country should in justice be visited on the vicars, who are quite ready and agreeable to encounter it.

In many dioceses the Bishop gives to the holder of his license permission to speak in consecrated buildings, at evening and occasional services. It need hardly be said, in view of what has been pointed out above, that no Church Army officer does this without the permission of the vicar of the parish and the Bishop. It appears likely that this plan will be greatly extended in the near future, the opinion of the Bishop of Worcester, quoted earlier in this chapter, being typical of the general feeling on the subject as expressed at the Weymouth Church Congress.

A Church Army captain stationed in a parish is expected to bear in mind that he is set apart for a special work, and Headquarters requires that the vicar should give him scope to carry out his own peculiar mission. This is, to use Mr. Carlile's

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favourite phrase, "to go for the worst men and women in the place." He is not a lay-reader, whose duty it is to go first to the faithful and devout, and devote his spare time to the careless and irreligious, but a man whose work lies first among the careless and irreligious, and whose spare time—if he has any—may be given to the faithful and devout. To this end open-air preaching and the holding of simple indoor evangelistic services must be his main lines of attack, supported by visiting, and tackling of likely customers at public-house doors and street corners. The Church Army was born and brought up in the open air, and held firmly to that method of work long before it became fashionable. In days when it was unusual to see a clergyman preaching or processioning in the open air, Mr. Carlile and his colleagues (clerical and lay) bore the brunt of ridicule and misunderstanding, and they have been largely instrumental in gaining recognition for such work. There are hundreds of parishes scattered all over the country where the clergy, to-day enthusiastic open-air preachers, first came outside to support a Church Army captain.

It has always been the ideal of Mr. Carlile, and of the Church Army generally, that, using a convenient phrase, a man is "saved to serve," and the captain endeavours to rally round him as workers all who

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are attracted and influenced by his services. Every Christian a missionary, was the rule of the early Church, and the Society has aimed at reviving it. Those who are won to the side of Christ are encouraged, after a short term of probation, to be enrolled as Church Army "soldiers," and thus a corps, or mission band, is formed. This is often joined by Church workers of longer standing, who welcome an opportunity of becoming members of an organisation with a definite aim, and living under a simple but effective rule.

An enrolment service, for the admission of "soldiers" to the Church Army, was drawn up in the early days of the movement by Mr. Carlile, in consultation with the Rev. F. S. Webster and others, and has received the sanction of several of the bishops. After suitable hymns, psalms, collects, and lesson, the candidates are presented by the captain to the vicar at the Communion rails. The vicar then reads to them the following vow:—

"It is required of soldiers in the Church Army that they shall strive to keep their baptismal and confirmation vows, and that they be regular and devout in the study of God's Holy Word, and in their attendance at the Holy Communion, and in private and public prayer; that they shall abstain from the use of all alcoholic drinks as beverages, and

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from all unseemly personal adornment; that they shall strive by God's grace to live in all things worthy a soldier for Christ; that they shall at all times do their utmost to cheerfully obey those in command; that they shall do all in their power to assist the operations of the Church Army; that they shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant to their lives' end. Will you do these things gladly and willingly?"

Each candidate answers, "I will do so, by the help of God," and is then presented with a small piece of red cord, the badge of soldiership in the Church Army, usually worn in the button-hole. It has been used from the earliest days of the Society, and in the first number of *The Battleaxe*, Mr. Carlile explained its origin and use.

"The red cord," he wrote, "is found by the wearer to be a great help in living nearer to the Lord. It is a continual source of inquiry, and hence of personal witness for Christ. It compromises the wearer, and often renders him more desirous of living a 'godly, righteous, and sober life.' It originated in the story of Rahab having the scarlet cord in the window as a sign of her own security in the midst of great danger."

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Several Church Army parishes, with the approval of the vicars, have excellent volunteer brass bands, formed among the soldiers, who have stuck to the drudgery of learning an instrument in the hope of making the open-air work more attractive to the careless and indifferent, and therefore more effective. Each officer receives tuition in the cornet while at the Training Home, and generally keeps up practice, so that he is able to lead the band, and even to instruct it, if other help be not forthcoming. These bands do not aim at becoming great musical successes, the satisfaction of seeing men and women attracted to the open-air preaching place by the playing of simple, well-known hymn tunes being sufficient for them. It is, I believe, the general experience that a man who makes great strides with the cornet soon aims at playing more classical music, and thus drifts away from slum mission work to more ambitious bands. Thus the rather indifferent player is often the most faithful worker, and an occasional wrong note is hailed by Mr. Carlile as tending to keep the men humble and more spiritually minded. Whether a cornet's intermittent bid for individual notoriety makes for the spiritual progress of the congregation is another matter, but probably its effect is not serious. At any rate, if its importunity attracts a loafer from

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the public-house door, it will be freely forgiven, and valued above the first cornet in a crack military band.

In some parishes, with the consent of the clergy affected, the Church Army officer forms among his workers a small body of Church local preachers, who accept invitations from the vicars of neighbouring parishes to conduct simple cottage and other meetings for the people. When, for financial or other reasons, a Church Army captain is no longer employed in a parish, one or two of the more efficient among the workers he has raised up and trained will keep the flame of enthusiasm burning in the district, and become a real help and standby to the overworked vicar.

An important feature of the Church Army system of parochial evangelists is the weekly Report Form, which has to be filled in and forwarded to Headquarters weekly by every officer. As this is countersigned by the vicar before being sent in, he is able to judge the progress of the work, and thus a thorough check is kept.

The R.F., as it is familiarly called, forms an exhaustive weekly record of meetings held, visits paid, money collected or received for *Gazette* sales, and other details, besides forming a weekly declaration that the officer has complied with the regula-

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tions of the Society. He is expected to take this to the vicar every Monday morning for signature, and the meeting usually constitutes a weekly council, when the work is talked over and fresh plans made.

On the back of the R.F. are a number of regulations which the officer is expected to keep, unless modified by arrangement between the vicar and Headquarters. As they define the special work of a Church Army evangelist, and aim at making it more effective, modification is rarely advisable, and clergy who read them through will admit their wisdom and force. Some of the rules and suggestions may be quoted, as showing the lines on which Church Army parochial work is carried on :—

"Work loyally on Church Army lines, consulting your vicar's wishes in every way possible, displaying no Church party or political spirit. Try and win round the old parish workers. Never make invidious distinctions, such as 'Church people,' 'my soldiers'; try and make them all one. Respect those who differ from you. They may be often right.

"Always wear full uniform, except on summer holidays; your vicar always wears his. Go out of your way to show acts of kindness at all times. They are the best advertisement. Let your soldiers

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see that you are the humblest and boldest of them. full of holy love for God and souls; say nothing against your predecessor; openly confess your weakness and mistakes; make no favourites.

"Get your vicar or curate to help you in your reading for an hour, if possible, regularly once a week. Besides regular C.A. work, take opportunities of joining in every form of spiritual work going on in the parish, so as to be thoroughly one and in touch with all the Church people. Try more earnestly to lead your soldiers to become regular communicants. Try to get those baptized and confirmed who have not been before. Have the Lord's Prayer and Creed in open-air meetings, and the Confession, Lord's Prayer, and Creed indoors. Stop politely any speaking that may become wearisome to the audience. Encourage testimony, but only of a perfect Saviour, never of a perfect sinner."

These are only a few of the rules and suggestions which cover practically the whole field of the officers' personal conduct and public work. When carried out loyally there can be little cause for complaint. If any hitch or difficulty does occur, it will usually be found owing to the neglect of these rules, and is therefore the fault of an individual and not of the system. This should be borne in mind, for the Church Army, like many other bodies, sometimes

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comes in for condemnation through the actions of a single member, who thus gets the Society the credit for practices of which it heartily disapproves.

At the end of June, 1905, the Church Army had 1,034 trained workers in its ranks in this country. This excludes the Headquarters Staff of over fifty persons, nearly all honorary helpers. Nor does it include thousands of devoted Church Army soldiers, who give up their spare time after a long day in the mill or the mine, or the office or the shop, to help forward the kingdom of God in their parish and to win their fellows to the service of Christ.

Since it came into being the Church Army has selected and trained over 1,500 young Churchmen and women, but of these many are no longer shown in the Society's list of workers, and it may be asked, Where have they gone to? The answer is satisfactory. All but a very small minority are still engaged in active Church work, not only in the United Kingdom, but in all parts of the world. The Church Army has, for instance, proved a stepping-stone to Holy Orders for about eighty men, of whom few, if any, would otherwise have become clergymen. Of these eighty about one-third are now at work in this country, the others being scattered over the foreign mission field. This is no unimportant contribution to the Church in

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days when the cry goes up for more candidates for Holy Orders, especially when it is remembered that all these men had had a training and experience in practical mission work that can fall to the lot of few public school and University men. There is a feeling abroad, voiced by many bishops and other leaders of Church thought, that the priesthood might be strengthened by the admission of earnest men of the working and middle classes, who would be in closer touch with the masses than many of the clergy to-day. It is such men that Mr. Carlile is only too willing to train and pass on, after a few years' work, in the Church Army, to the priesthood. If he has only succeeded in setting up a ladder to the priesthood for a class of men, who in the Church of Rome, have rendered such splendid service, he has surely done well.

But the majority of those who have left the active ranks of the Church Army are still engaged as laymen. Nearly all the Church of England police-court missionaries, for instance, whose splendid service to the country is so generally recognised, are old Church Army officers, whose training and experience under Mr. Carlile fitted them for their present positions.

Many of the older officers, for family and other reasons, have desired to settle down in more permanent posts than the Church Army has at its dis-

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posal, and such men can almost always secure good places, commanding higher salaries. Other men, again, come on the understanding that at the end of three years they will apply to the Church Missionary Society, or the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for work abroad, or to some kindred body.

Of the women workers, too, who are included in the 1,700 trained by the Church Army, great numbers leave to qualify as fully trained hospital nurses, and then settle down in parochial work in different parts of the country. Many others marry, both inside and outside the Society. Those who marry Church Army officers still remain active workers, so far as home and family duties permit, but their names no longer go to swell the list of mission nurses, and thus their loss to the Society is more apparent than real. The foreign field also claims a number of these mission nurses, and so, in one way and another, they are scattered all over the world, carrying with them an enthusiasm and an efficiency for which the Church Army should receive credit.

Thus the Church Army is stirring up young men and women all over the country to feel the importance of giving their whole lives to the cause of Christ and His Church, and is training them not

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only for its own work, but for many other spheres of labour. It is, in short, selecting and training men for Church work all over the world, and not only for its own immediate operations. So it acts as a valuable handmaiden to the Church, not always appreciated, but constantly going on with its task of selecting and supplying to the Church the very men she wants, but cannot always get in touch with. If this means that Mr. Carlile does not get credit for all the work done by the men who come under his influence he has, at any rate, a good precedent for saying, "He must increase, and I must decrease," for, though the Church Army is by no means decreasing, its ranks do not increase to the extent that one might expect, considering the numbers it selects, trains, and equips every year. But its work of supplying the Church with keen, efficient, and experienced men is an important one, and will some day be appreciated as it deserves.

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CHAPTER X

The unemployed problem—The Church's duty—The first Church Army Home—"Darkest England"—The Labour Home System—A high standard—The British Association—Selection of men—Some facts and figures—Many callings—*Cui Bono?*—Hooliganism.

> "When scant wage or labour fail to give
> Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal to live,
> Need has its rights, necessity its claim.
> The home-pressed question of the age can find
> No answer in the catch-words of the blind
> Leaders of the blind. Solution there is none,
> Save in the Golden Rule of Christ alone."
>
> WHITTIER.

THE "Unemployed Problem" is never out of work. All the year round it is harassing not only those who are direct sufferers, but all having at heart the welfare of the nation.

Unemployment is the chief symptom of most of our social evils. The drink question, for instance, is a serious public question, not because a man makes a beast of himself—for that is largely a private matter between himself and his Maker—

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but because it tends to number him with the unemployed, and thus inflicts misery on innocent people depending on him. Again, the criminal is an unbearable nuisance, not because his character is bad—that makes for picturesqueness, if we believe the painter and novelist—but because his past generally renders him unemployable and thus drives him to become a danger. Ill-health and disease, too, assume their most terrible form when they lead to a breadwinner's loss of employment, and thus pile misery on misery. An unemployed man is a nuisance to himself, a weakness and a danger to the community, and the chief of all world-wide tragedies to those who look to him for bread.

So we find the effect of all these evils is to bring us to the necessity of fitting men for work and placing them with some degree of hope on the labour market. So many of our social and economic shortcomings lead to unemployment that this is the chief problem facing any men who prepare to deal with things as they are. There is room in this world not only for men who go to the root of the matter and seek to remove causes of evil, but also, since this is notoriously a slow process, for those who deal with the effect. This is a fact sometimes lost sight of by those whose sole contribution to the unemployed problem is the passing of very scientific

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resolutions, and who are apt to regard any attempts at alleviation as unsound. While public opinion is being urged to give effect to these resolutions, and thereby to hurry on the millennium, there is a work for men who will aid unfortunate victims of the present evils. If men are continually falling overboard it is quite right that an agitation be started for the raising of the bulwarks. But while everybody is haggling over the best way of making the alteration, there is surely a place for the man who will lower a boat and rescue the struggling creatures already in the water.

Very early in its career the Church Army was brought face to face with these questions, and a most important step was taken when Mr. Carlile decided that it was the duty of the Church Army, as the handmaiden of the Church, to tackle the difficulty.

This was a very obvious conclusion, for, after all, it is only on the Church that the poor and wretched have any real claim. They may turn to a man and pit their misery against his tender-heartedness, and he is at liberty to help them or to say them nay. But to the Church—I use the term in its widest sense, including for the moment all followers of Christ—they should be able to turn with every confidence, as to the one body whose special duty and privilege it is to help them.

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If we believe in a Creator at all, we must believe that He made stomachs as well as souls, giving men a capacity for bread as well as a capacity for worship. And since He made it of such vital importance that a man should get enough bread—if He dictated to us a prayer in which this importance was specially recognised—must we not believe that He takes an intense interest in that man's chance of getting bread? Then all who call Him King must take an equally intense interest in the troubles of their fellows. If this is not so, and the caring for the temporal welfare of men is not a special duty of the Church, we are forced to the conclusion that when God made stomachs, and pronounced them very good, He straightway forgot all about them, and took no further interest in their working.

"What does God do all the week?" asks a little girl, in one of Henry Drummond's books, and the question is typical of an all too common feeling. We have for so long drawn a line between the religious and the secular, that we have lost sight of the fact that if God is really the Creator of all things, and the Director of all things, He must be as interested in what we call the secular, as in what we call the religious. He made all things and pronounced them good, yet some of the men who have striven hardest to do His will have acted as though most of them

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were made by some one else, and quite beyond God's interest or care. In short, if the Church is to represent God here on earth, all the troubles and sorrows of men, their need for bread, clothing, sound roofs, good drains, fresh air, and clean water, must be her concern. Mr. Carlile stands for those who believe that the social problems of the day are of interest to God, that they are not beyond His grasp, and that He wants His servants to give a thought to them.

The social department of the Church Army was started to meet a need that forced itself upon Mr. Carlile and his staff. Thus it began in a small way, dealing with difficulties as they arose rather than indulging in showy experiments, and ever ready with practical efforts instead of plausible theories.

The work began in the parish of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, West London, when Canon Leigh, now Dean of Hereford, was the rector. The present vicar, Rev. H. Russell Wakefield, was the first clergyman to become mayor of a London borough, so the parish has done its share in bringing the Church in touch with public affairs of the day. In 1889, St. Mary's Hall, in Crawford Street, formed a centre for Church Army Mission work, and with the approach of winter the problem of the outcast and destitute forced itself on the attention of those in charge.

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Every evening the captain was distressed by the numbers of shivering, half-starved wretches, who crept into the evangelistic meetings for the sake of warmth and rest. Cold and hungry they roamed the streets, turning in here for a brief respite from their misery.

These nightly scenes acted as the spark to a train of ideas that had been with Mr. Carlile for some time, and he was now fired with the determination to see what could be done for the reclamation of tramps and ex-criminals. The successful work already carried on in Germany by Pastor von Bodelschwingh, of whom he had already read, and whom he took an early opportunity of meeting, convinced him that a similar effort might be carried on in this country, with benefit to the men themselves, and to the community at large.

A start was made in November, 1889, when Captain Shingler, the first officer to be set apart for social work, and now in charge of the Labour Home at Edinburgh, was sent for by Mr. Carlile.

"He told me," says Captain Shingler, "that he wanted to do something to assist the unemployed and ex-prisoners, not in the form of 'charity,' that would demoralise the men, but as a Self-help Society, to lift the men out of their present surroundings, and find them a home. Then he asked me about St.

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Scene in a Church Army Winter Relief Depôt.

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Mary's Hall, and whether I thought it could be used for this work.

"Soon afterwards he took me to the hall, and said, 'Here you are captain, make the best of it.' I at once got hold of two of the men whom we wanted to help, bought some timber, and set to work with them to make partitions, and thus form bedrooms, lavatories, a bathroom, and a little chapel. We painted and whitewashed all this ourselves, and then turned the basement into a workshop."

In this quiet way, without any flourish of trumpets, or high-sounding promises, the first labour-home was founded, and the two men who helped Captain Shingler to fit it up were the first of an army of hundreds of thousands who have been helped by the Society's social scheme.

As soon as everything was ready, the Home started work, the principal industry being wood-chopping. Mr. Carlile's father gave a circular saw, flywheel, and bench, and this provided further manual labour in cutting lengths of wood to suitable sizes for the choppers.

It has sometimes been suggested that the Church Army's social work is a mere imitation of that of the Salvation Army, and it is therefore only right to point out how far this is from the truth. The matter is in no way controversial, and I only touch

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on it in justice to the Church Army, and because any sketch of the Society would otherwise be incomplete. It need hardly be said that nothing is here written in any spirit of antagonism to the great body organised by General Booth, or to belittle his splendid work.

"Darkest England," which set forth General Booth's Social Scheme, was published in October, 1890. But more than a year before, Mr. Carlile had started a plan for tackling the same questions, and shortly before Christmas, 1889, the first Church Army Labour Home was opened. In the Society's annual report dated March, 1890, seven months before the publication of "Darkest England," after referring to the foundation of this home, Mr. Carlile proceeded:—

"It is our hope that some of those who stand the test of their willingness to work hard, will be able to proceed to a country farm near London, where they can be still further tried as to their sincere desire to stand even a severer labour test. We trust that it may be possible later on to emigrate the most suitable as agricultural labourers to Canada and other Colonies, where there is unlimited scope. Godly farmers in the Dominion will gladly receive them, watching over their spiritual as well as their temporal welfare."

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Wood Choppers at Church Army Winter Relief Labour Yard

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These ideas were further explained in a pamphlet issued by the Church Army on March 10, 1890, entitled "Our Tramps," wherein was propounded the threefold scheme of City, Farming, and Over-Sea Colonies. It will be remembered that this was the chief proposal in "Darkest England," issued seven months later. The Church Army's claim to having been first in the field with this scheme was noted in one or two journals at the time, and some of them suggested that General Booth had copied from Mr. Carlile. But the Church Army does not make any such claim, merely pointing to certain dates that cannot be questioned. We are forced to the conclusion that two devoted men, agonising over the miseries of the poor, and trusting prayerfully in God for help in any undertaking, arrived at the same conclusion. Where some may see coincidence, others of us see God.

A few weeks after the publication of "Darkest England," a lengthy letter was addressed to the press, dated from the Church Army Headquarters, November 21, 1890. Signed by the Rev. W. Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, the Rev. J. J. Chambers, Central Secretary, and the Rev. W. H. Hunt, Assistant Secretary, it put forward the following facts and suggestions:—

"The Church Army has been following with lively interest and much sympathy the reception and progress of General

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Booth's scheme for 'Darkest England.' We at once felt that the promulgation of a scheme on such vast and comprehensive lines must inaugurate a new epoch in the great conflict with poverty, idleness and drink.

"Our experimental Labour Home for Tramps and Inebriates (a 'Home' as distinct from a mere 'Shelter') was in successful working order last January, six months before General Booth opened his on virtually the same lines. We had already planned setting up under our central control similar Labour Homes in hundreds of suitable parishes throughout England. We had also been trying other social experiments of a similar kind, *e.g.*, Women's Rescue Work, Slum Work by our Mission Nurses, Sale Rooms for the Poor, &c.

"Nevertheless, when General Booth's Scheme came out, we felt he ought to have the benefit of his bold and hopeful initiative, and have waited until the present (*i.e.* till his explanatory Exeter Hall meeting could be held) before placing our more modest scheme before our fellow-countrymen.

"We should like to ask at the outset: 'Is it wise to put all our country's social eggs into one basket?' Again, since, for safe running, the car of political progress in England has always required the double rail of the two great historic parties; and since evidently 'Darkest Africa' requires more than one opulent and determined company for its regeneration, is it not also probable that 'Darkest England' may, after all, be more quickly and healthily regenerated if the Church Army Labour Home scheme, as outlined below should obtain through the confidence and contributions of the public 'a fair field and no favour' equally with the other project?

"Waste of power through having at least two such agencies can easily be prevented by kindly feeling and co-operation against the common enemy, the clever loafing adventurer, who exploits in turn all benevolent agencies. Contrary to general supposition, we have always had most friendly relations with the Salvation Army, and such collaboration

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would therefore be easily possible. We should also regard it as criminal waste to begin this work as if *de novo*, and should therefore aim at a great confederation of all existing social agencies, into which confederation, we believe, General Booth would not be too proud to come.

"Commencing with six beds we were obliged to increase them to twenty. We keep the men not less than two months in the Home—long enough to constitute a fair moral training against the habits of idleness and drink. The place has been more than self-supporting as far as food, fire, and light are concerned ; plant, management and rent have fallen upon our central funds ; in future we know how to reduce these to a minimum. Every morning short morning prayers take place, led by the labour captain ; and in the evening a bright evangelistic march and meeting are held by the corps, which uses the same hall for its nightly headquarters. In these meetings vocal and instrumental music largely predominate. The most friendly sympathy is shown to the tramps by the ordinary members of our mission, and brings these fallen men again into the sunlight of human and Christian comradeship. By continuous contact of this excellent environment a powerful change for good is wrought ; a fortnight will even quite transfigure both face and carriage. None but the apparently hopelessly lost have ever been admitted. In ten months, though nineteen have apparently failed and left the Home, twenty-three have been restored to work, respectability, and religion, and now hold situations from twenty shillings to sixty shillings per week, and several promising cases are now in the Home almost ready to go forth. The experience we have gained makes us hopeful that we shall lessen this unusually small percentage of failures. The above data can be verified by any caller at our Headquarters, close by the Labour Home.

"In a pamphlet issued early last March we also proposed a Farm Settlement near London, on Church Army lines, as well as Emigration to the Colonies by an organised scheme. Owing to the proffered munificence of one of our friends we are quite prepared to commence at once the Farm Settle-

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ment; but as the men became ready for work it was found more practical (most of them being artisans) to place them in separate situations in town and country, rather than draft them off to the Farm, and thus mass them together in one place. For the same reason we have as yet delayed arrangements for the Colonies, but shall commence both Country Farm and Colonial work as soon as occasion requires.

"As for our machinery for dealing with this work, the Church Army is at present officially established in two hundred parishes in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and has relations with several hundreds more. Our officer evangelists and mission-nurses are all *bona-fide* working men and women of various trades. We have hundreds of clergy in immediate touch with us, and about twelve thousand Church Army communicant soldier-members all ready to lend their help. We can enlarge the social side of our operations to almost any extent on the same parochial lines we have already pursued. These seem to us to combine the benefits of local interest and enterprise, with the advantage of strong central government on fundamental Church principles, interpreted, however, by the Church Army, as is well known, with the utmost liberality.

"We therefore say, in answer to the many inquiries recently received, that we ask for and are prepared to administer as a separate fund for the Church Army Labour Home scheme any sum from £10,000 to £100,000. The poor parishes which most need these Homes are the very ones which cannot afford to establish them for themselves. Money entrusted to us is controlled by the Council and Committee of the Church Army, which include, besides many eminent laymen, all the Archbishops and most of the Bishops of the English Church. For any monies that we might have to fund there are four well-known gentlemen as trustees."

The Church Army Labour Homes, which were the chief units in the scheme, soon made good

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progress. In the spring of 1891, within fifteen months of the work being started, there were six in existence, three in London, Crawford Street, W. (the first one), Whitechapel Road, E., and Holloway Road, N., and three in the provinces, Bath, Stockport, and Derby. In the report of the work for 1890, issued in March, 1891, it was stated that "the development of the Church Army Social Scheme at present consists in planting all over England numbers of small Labour Home Colonies. Men of all classes and education are immediately tested by labour, in order to ascertain whether they really mean to reinstate themselves. After two or three months' genuine test they are placed out either in a situation at home, restored to farming life, or sent abroad under the guidance of our Colonist Church of England clergy."

A year later the number of Labour Homes for men had been raised to twelve, and so the increase went on till at the present day there are now forty-six, of which twelve are in London and thirty-four in the provinces. This does not include Lodging Homes, Labour Yards for the temporary relief of the unemployed married men, and other institutions with which I will deal later.

And now for an outline of the Labour Home system, and the principles on which it works.

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From the first it was resolved that the work must be done on sound lines, having in view the duty of the Church Army to the public, whose money they administered, as well as the importance of permanently benefiting the men, instead of giving mere temporary relief. For this reason, the "shelter" system has been carefully avoided. This is a point on which the public is not, perhaps, very sound. If they have not studied the matter closely, they are rather tempted to approve any charity which offers food and shelter for a mere trifle. It is all to the credit of the public heart, and all to the discredit of the public head, that the man who flings open his doors and says, "Here's a roof and a crust for the poor chap who's only got a copper in the world," can usually get plenty of applause.

But there are objections to such a form of charity, excellent though the intentions of the promoters may be. First of all, you have to reckon with the fact that there are always drifting about our streets a number of men who have sunk so low, that they are satisfied with the lowest standards of life and comfort. So long as they know that if they can rake up a copper or two, they are safe for a night's shelter and a crust, so long will they refuse to make any effort to raise themselves. Thus any attempt to cater for the man with only a penny or twopence

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in his pocket really tends to perpetuate a social evil, and does nothing to permanently benefit him, or raise his ambitions. Having so greatly diminished the impetus to work, you hold out inducements to men to become mere shiftless loafers.

Mr. Carlile determined that the Church Army should not cater for the man who only wants a crust and a dry corner. Instead, he offers to that man a comfortable home, with a good clean bed, sheets and blankets, and good meals, if he will work. That weeds the fellows out at once, and while the charitable public encourages the cadger and flings him coppers, and while provision is made whereby he can get all the accommodation he wants with these coppers, so long will the Church Army find a large number of men turn away in disgust when work is mentioned.

This, in brief, is the reason why the Church Army has never adopted any system of free or very cheap food and shelter. For the man who is "down on his luck," and with only a copper in the world, but anxious to do better, such a refusal is no hardship, for instead of taking his copper in exchange for mere temporary relief, the Church Army offers to permanently benefit him.

The Rev. W. H. Hunt, who joined the Church Army's staff in 1890, and shortly afterwards became social secretary, had made a special study of social

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and economic problems, and his advice was of great service in shaping the Church Army's scheme. From a paper read by him before the British Association at Oxford in 1894, I make the following extract, bearing on the principles governing the Labour Home system :—

"In our social operations, we accepted as one of our first laws that no ultimate good can result to the nation from any work based upon a false economic principle, and working upon it for some years, we are now able to say that the social side, at least, of the unemployed problem—once apparently so difficult—is assuredly nearer solution than it was at that time. We aim at giving men the chance to earn and eat their own bread under healthy conditions and Christian environment. The chief unit in our work is a small Labour Home, comprising workshop, separate beds and bedding (with usual homely outfits), chapel, dining, smoke and reading rooms, kitchen, stores, bathroom, fumigator, and lavatories, with officer's quarters, the whole comprising sufficient accommodation for a family of twenty-five persons. These small homes are placed in all quarters of the Metropolis; North, East, West, and South of England, and are continually increasing in number. They are supposed to answer the wants of a town, rural deanery, or a diocese, and our object is to place them in the most necessitous parishes of the country, where people are least able to help themselves. Germany has so many of these Labour Home Colonies as to be able to announce to their country: 'If a man will walk or work nine hours per day, he can get food and shelter at the end of it.' Why should it not be so in England?

"The Labour Homes were comparatively unknown in England until the Church Army began her social operations, and a newspaper editor observes, 'What a happy combination! Church and Army, Labour and Home: to these four

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things we owe everything we possess.' The place is not a shelter, where men may get a night's lodging at the price of less and less labour; nor a lodging house with a separate yard at a distance for working during the day; but a Labour Home, where every endeavour is made to restore, or to create the idea of home life and domestic happiness.

"The manager and his wife act as 'father' and 'mother,' and the workers are called 'brothers.' Each one has four substantial meals per day. In family worship, morning and evening, we try to convince every one of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Motherhood of the Church, and that by the living, loving sympathy and strength of a personal Helper, weak men may again become strong. Nothing is given except at the price of labour, and a daily test of willingness to work is obtained. We try to make each one feel his responsibility to earn his own living, and conform his habits to his economic surroundings. Idlers are dismissed, and each man has to work as hard, or harder than he would have to do outside; and because we want to employ *men*, we use but a minimum of machinery, and conserve hand labour as much as possible.

"These Labour Homes are designedly small in every case, but being on that account less expensive, can be proportionately increased in number. By setting many down in the provinces we deter many men from tramping the country, or coming to London. Institutionalism is reduced to a minimum; we secure most through cleanliness, and readily detect or prevent disease. A sufficiency of trade can easily be secured to keep a small home going, and by 'gathering up the fragments which remain,' the place is not calculated to disturb existing trades as a larger establishment might do. Moreover, the smaller home enables us to give individual attention and the chance of obtaining a stronger personal influence for good over each one. If, as the President of the Association intimated in his opening address, the time has long since passed for Christian men to look for their geology to the books of their religion, surely the time has also come for

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scientific men to relinquish the thought that the microscope, the laboratory, or the telescope will discover to them the mysteries which hang over the nature and destiny of the soul of man. To us who believe, there is nothing strange in the otherwise mysterious capture of an idle or vicious man's will, and the bringing every faculty of his being into subjection to the law of Christ, or that by the likewise mysterious and new, but real spiritual power obtained through Christ, the idler shakes off his lethargy, becomes a new creature, and shows by his regenerate life and continuous conduct he is one. Mysterious as it may seem, numbers of men once indeed weak, are now strong and say, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me.'"

It will be seen that the main features of the Church Army are the small Labour Home, preventing the herding of men in such a way that personal influence is lost, the setting up of a superior standard of food, bed, and general comfort, to be attained if the man means to work, and the planting of these homes all over the country, to prevent any flow to the metropolis or other centres.

There is also the very important feature that the man is made a wage-earner directly he enters the Home, and thus raised into self-respect and trained in thrift. On this point the Rev. W. H. Hunt, in the paper already quoted from, remarked as follows:—

"But few kindred societies to our own apparently urge the subject of thrift amongst those whom they employ (I know of

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no other), doubtless because thrift involves wage-paying, a system costing the Church Army in the aggregate hundreds of pounds per annum, which by the 'truck system' they might avoid, but strictly observed as being calculated to bring out the best part of the unemployed man in winning back for him independence and self-respect. It is unnecessary here to dwell on the righteousness or wisdom of wage-paying, or the advisability of inculcating habits of thrift; suffice it to say we make it incumbent on each worker to save part of his earnings after he has paid for his board and lodging. Trades and fair rates are always paid, not too high, lest we should induce men to come to us instead of getting employment for themselves elsewhere, nor too low, lest there should be no inspiration to honest workers, the lack of which inspiration and hope of getting on, many a Hodge declares to be his sole reason for leaving his work on the soil. Every person is expected to earn six shillings per week, the charge fixed for board and lodging. Anything above this sum is set aside for the man's own use, spent in purchase of clothes, tools, fares to next situation, emigration, or if married, sent to support wife and family.

"One shilling per week, or twopence per day of the surplus earnings is allowed as pocket-money, an arrangement of very great importance. German Labour Colonies allow wages, but don't allow intercourse with the outside world without supervision, nor handling of money from the day a man goes to the time he leaves. The Salvation Army allow men to go out, but as we are given to understand that the 'truck system' is in vogue, and wages in the ordinary sense paid to comparatively few people, the advantage we secure is quite missed by them. Inebriate homes allow persons to spend money, but not to mix with the world. English Poor Law Guardians have power to impose work, but don't pay for it in wages, and only allow their people occasional leave from the 'House.' The Church Army both pays wages and allows free intercourse with the outside, and by the pocket-money arrangement not only secure the test of work, but also a test of a moral kind.

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If, for example, the worker has been a drunkard, he now knows that his present home and future prospects depend entirely upon keeping his total abstinence pledge. Every day he passes a public-house or beer-shop with money in hand he has a daily temptation, a daily fight, and a daily victory over the besetment of his life. In this way, as they are allowed to remain in the Home for a period of four months, each one has a fair moral training against his former bad habits of idleness and drink. We have counted the cost of bad citizens, and appreciating the economy that obtains by pure and honest principles, we urge that the stamping out of one delinquent, and making him a respectable, self-sustaining member of society, does more for the nation than rendering aid of a temporary sort to twenty other persons.

"Our system has demonstrated again and again, and our annual statistics clearly show that there is real hope for the feeblest and worst, and, when this is assured, we think the problem connected with the more efficient and higher typed 'unemployed' ought by no means to be regarded as beyond solution; but these experiments carefully planned, and successful, indeed, as they are and have been, are after all, as you are aware, but so many palliatives, so many figments, tinkering as it were on the fringe of a great national subject, whilst the hundred and one contributary causes to the unemployed problems are slaying their thousands and doing their worst. Whilst, on the one hand, we fully and frankly recognise that the wisest and widest benevolence is but a poor substitute for righteous legislation, on the other we claim that this work of the Church Army—unique in this country at least, in its scientific basis and bearings—has tried, proved, and is still demonstrating an experiment with more than two thousand people per annum, which, as it secures a strong, sound, unique, and genuinely helpful chance to make again a good start in life for 50 per cent. of that number, is at the same time a powerful object-lesson to the Church and the nation."

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Another important point is the fact that the Church Army, feeling its responsibility towards the public, and determined to use the funds entrusted to it in the way calculated to do the most good, carefully selects its "cases."

This was a point specially urged by Archbishop Benson, who in sending a cheque for £100 towards the Church Army work, wrote in 1892: "I am sure you will allow me to make one or two observations as to the Labour Homes. After writing and consultation with capable judges, I am led to hope that you will not go in for large working homes. Nor do I believe that lasting good would be effected by opening their doors to every comer and goer. . . . The ideal would only be to receive men selected and sent to you from different parishes and different committees, as believed with fair hope to be ready to work, as well as necessitous, and then not losing sight of them until they are replaced in some satisfactory form of maintenance. This would be the effective form of labour shelter; all possible local influence should be brought to bear. . . . I trust you will select, and escape the great evil that must arise from indiscriminate reception."

This system of careful selection is a recognition of the fact that the Church Army cannot at present deal with all the men who are homeless and workless, and

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therefore it is bound in duty to the public to deal with such men as are most likely to benefit. It would, for instance, only waste money to fill the homes with cripples or centenarians, who could never hope to become self-supporting, and who would, therefore, be as badly off at the end of their stay as at the beginning.

Preference is given to those men under forty, without physical infirmity, who are genuinely desirous of making a fresh start. In London they are received at Headquarters, and then sent to one or another of the metropolitan Homes. On entering the Home, each man signs the following agreement:—

"I hereby undertake to obey cheerfully all the rules and regulations of the Church Army Labour Home, and I enter it with the determination to make an honest endeavour to live a truly Christian life. I hereby pledge myself to be a total abstainer, on no account to enter a public-house, and to attend morning and evening prayers. I agree to be satisfied with the pay allotted to me, and to have any monies earned by me for outdoor work paid to the captain. In the event of my leaving the Home without an approved situation, or without the captain's permission, or being dismissed for breaking my total abstinence pledge, or for idleness, disobedience, or any other breach of the rules and regulations, I agree to forfeit any monies placed to my credit. I undertake to do my best after the first month to obtain work for myself, independently of all help from the Church Army; during the third month to be satisfied with half-pay."

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Church Army Agent interviewing Casual Ward Inmates.

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In 1904 the London Labour Homes received 2,154 men, and the provincial 3,726—a total of 5,880—who made an average stay of rather over 50 days each. These men reached the Church Army from all sources. Nearly 2,500 had been in workhouses and casual wards; 1,345 knew the inside of a prison cell. These admissions were largely the result of the trouble which the Church Army takes to keep in touch with such institutions. The work in connection with prisons is described elsewhere. Then all the London casual wards are regularly visited by one of the Society's officers, with a view to taking off the rates such men as appear helpable, and making them into ratepaying citizens. In not every case is this end attained, and having regard to the material on which the Church Army works, great success is hardly to be expected. But of the workhouse and casual ward cases handled in 1904, 501 were put into situations, 55 enlisted or were emigrated, 67 rejoined friends with the prospect of getting on, 310 were still in the homes at the end of the year. The rest proved on the whole unsatisfactory, either absconding, or being arrested, or in some other way failing to take advantage of the fresh start. But to have done so well, with such unpromising material, is no light thing. In recognition of such work, many

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Boards of Guardians now make annual grants to the Church Army, confirmed by the Local Government Board, for permanently benefiting men formerly on the rates. The ex-casual ward and workhouse men, some of them loafers and shirkers of the worst class, did nearly 85,000 voluntary days' work for the Church Army in 1904. Not bad for a class containing many whose one prayer is, "Oh God, keep me from work!"

The trades and occupations represented by Church Army Labour Home inmates show the wide range of the work. There were in 1904, for instance, 6 actors, 3 artists, 311 clerks, 4 dispensers, 4 draughtsmen, 4 chauffeurs, 19 chemists, 2 civil engineers, 2 journalists, 1 reporter (notice the subtle distinction, or rather, the modesty of the latter man), 3 jewellers, 24 musicians, 43 printers, 9 compositors, 21 schoolmasters, a veterinary surgeon, a theatrical manager, and a policeman. There were, besides, representatives of almost every trade under the sun, the biggest figure being for labourers, a vague term that covers many a tramp and loafer, who only learnt its real meaning when he came to himself and found he was at work under the Church Army.

This is an all too brief outline of the Labour Home system. It is largely dealing with the class

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known as the "unemployable," for the man who enters these Homes is, as a rule, hindered from getting work either by bad character, or by physical or moral unfitness, often caused by prolonged unemployment. Of these, certainly more than one half get a fresh start, being placed in employment, with every prospect of retaining their bettered position. From being useless members of society, producing nothing and consuming very little, they have become producers and consumers. How far this is sufficient to enable every man who is raised to become a consumer to ensure a place in the labour market, is one of those little problems that economists will continue to dispute. Like the question of which arrived first in the world, the hen or the egg, it has its interesting phases. What appears to be certain is that the employed and the unemployed are represented by two shelves full of books. From the bottom shelf of unemployables, numbers are continually being taken and placed on an intermediate shelf, such as a Church Army Labour Home. Then as soon as some of the books on the top shelf are moved to the bottom—for men are continually falling from the employed ranks to the unemployed—the Church Army is able to slip into their places some of the books taken from the bottom shelf. Whether the top shelf can ever be

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stretched sufficiently, under our present system, to include all the books from the bottom, is not very clear. It certainly looks as though the present system tends to the creation of a permanent unemployed class, for whom no settled place can be found in the employed ranks, however willing they may be. When a man reaches the "unemployed" class, he soon deteriorates and becomes "unemployable." But at any rate, the Labour Homes of the Church Army have always a thousand men in them, and that means a thousand men have been taken from the unemployed, and given work. That little fact alone is worth bearing in mind.

But besides the class touched by these Labour Homes, which must be held to consist largely of the "unemployable," there is the "unemployed" class to consider. This consists, to a great extent, of the men who do not wish, for many reasons, to enter homes, but who require such temporary help as will keep them, their wives and families, from distress during a depression of the labour market. This is a phase of social work which the Church Army has been driven to tackle during recent hard winters, and is dealt with in the next chapter.

There is another class strongly represented in the Labour Homes (and in a special Home in

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London, referred to later) and that is the one commonly known to-day as the "hooligan."

"Hooliganism" is a vague and unsatisfactory name for a good thing in a wrong place. You do not condemn cricket because a ball happens to crash through your study window. Good may result from the trifling evil of broken glass and overturned inkpot, if the abrupt visitant reminds you that you have muscle to exercise, as well as brain, and calls you out into the open.

So with "hooliganism." Mr. Carlile rightly regards the phenomenon as so much ill-directed energy, calling on the social leaders of to-day to come out of the study into the street, and be men as well as bookworms.

After all, what chance has the slum-bred young fellow? He is not a machine in embryo, merely to be trained by dull routine and stern discipline into so much "labour," for his "betters" to exploit. He has passions and tastes, ay, and rights, too, as well as his more fortunate brethren, who spend their youth at school and in the playing-field, instead of in the street. Your lad of the middle and upper classes has recognised outlets for his energy and high spirits, and learns the value of discipline and comradeship in a congenial manner. He puts every ounce into football and cricket and

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other sports, and gets tired, hungry, and dirty to his heart's content. Perhaps without these legitimate safety-valves, he would knock a master down occasionally and rifle his pockets, not because his tastes ran entirely in the direction of blood and money, but because he must let off steam somehow.

And the slum-bred chap. If he has no opportunity to slog your bowling all over the field, and pit himself against you in the Rugby "scrum," he must let off steam by heaving a brick at you. It may be poor civilisation, but it is most excellent common sense.

All this Mr. Carlile has fully realised. Talking over the early days of the Church Army, when the "hooligans" of Westminster used to "go for" him, and slash with knives at the big drum, he remarks: "Poor fellows, what were they to do? They attacked more from love of sport than anything else. The dear chaps had no playground in which to work off their energies at football or cricket, and they had to 'let off steam' somehow." This is an eminently common-sense view of the matter that would not occur to every man who had been assaulted times without number, and once left for dead, in the "letting off steam" process.

But Mr. Carlile does not forget that we are all savages, with a thin veneer of respectability. In the

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Recreation Room, Church Army Labour Home.

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case of the slum-bred youth this veneer suffers from congenital thinness, and soon wears through. Think of a careless person brushing across a raw wound on your body, and realise what the semi-outlawry pronounced by Society means to the hooligan. He has no sense of discipline or religious restraint to prevent him taking very obvious steps to assert his presence. Those who might help him too often forget the bond of brotherhood and fail to see what a very human being this young fellow is. Instead of raking the fire from under the gunpowder, or giving the deadly mixture room to blaze harmlessly, they sit triumphantly on the chimney! He is splendid material when properly trained. "When I'm in a tight corner give me a scallywag!" said Lord Charles Beresford.

Mr. Carlile has ever been a preacher of the "put yourself in his place" policy, and has a natural gift for entering into the feelings and aspirations of the "bottom dog."

In a paper read before the Church Congress at Brighton in October, 1901, on "Hooliganism," he touched on the root-causes:—

"For the genesis of the average hooligan we must trace an ill-assorted parentage, followed by separation and desertion, a homeless childhood dragged up in some low lodging-house or slum den, a schoolless or truant boyhood, handicapped by a poisoned heritage,

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a pestiferous environment, and a wizened physique. Such is his life's start—to live without working for it. Occasionally, when, as he calls it, 'trade is bad,' he sells a few papers and becomes runner for a book-maker or goes errand from the railway station. . . . He is a nomad and loves romance. His god is chance. One of them said recently, 'It ain't no fun to know you'll 'ave yer grub reg'lar.'"

The latter remark supports my argument that the hooligan suffers from misplaced qualities and misused energies. In a happier sphere of life he could give vent to his cravings for adventure and "irregular grub" by big game shooting in mid-Africa or the Rockies. Fancy President Roosevelt, for instance, condemned to bottle his splendid energy and strenuousness in a slum alley or a newspaper round!

On the same occasion Mr. Carlile enumerated other causes, and suggested remedies, as follows. I quote at random to make a connected story brief:—

"*Overcrowding.* Owing to inexorable trade demands, families are compulsorily massed in congested centres. Many a noble pair are vainly struggling to train their family aright. Exercise and games the boys *must* have, so to the streets they turn, to be contaminated and enrolled in the hooligan ranks.

"*Drink.* Alcohol, first imbibed from the mother's glass, soon fans the spark of secret vice into flames of

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open crime, while cigarette excess opiumatises the already dwarfed child into a loitering gambler. It should be a penal offence to supply boys under sixteen with tobacco, and cigarette slots should be prohibited.

"*Upbringing.* The slum and stuffy court are bad schools. The new game, sarcastically called 'Home,' played by embryo hooligans, gives a sad peep into low domestic life. One represents a mother, a second the father trying to kill her, and a third the child trying to prevent it. The only 'continuation classes' attended are those conducted by the drunken stump-orator of the alley, who holds forth on anarchy as the one panacea for all their miseries, on deepest vice as the greatest virtue, while other members of the family are putting their principles into practice by relieving accommodating ladies who cruelly flaunt their purses and jewellery before the public gaze. Sad also is it for these children who attend our rate-aided schools that the religious instruction is so often limited to a few Bible stories, such as Balaam and his ass, whilst definite moral teaching from the Decalogue, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed is regarded as 'played out' or 'too Churchy.' Education without true religion only sharpens the weapon that shall slay Society.

"*The Chief Cures. Housing.* Better homes for the

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people will both help to prevent and remedy the scourge, and playgrounds, where superfluous energies can find a healthy outlet, instead of running to seed in vice and crime. Cheap trams and trains are wanted to relieve the congested germ-beds of the hooligan.

"*Clubs*, on the model of the Oxford House, bright and brotherly, are wanted for lads and young men of our large parishes. Here let them talk, play, sing, box, and smoke, and even play cards, though not for money or drink. Here link culture of the body with that of the heart. 'Impossible,' replies the already overworked clergyman, and with truth. He forgets, however, that there are thousands of our best laity who are silently yearning to be of some greater use to their fellow-men. Those who from over-humility consider that they have no gift are probably the very ones to help. Among those volunteers waiting to be led into the breach will soon be found some of the strongest candidates for Holy Orders and for Evangelists in the Church Army."

Many lads of the "hooligan" class reach the Church Army as first offenders, either after a short term of imprisonment, or straight from the police court, with a caution. This is an impressionable age at which to catch them. Probably the best work in this direction is being done at the "Youths' Labour Home" at

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Notting Hill, which is set apart specially for them. Here, in 1904, 243 lads, of the average age of 17, were dealt with, making an average stay of 46 days. Of these lads, 55 had been in prison, 47 in workhouse only, 27 in casual wards only, 10 in both the latter.

One of the curiosities of this Home is the laundry work done by the lads. Wood-chopping rather palled, and it struck some bright genius that a change of occupation might be agreeable. Accordingly the lads spend several days each week at the tub and mangle, and for the most part enjoy the novelty. A good deal of washing for the Church Army's Men's Homes is done here, and indeed quite a formidable rival to the Women's Laundry Homes has sprung up. It is reassuring to learn that the lads are not let loose on collars and other starched goods, though they could hardly be more destructive than the average laundry. "The Boy Washerwomen," as they have been called, attracted a good deal of amused attention when this work first began. *Punch* joined in the smile, a cartoon by Mr. Charles Harrison depicting an imaginary strike of washerwomen, as a protest against the innovation, and the terrifying effect of a picket of muscular "ladies of the tub" on diminutive boys who had replaced them. Mr. Carlile thoroughly enjoyed the joke, and turned

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it to account by issuing an appeal on behalf of "hooligans" in general and his Youths' Home in particular, with the *Punch* cartoon and letterpress reproduced, by permission, at the top.

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CHAPTER XI

Help for married men—The homeless hordes—A novel scheme—The King's Labour Tents—The Embankment Home—West Ham—The Queen's Labour Yard—Cause and effect—Emigration—The discovery of England—Back to the land—Mr. Joseph Fels—Mr. Carlile's plan—A plea for agriculture—Afforestation—Mr. Rider Haggard—A labour bureau wanted—The Lodging-House Union—Church Army Lodging Homes—Coffee Taverns—The Poor Law system—Suggested reform—Mr. G. R. Sims.

"There is a working class—strong and happy—among both rich and poor. And the worst of the misunderstandings arising between the two orders come of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class (how little wise in this!) habitually contemplate the foolish of the *other*. If the busy rich people watched and rebuked the idle rich people, all would be right among *them*, and if the busy poor people watched and rebuked the idle poor people, all would be right among *them*. But each look for the faults of the other. . . . None but the dissolute among the poor look upon the rich as their natural enemies, or desire to pillage their houses and divide their property. None but the dissolute among the rich speak in opprobrious terms of the vices and follies of the poor."—RUSKIN, "Crown of Wild Olives."

EVERY winter brings with it the sad spectacle of crowds of unemployed, and the period of depression grows so rapidly, that instead of covering

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only a few months it now threatens to last from June to June.

One of the first cares of Mr. Carlile and his staff, during recent periods of distress, has been some provision for married men. The man who wants to keep his home together during his hard time is worthy of encouragement. If he breaks it up, and enters the workhouse, it probably means that he will never get it together again, but will drift down to the lowest depths, and become a constant expense and anxiety to the community. It must be remembered that after a short period of unemployment a man tends to deteriorate and become "unemployable," not only through the physical weakness caused by scanty food, but through the loss of energy, initiative and will-power, induced by repeated disappointment and worry. To save him from this is surely a useful work. Therefore the Church Army arranges, directly the need arises, that each of its Labour Homes should become a "Special Distress Depôt," where deserving married men can be provided with work.

In 1904, 7,481 married men were thus helped, being provided altogether with nearly 50,000 days' work. It should be pointed out that these figures give but a slight idea of the extent of the work, since they only go as far as December 31st, while the scheme of relief went on far into the new year,

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when the distress was even more acute. Every effort was made to ensure that the man's earnings really benefited his wife and family, and where possible they were visited, and helped in other ways. For a day's work (wood-chopping) of eight hours the man received 2s. 6d., which compares favourably with the average relief work set on foot by local authorities. The men were carefully selected, the cases as a rule being recommended by clergy, and others in touch with the conditions of the people. This is a system that the Church Army is able to set going at the shortest notice, not only in all parts of London, but all over the country, directly a need arises.

But there is another class whom it is sought to help; that is the single men who throng the streets of London, and other great centres, during periods of distress, in a starving and homeless condition. They form, it must be confessed, a very mixed crowd—some being really deserving fellows "down on their luck," and only wanting a helping hand over hard times to regain positions of comfort and respectability. On the other hand, there are great numbers —perhaps not in the majority—who are of the tramp and loafer class, with a bitter hatred against work. How to deal with them on lines that will not accentuate the evil is the problem set before Mr.

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Carlile, and those engaged in similar work. They form a class which is very much to the front in the winter season. The newspapers are full of stories of the men who tramp the midnight streets, homeless and hungry, and there is a tendency to arouse tremendous sympathy for them, and forget the thousands who are quietly starving at home, with wives and little ones.

However, here they are, and something must be done for them. Such temporary relief, Mr. Carlile has pointed out, can be given in a sound and practical manner, without undue extravagance or sensation.

In September, 1904, the suggestion was put forward in one quarter that the public should subscribe £80,000 to provide an increased number of permanent shelters for the homeless destitute. But in a letter to the *Morning Post*, on September 30th, the Church Army urged that there was no real need for such outlay, sufficient accommodation being already to hand.

"According to a census taken by the London County Council one night during last winter," wrote Mr. Colin Campbell (Hon. Social Secretary to the Church Army) "there were approximately 2,000 destitute wanderers in the Metropolis. The report also mentions that there were 6,074 unoccupied beds

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in the common lodging-houses the same night, and yet the public is asked to provide a further 2,000 beds, at a cost of £80,000. Surely there is some solution to this problem other than the one now brought forward so prominently."

The Church Army then developed a plan whereby a number of these spare beds in the lodging-houses could be used, instead of going to the expense of providing fresh ones. The idea was characteristic of Mr. Carlile and Mr. Campbell, who prefer the less showy plan, if it will be equally effective and more saving of public money. It is not for nothing—if northern friends will accept the compliment—that the social work of the Church Army is directed by two Scotsmen. Add a third party, in the person of a particularly hard-headed Welshman, Mr. W. Lloyd-Jones, Assistant Social Secretary, and you have a fair guarantee that the work will be economical as well as effective. And in consideration of this, we will forgive them if they lose sight of the advertising value of more showy schemes.

An arrangement was at once made, with a selected number of lodging-houses, for the Church Army to make use of their vacant beds. Then labour yards were opened in different parts of London, and it was announced that all who would do a fixed amount of work could earn a meal and a bed. The work was

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done, the man was given a good meal on the spot, and a ticket for a bed at one or another of the lodging-houses with which the arrangement had been made.

The effect of this plan could be seen almost immediately. Night after night in London alone, the Church Army filled over 2,000 beds in the lodging-houses that would otherwise have remained empty, and the homeless crowds on the streets were decreased by that number. In fact, together with the hundreds of men in bed in the Church Army's own permanent homes, the midnight streets were for some time practically cleared of destitute men. And this was done, it should be remembered, almost at a moment's notice, without any expensive scheme, that would have involved delay while money was being raised and building carried on. The men were thus left much freer to look for work than they would have been had they turned to casual wards.

Just at this time came Mr. Carlile's reception by the King, and His Majesty's present of £100 towards the work for the destitute. It was at once decided to devote this sum towards the scheme already in hand, and His Majesty was graciously pleased to give permission for a temporary relief depôt, on ground lying vacant in connection with the con-

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Winter Relief Work. Scene outside Church Army Labour Home.

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struction of Kingsway, to be called "The King's Labour Tent."

Three large tents were soon in position. A huge signboard, overlooking the Strand, called the attention of the public to this practical effort to help the destitute, and begged that instead of giving coppers to tramps and loafers, Church Army work-food tickets should be distributed.

"From the loafer's point of view, I ought to be shot for that," remarked Mr. Carlile with a laugh, as we stood before this board one spring day, and there can be no doubt that the supply of easily cadged coppers ran short wherever the Church Army scheme was understood.

Tickets were distributed among the destitute all over London, entitling the bearer to two good meals and a comfortable bed with sheets, on completion of a three-hour labour test. These tickets could be presented at over a dozen special depôts, including most of the Church Army London Labour Homes, and the King's Labour Tents. In the latter, during the three months, January, February, and March, 1905, there were 48,801 admissions, providing in each case food and lodging in return for work. All through the twenty-four hours, two shifts of men were in these tents, one group chopping wood, as their labour test, the other group having a good meal of meat,

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soup and bread, and then departing with a bed ticket. These remarkable scenes, day and night, continued for some months, right in the heart of London, within a stone's throw of the Law Courts and the Strand.

This, of course, was only a temporary expedient, and economists of the stricter school have argued that the men were not *permanently* benefited, as they should be if the scheme is to be pronounced sound. But they were benefited to this extent: all were made to work, which is no hardship to the deserving man, and wholesome discipline to the cadger; they were also kept strong and self-respecting, so that their search for work might have some chance of success.

But besides this the Church Army has, in London, and Manchester, special Homes, which are always at work, for dealing with homeless men, collecting the destitute from the streets, sorting them out, and passing them on to the Labour Homes, or otherwise helping them.

In London there are the Thames Embankment Homes, founded by the *Morning Post*, as a result of a series of articles on the destitute crowds on the Embankment, that appeared in that journal some years ago. This Home was originally situated in Millbank Street, but the premises having been

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Church Army Labour Home, Banner Street, E.C. Supper (illustrating Winter Relief), earned by honest toil.

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acquired by the London County Council, in connection with the Embankment Extension scheme, a move has been made to New Kent Road. In 1904, 13,138 men were admitted to this home and set to work, for which they received food and bed. Of this number, representing as a rule the very scum of the streets, with a sprinkling of deserving men suddenly "down on their luck," 530 obtained employment, 60 enlisted, 14 joined the navy, 3 emigrated, 320 were transferred to Church Army Labour Homes. These may be regarded as satisfactory, especially when the almost hopeless condition of the material is considered. As regards the others, all of whom received food and shelter in exchange for work, it would be incorrect to assume that no permanent good was done, though this cannot be proved by figures.

During periods of special winter distress, auxiliary Homes and labour yards are opened in connection with the Embankment Home, and in the season referred to above there were 86,690 admissions to these extra depôts, in each case food and lodging being provided after a work test.

Another large relief depôt is the Banner Street Asylum, with a branch at Hackney, both managed by the Church Army for the Houseless Poor Committee. This is open for the whole year, and

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lent to the Church Army for the summer months. In that period, for 1904, there were 15,926 admissions, 62,652 meals being supplied after work had been satisfactorily done.

Another work to be mentioned in this connection has its centre in the permanent Church Army Labour Home at Canning Town, in the heart of distressed West Ham. This is situated in St. Cedd's parish, and the efforts of the incumbent, the Rev. T. Varney, and others, have resulted in exceptional activity in the cause of the unemployed. Special work for married men, at this Home, and at temporary labour yards (in many cases as the "handmaid" of a local unemployed committee) resulted in 1,228 men receiving nearly 3,000 days' work up to Christmas, 1904. In the same district, the Church Army managed a big labour yard in connection with the *Daily Telegraph* Relief Fund. This winter (1905) the "Queen's Labour Depôt" has been founded in Canning Town, as a result of Her Majesty's personal sympathy with West Ham, and her gift of £50 to the Church Army for such work.

The Church Army's widespread system of Labour Homes all over the country is a safeguard against men flocking to London in search of help. In one of the most populous of provincial districts,

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for instance, there is quite a group of Church Army Labour Homes. These are situated at Manchester, Salford, Liverpool, Bolton, Birkenhead, Stockport, and Preston. Under enthusiastic local support these are now doing a splendid work, which is widely extended when winter distress prevails. During the winter season of 1904 (which is referred to in most of the foregoing facts and figures) in addition to the scheme common to the whole of England, of making each Labour Home a special depôt for married men, extra labour yards were opened in Manchester, and thousands thus helped.

All this work—and I have only given the barest outline of the system on which the Church Army helps 200,000 men each year—tends to alleviate rather than to cure. It cannot do much to tackle causes, but must apply itself to dealing with results.

It has to deal, not only with the results of the individual's own acts—drunkenness, thriftlessness, &c.—but with the results of our present economic system, which is obviously at fault, since we have, on one hand, a class with more money than it can well appreciate, and on the other a class continually suffering anxiety, starvation, and despair through unemployment, consequent on trade depression. It is, apparently, too much to hope that any plans for putting more employment before our country-

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men will receive serious consideration, instead of being derided and shouted down, at the call of political party. At the present time, for instance, one party (to whom the reformer once looked with hope) is engaged in belauding the prosperous condition of British trade, and belittling the misery arising from unemployment, all because a political opponent, noting the destitution of the workless thousands, has made a suggestion that may remedy their lot. Whether it will do so is not to be argued here, but those who know something of the misery caused by unemployment may well feel alarmed when suggestions for its relief are opposed, not necessarily because they are unsound, but because it is the "correct thing" to shout down an opponent. It is questionable whether anything really useful will ever be done while measures are hindered and killed, not on their merits, but because one party doesn't want the other to get credit for them. I do not write to condemn any one of the parties; it is the logical outcome of the fighting phrase adopted by both of them, "The duty of an opposition is to oppose." And while our leaders are doing this, and earning fame, our poor are to starve. The grand old Roman spirit has passed away. To-day, "All are for the Party, and none are for the State."

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To an encouraging extent the Church Army is able to deal with the faults of the individual—to work and love him into being a sober, honest man, with energy, ambition, and backbone. Here it may claim to effect cures. But in the case of economic diseases the cures are in the hands of men who hate their political opponents more than they love the country generally, and we are driven to the methods of alleviation applied by the Church Army and similar bodies. That Mr. Carlile and his workers cannot remove our problems bodily is no fault of theirs. Those who denounce all such efforts as unsound, because in many cases they only profess to alleviate, should remember that something *must* be done. There is work for us all to do. It is good that some agitate for such reform as will prevent men falling into need of the Church Army's attentions. It is also good that those who are at present in need should be assisted. If a number of men fall over an unfenced cliff, it is good that the authorities be urged to put up a fence. But it is surely good that some of us attend to the broken limbs of those who have fallen, even though our doing so does not prevent others falling. All will agree with this, except a little section who are so keen on the fencing that they would have men lie about with broken limbs, to act as object-lessons.

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One of the remedies that can be applied by Mr. Carlile is emigration, and already he has done a good deal in this direction, carefully selected men being trained on the Church Army's farm in Surrey, and sent to Canada. But emigration is a desperate remedy, only to be compared with "bleeding," which weakened where it claimed to cure. With his new farm of 740 acres at Hempstead, Cambridgeshire, recently presented to the Church Army by an anonymous donor, Mr. Carlile can now deal with emigration on a still wider scale, if driven to it.

In a letter to the *Times* dated September 28, 1905, he said:—

"We have made an offer to the Government to arrange for the emigration of 3,000 married men with families, and 2,000 single men, during the ensuing season, if the Government will pay passage money, and contribute towards the cost of maintaining the families pending embarkation. The Church Army will in that case bear the whole cost of selecting the men, testing them at our own farm colony at Hempstead, escorting the emigrants to their destination, and placing them in permanent situations on arrival. This offer is now under consideration."

Such a scheme, of course, is only a part of the Church Army's emigration work, which has been

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Group of Church Army Emigrants on board S.S. "Kensington."

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Church Army Mission Van.

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going on for years in connection with its Surrey farm, and other Labour Homes, and will continue even if the offer to the Government falls through.

But, as I have said, emigration is a desperate remedy—"bleeding" is not the last word of medical science. The men whom we could really do without are not wanted in Canada, and will do no good there. The men whom Canada will welcome, and who will thrive there, cannot well be spared from England. We have discovered Canada; let us discover England. There is land at home, as well as across the Atlantic. Why should we send our muscle and brain out of the country, when we have our own land to reclaim and cultivate?

On this subject Mr. Joseph Fels, an admitted authority, addressed a letter to the press, dated October 11, 1905, in the course of which he pointed out:—

"The land in England is quite as good for growing general food products as that elsewhere; indeed, I am informed that it is somewhat better than in most countries, owing to its greater moisture. Only a small percentage of the land in this country is under cultivation, and a still smaller proportion is worked with the proper knowledge and intelligence.

"I believe England's own homeland will supply her present home population; and she should not allow some of her best blood to leave her shores by assisted emigration. There can be no objection to voluntary emigration.

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"The present seems to be an opportune moment for carrying out home colonisation. During the last fifty years, the number of persons employed upon the land in this country has decreased by some 1,250,000, whilst there is no evidence that the quality of the land or the conditions of the climate are responsible for this great falling-off.

"Experiments made by private land-owners and public authorities prove conclusively that, under a small holdings system, with absolute security of tenure for the cultivator, farming is still a profitable occupation. The Vale of Evesham, Worcester, is somewhat of an object-lesson in this direction, there being thousands of acres in small holdings, though conditions are not nearly what they should be in respect to permanence of tenure or occupation.

"In addition to agriculture—which has been so much neglected of late years in Great Britain, for reasons which must be obvious to most thinking people—there is the question of afforestation. A Royal Commission has shown that there is in Great Britain some twenty million acres of absolutely waste ground, capable of being put under timber. Not less than 100,000 adults, representing a population of (say) half a million people, would find profitable and healthy employment to this class of industry.

"The State Forests of Germany bring in an average of about £18,000,000 per annum to the National Exchequer. Great Britain imports timber to the value of over £40,000,000, a great proportion of which could, and should, be grown on home land."

I quote this letter as coming from one who has made a special study of the subject, and whose words, therefore, carry special weight. Already Mr. Carlile was thinking and acting on these lines, for

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in his letter to the *Times* of September 28th, from which I have already quoted, he said :—

"The ideal plan"—as opposed to emigration—"would undoubtedly be to send the surplus population of our great cities back to the land at home. There are many difficulties in the way, such as obtaining land near enough to good markets, the housing of occupants and their families, and the training of men so as to give them a fair chance of making a living. There must inevitably be much delay before such a scheme can be carried into effect on any large scale. Meanwhile unemployed men and their families are starving. . . . Land colonisation in England is a most important part of our (the Church Army's) programme. An estate of 740 acres has already been given to us, and we hope that others will also be presented, which we can utilise for cutting up into small holdings, and so creating by degrees a new class of peasant proprietor. If the land can be obtained, and if the "colonists" be given a certain amount of preliminary training and assistance at first starting, we are sanguine that the experiment will be a very successful one."

Mr. Carlile's plan, hinted at in this letter, is to divide a portion of the estate into five-acre "small holdings," placing on them married men and

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families, who have been trained, and appear likely to pay their way. Of course, at the time of writing, a start has hardly been made, but this attempt at putting our men on to English land instead of Canadian will be followed with interest, and is likely to prove worthy of development. For this, of course, gifts of money and land to the Church Army will be necessary, and public-spirited men may find this an acceptable way of serving the nation.

Mr. Carlile hopes that the Government will render some assistance in such a scheme of small holdings. Meanwhile he is perfecting his plans. His idea is to run each group of small holdings on a co-operative plan, the Church Army collecting the produce of each tenant, and sending it on its own trucks to market. As a part of the estate at Hempstead, and any other land that comes into Mr. Carlile's possession, will be retained as a training farm colony, so that with the small holdings a considerable group will be formed, it will thus be possible to overcome the constant terror of railway rates. In many cases, if these remain prohibitive, a system of motor-cars may be arranged. There seems no reason why some co-operation in sending to market, such as already exists in certain dairy districts of England, and on

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a far wider scale in Canada, may be adopted in the case of all farm produce. The Church Army estate at Hempstead, with its farm training colony, and a group of, say, 100 families, each cultivating five acres, might thus defeat one of the greatest hindrances to successful agriculture. The question of providing cheap, suitable cottages for the tenants is also a serious one, and recent experiments have hardly solved the problem.

There is a Bill now before Parliament, supported by Sir John Kennaway, Sir John Dorrington and others, which, if adopted by the Government, and passed into law, will at once provide loans by which "selected families" will be placed on the land in ever-increasing numbers. Obviously, some reform of the Land Laws must be effected before we can look with much confidence to our English soil for any solution of our difficulties. Ireland has now her Land Act—which, as I learned during a recent visit to the South of Ireland, in the course of conversation with men of all occupations, political colours and creeds, is generally working well—and we may yet hope to see something on those advanced lines in England.

In passing, it is not unimportant to note what might be the effect of an encouragement and revival of agriculture on one of our national night-

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mares. Men who think of these things are almost aghast when they contemplate Great Britain's food supply in time of war. It has yet to be proved that, with the same scientific care that we give to battleships and motor-cars, it would be impossible to grow enough wheat in this country to feed our people. Our wheat crop for 1904 was the smallest on record. It totalled 1,375,284 acres, being 727,000 less than in 1898. That is to say, for every three acres growing wheat in 1898, one had been devoted to some other use in 1904. May there not be some plan whereby our unemployed problem, and our "Food supply in time of war" scare, may both be solved? Undoubtedly, the constant exodus of men from rural districts to crowded town centres has swelled the ranks of the unemployed, especially so far as casual labour is concerned. Fruit and poultry and dairy produce might also be raised at home in increased quantities, and instead of employing so much labour on foreign farms, a little might be put in the way of our own workless thousands. Unhappily, any suggestion for paying wages to our own people, rather than to foreigners, is always received with shrieks in some quarters.

Besides the question of agriculture proper, there is also the reclamation of land, and afforestation to be considered, with reference to the over supply of

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labour in our towns. This is referred to by Mr Fels, in the letter already quoted, and his opinion was confirmed in a letter addressed to the Press by Mr. Carlile on October 12, 1905, wherein he said :—

"The letter from Mr. Joseph Fels recalls impressions of my recent visit to the labour settlements of Holland. I noticed on either side of the railway, as we journeyed through Friesland, miles of barren sandy country, in which apparently nothing would have grown, recently planted with coniferous trees, which were evidently doing well. The soil was of the worst, dry and unwatered. At the voluntary colony of Frederiksoord much of the least profitable soil was devoted to afforestation, and the State settlement of Veenhuizen was approached through miles of heath country belonging to the colony, thickly studded with pines. These brought a very considerable revenue to the colony. A similar state of things existed at Merxplas, in Belgium, the well-wooded colony standing in the middle of a sandy plain.

"The Landes district of France is reckoned to have added more than £40,000,000 to the wealth of the country, although forty years ago, before the afforestation, that part of France was the poorest. An instance of a similar undertaking on a small scale is the Liverpool watershed at Vyrnwy, where 470 acres have been planted in five years. It is estimated that if the forests of Ireland had been looked after in former times they would now represent a value of £100,000,000. In Scotland, also, five times the amount of the existing timber might well be grown. (See Mr. Percy Alden's book on the unemployed.) It must be a national work because of its

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large initial cost, and the number of years which must elapse before any return can be looked for, although afforestation carried out scientifically, with due regard to climate and soil, is a very profitable undertaking. At the same time similar work might well be undertaken by philanthropic organisations on a small scale, and as a means of sending men back to the land.

"All parts of the United Kingdom are at least as well suited for the growth of timber of suitable kinds as Belgium and Holland, and if the Government could adopt a far-reaching and continuous scheme of afforestation, beginning with waste Crown lands, it would be of the utmost advantage to the country, and go some distance at all events towards checking the exodus from the country districts and the terrible congestion of our towns."

On the subject of settling men on English land may also be quoted Mr. Rider Haggard, who, with an almost unique knowledge, both of home agriculture and of colonial affairs, said, at a dinner in connection with the Garden City scheme, at the Holborn Restaurant, Thursday, July 13, 1905:—

"As to the possibility of a scheme of settlement upon our English lands, I am inclined to believe that such a scheme is feasible, and with proper arrangements and management, and by making use of that which has been neglected for ages, that of which I have spoken as the waste forces of benevolence (those forces which are ready to-day to do for nothing what others must charge much for), that tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands could be removed

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from the wretchedness of our cities, and established in peace and plenty on the land.

"I think that idea, which has unfortunately grown up, that the land is nothing but the toy and playground of the rich, is a most unfortunate idea. I myself have been a bit of a sportsman in my time, and am even now, though I don't care for shooting tame pheasants, I like a bit of wild shooting, but I think that the notion that the enormous stretches of this country are to be given up to nothing but deer, grouse, or pheasants, is an unhappy notion, and results in much of the evils of the land.

"All the wealth of all the world is not of the slightest value unless a nation can produce a healthy manhood and womanhood, and a healthy manhood and womanhood can only be produced in a healthy state, in a state which will be of benefit to the kingdom from the land."

But poor as is the state of agriculture, it is by no means certain that the land is employing all the men that might be set to work, even under present conditions. Every now and again is heard the cry that the farmer cannot get enough men. It is true that the farm labourers' wages are low —ranging from an average of 14s. 5d. per week in Suffolk to rather over 20s. in Durham, Northumberland, and some Scottish counties, the average for the whole of England being 17s. 1d. But against this must be set the low rents—for a labourer, averaging one-fourth of the rents in town —while the countryman can also raise his own

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vegetables, bacon, poultry and eggs, or get them very cheap. The advantages of a regular, if small, wage, under rural conditions, would surely not so often be exchanged for the cramped town life, the high rents, the dear food, the struggle at the dock gates, and the stuffy, treeless horror of the slum, if the farm labourer only knew how cruel a step-mother London can be. Unfortunately, there is the housing problem in the country, and in many parts the village is quite inelastic, so that grown-up sons and daughters, unable to find a cottage at hand, are practically forced into town.

But assuming that in many cases the farmers do want men, what can be done? One of our first needs is a labour bureau, not a mere local thing, bounded by the outlook of the borough council, but an organisation for collecting information from every corner of the United Kingdom. Such a bureau has for some time been one of the first requirements of those who study the unemployed question on broad and sound lines. In the *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1903, Mr. Carlile, in discussing "The Problem of London's Unemployed" wrote:—

"In many parts of the country, farmers are complaining of the scarcity of men. It would surely be well to inquire how many of our surplus town workers might be

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advantageously shifted to rural districts, before we consider heroic schemes for opening public works and creating artificial demands for labour.

"A plan for the better distribution of labour would surely go far towards relieving the distress of our great cities. Here in London there are always many more men than are wanted for the work to be done. On the other hand, if newspaper reports and farmers' complaints be well founded, the reverse is the case in the country. The attractions of town life have drawn unwieldy numbers to our large centres, while the country is being denuded.

"Any scheme that would readjust this ill-balanced state of affairs is worthy of consideration. To at once satisfy the farmers' demands for men, and relieve congested and over-supplied town districts, is an ideal plan, if workable. We want to get the deserving unemployed man into work in the country. How may this be done?

"In the first place we require a central Labour and General Information Bureau, in close touch with every part of the country and every form of employment. To this employers would report, at fixed and regular intervals, whether they were in need of men or not. On the other hand, men who were out of work would report the fact. We might learn then, in exact figures, how many men are wanted in Loamshire, and how many out of work in Loamtown. It should then be possible to offer an unemployed man the *certainty of work* in a given spot.

"Against this, the obvious objection will at once be urged that it is no good offering work in Devonshire or Durham to a penniless man in Whitechapel. There arises another matter for consideration.

"At the present time there are emigration societies which help selected men to reach our colonies, where chances of work offer themselves. What appears to be wanted is a

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similar scheme nearer home, whereby an unemployed man in London might be moved to another part of the country, where he *is* wanted. I understand that such a scheme is already working satisfactorily in go-ahead New Zealand."

The difficulty referred to in the concluding paragraph of the above quotation is a very real one, and Mr. Carlile has already made an attempt to help the penniless man who wants to move about the country in search of work, and means business. At present he is driven to our very unsatisfactory casual wards. Even if he is the really worthy man that we want to encourage, he is likely to soon become demoralised by the treatment, the accommodation, and the company provided by these institutions. The alternative is to take to begging, and herd with tramps in the "travellers' rests" to be found all over the country. This makes him a nuisance to every one he meets on the road, and lowers his self-respect, for an able-bodied man, willing to work, should not be driven to begging. Mr. Carlile's plan was to plant small lodging-houses, each a day's march apart, along the principal highways, so that a man in London, for instance, wanting to go to the Midlands or the North, in search of work, could travel along a chain of these homes, resting at one each night. In 1897, largely with the help of Mr. G. P. Gooch—whose name is a guarantee that the idea was on sound and prac-

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ticable lines—and the Rev. Beresford Potter (now Archdeacon of Cyprus), Mr. Carlile put forward his "Lodging-House Union Scheme."

The idea was that a man who wanted to go "on the tramp," not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end, *i.e.*, to get work, could be given a "way-bill" at the "Labour Lodging Home" nearest to his point of departure. This would only be given when his *bona-fides* had been proved. From this Home he would start for the next. On arrival, he would do his spell of work, receiving in return supper, bed with sheets, and breakfast. In the morning, having performed any balance that remained of his task, he would start on tramp to the next Home, with probably some bread and cheese to last him on the road. His "way-bill" would be examined and endorsed at each Home, so that it could be seen at once if his tale were true, and if he were really making a journey with some definite object.

In the Church Army Annual Report, issued early in 1898, Mr. Carlile wrote:—

"It is intended, as far as possible, to have the lodging-houses of the Union at a distance not exceeding ten miles apart, and tending towards important centres. At all the lodging-houses a labour register is kept, and some members of the local committee should endeavour to find work for the most deserving men. The chief gains of the system are:—

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1. Preventing the genuine work-seeker from being contaminated by mixing with criminals, by lodging in low-class lodging-houses, and from being degraded in his own eyes by having to resort to the casual ward.

2. Limiting the charity of the benevolent to those deserving of it.

3. Eliminating tramping as a profession by doing away with indiscriminate charity, work-tickets being given instead of money."

This refers to books of tickets, supplied to subscribers, to be handed to beggars instead of money. Each gives a list of Labour Lodging Homes, and is practically an order of admission. Such a mention of work, instead of doles, horrifies the vagrant, and does not injure the really deserving. Mr. Carlile once saw a pretty little comedy in this connection. A whining tramp came up to a benevolent old lady, as she left church, and begged for coppers. "Poor man!" she exclaimed; "but I won't give you money; I'll give you a Church Army work-ticket!" (Disgust of tramp.) Then the old lady, in an extra outburst of charity, added, "There, I'll give you all the tickets!" Happily for the old lady's ears, the tramp was struck speechless for some moments, by this gift of tickets, entitling him to work for over a week!

In the report referred to above, a list of sixty-six lodging-houses was given (sixty-three of them in the

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provinces), which acted as depôts for the work-ticket and way-bill system. In only a few cases were these depôts Church Army Lodging or Labour Homes. Mr. Carlile's plan, in a district where he had not one of his own Homes, was to secure a local committee, with the vicar or some other prominent resident as hon. secretary, and adapt one of the already existing lodging-houses to the way-bill and work-ticket system.

Unhappily, these Homes, which were not under direct Church Army management, proved the weak link in the system, and finally brought it to an end. At such Church Army Homes as formed a part of the system all went well; the men came in, presented their way-bills or work-tickets, did their work, had their meals and bed, and went on their way again. But the other depôts found difficulty in enforcing the work test, and in carrying out the system; the principles of the idea were either not grasped, or not efficiently executed, and at last Mr. Carlile regretfully decided to abandon the scheme, after spending considerable sums upon it. There is no reason to believe that this would have been necessary had each depôt been a Church Army Home, managed by a Church Army officer. Some day, it is to be hoped, the system will be revived on those lines. It is one in which the whole chain of Homes must be set going

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at once, if the root idea is to be carried out. This naturally requires a vast outlay, and is a work in which the State should assist in any reformed Poor Law system. It was in the hope of effecting an economy that Mr. Carlile and Mr. Gooch were led to attempt the use of existing lodging-houses, with the aforesaid result. Those who have studied the very successful system of over 1,000 such relief stations and labour bureaux in Germany, will hope that it may yet be acclimatised in this country. It is one of the chief suggested remedies of Mr. Percy Alden,[1] who commends the work of the Church Army in this connection.

While on the subject of Lodging Homes, mention should be made of the very successful work carried on by the Church Army in this direction, as an adjunct to its Labour Homes. Quite early in the history of its social work the need was experienced of such Homes where men, who had passed through Labour Homes, and secured situations, or were otherwise being helped by the Society, might live under comfortable conditions and good influences. There are now thirty such Homes in London and the provinces, most of the Labour Homes having one connected with them, though separate

[1] "The Unemployed, a National Question," by Percy Alden, M.A. (P. S. King & Son, Westminster. 1s.)

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so far as cubicles, dining- and recreation-rooms are concerned.

There are seven of these Homes in London, and 66,650 beds were let in 1904. In the provinces, twenty-three Homes let 173,439 beds, so that in all, thirty Church Army Lodging Homes let over 240,000 beds in the year. This, of course, is quite apart from the Labour Homes (described in the previous chapter), and from the three Labour Lodging Homes at Newbury, Uxbridge, and Winchester, which were responsible between them for 2,281 admissions in 1904.

Cheap food restaurants and temperance hotels is another interesting branch of the Society's social work, a start having been made many years ago at the "Russell Gurney Coffee Tavern," opposite Marylebone Police Court. This is not only a cheap food restaurant, serving in 1904 over 300,000 meals, and giving 4,200 meals to old people and poor children, but also a temperance hotel, letting 11,000 beds in a year. In addition it forms a centre for clubs, temperance meetings, men's Bible-classes, mission services, &c. Another important branch of its activity is the training of keen young Christian men as coffee tavern managers, their services being a good deal in demand by the many slum clergy who are adding this work to the parochial organisation.

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A similar tavern has now been working for over a year at Leeds. The Church Army Labour and Lodging Homes for the Ripon diocese are situated in this town, and proving, as usual, a great success. In the Labour Homes, 197 men were dealt with in 1904, including a high percentage of workhouse, casual ward, and prison cases. The Lodging Home let 25,548 beds in the same year. In addition, during the hard month before Christmas, 133 married men, recommended by clergy and others, were helped, 1,248 days' work being provided. I quote these figures while dealing with Leeds, as outlining the work of a typical provincial Church Army Home, of which there are now 34, others being constantly opened. There is now added to it the afore-mentioned coffee tavern, and although at the end of 1904 it had only been opened a few months, over 100,000 meals had been supplied, and 2,000 food tickets issued.

In many cases where such coffee taverns are needed they are being started by the local clergy, and so the chief work of the Church Army in this direction will probably lie rather in providing a supply of trained and efficient managers than in opening more taverns of their own.

Within the limits of two chapters it has been impossible to do more than outline the general scope of the Church Army's work among deserving unem-

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ployed, vagrants, criminals, hooligans, and the like. Fuller details of the work, and the many humorous and pathetic anecdotes that attach thereto, must be left for another occasion. A plain matter-of-fact story of the work, rather than any sentimental, highly-coloured picture, has been my aim, and what it loses in attraction for the casual reader in search of sensation, it may gain for those who have taken the trouble to follow me thus far. The few figures I have quoted give some slight idea of the work, which is going on day and night in every corner of the land, with so little noise or self-advertisement that within a few hundred yards of you they may be dealing with hundreds of men monthly, without your knowledge. If all their work were expressed in figures, some surprising totals might be set up—meals by the million, beds by the hundred thousand, men and women taken by the hand and helped by the hundreds of thousands, too. Here are three little facts at random. In December of 1904, when the distress was at its worst, they supplied 120,000 beds (with blankets and sheets, not mere "bunks"), and provided 375,000 meals (apart from those served in an ordinary trade manner, over their coffee tavern counters). All this relief was only given in exchange for work, the men under their care making 25,000,000 bundles of firewood yearly.

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So the work goes on, endless and unceasing, beyond the bound of figures, beyond your imagination and my pen.

But before this long chapter comes to an end, space should be found for reference to a matter in which Mr. Carlile has always taken a deep interest, and to which he has recently devoted special attention. This is in connection with our Poor Laws. For his trouble he has been reproved in some quarters for interfering in what does not concern him. But after all, even an ordinary citizen may be allowed to feel interested in whether he is getting good value for his money, while the leader of the Church Army, spending his life among the poorest and lowest, finding his social work hindered and choked by the present Poor Law system, has an even stronger excuse. "At present," he says, "the Church Army is not assisted but weakened in its efforts by the demoralising influence of the casual ward and the workhouse." Certain it is, that the most hopeless cases that reach the Church Army are the men who have for any length of time been under the influence of these institutions.

It is hardly a brave or pleasant task to hit a system that has no friends, but the Poor Law system must endure the treatment. The first and most obvious reform is to take it out of the hands of the Local Boards of Guardians. Let it be said at once, that the

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country deeply appreciates the voluntary services thus rendered by countless men and women all over the land. But the whole business is too large and too serious to be run as a hobby by amateurs, however well meaning. Just as the first step in Prison Reform was the placing of the whole system under a central body of experts, so the Poor Law system must also be centralised. We might then get our workhouses and casual wards run on some definite plan, instead of being at the mercy of local fads, jealousies, and prejudices. Experts before amateurs is the first rule of efficiency. Of course, there are some workhouses which it would be difficult to improve upon, so far as the present system is concerned, but it is to be feared that they are in the minority. It is impossible to guarantee that every district can produce a body of guardians competent to handle such big questions.

In August, 1905, Mr. Carlile, accompanied by his eldest son, Mr. Victor Carlile, hon. organising secretary to the Church Army, made a tour of inquiry through Belgium, Germany, Holland, and Denmark, examining the Poor Law system in each country. Like all those who have studied the work in these countries, his visit only confirmed his high opinion of the system, and he described it in a series of letters to the *Morning Post*. These he followed up by several letters to the *Times*, in which he made suggestions

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for the adaptation of the Continental system to our English workhouses and casual wards. His dream is to see the English Poor Law system working for the real good of the poor, and striving to uplift them, co-operating for this purpose with the Church Army and similar societies, instead of, as at present, hindering their work and spoiling their material.

His suggestions are given in brief in the following letter to the *Times*, dated September 22, 1905 :—

In answer to various inquiries, permit me to give the following explanations of my former letter to the *Times*, based upon my recent visit to the model institutions of Copenhagen, Veenhuizen, in Holland, and Merxplas, in Belgium.

1. The proposal is first to transfer all the existing Poor Law institutions to a permanent Poor Law Commission, just as the prisons are at present under a Prisons Commission.

2. The workhouses to be redistributed for, or allotted to, the needs of classes of inmates as hereinafter defined in large districts (counties or groups of counties), the existing Poor Law Unions to be dissolved as too small for proper classification, a "combine" by which untold good would accrue and 50 per cent. of the rates would be saved.

3. In fairness to poor districts the State to pay half the reduced cost, and the County Council the other half per capita.

4. The various workhouses belonging to the existing Unions to be utilised much as in Denmark, for example :—

A. For receiving and classifying cases (Stiftelse, Copenhagen).

B For the aged of spotless character, to be called almshouses (Alderdomshjem, Copenhagen).

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C. Old and feeble who cannot qualify for Class B (Almendelig, Copenhagen).

D. Willing workers (Ladegaard, Copenhagen).

E. Work-shy shirkers (Merxplas, Belgium).

F. Beggars, feeble and drunken (Veenhuizen, Holland).

5. Class B would have all the freedom of an almshouse, retaining their parliamentary vote and not wearing any badge or uniform. They would be waited on by Class C to save expense of officials, slight extra privileges being given to any who may have saved a little money of their own.

6. Class C have missed by sloth, drink, vice, or crime entering Class B.. Their position would be much as our present aged workhouse inmates. They would be expected to work and be paid: Grade I. 1d. per day, Grade II. 2d. per day, Grade III. 3d. per day; half kept for reserve on leaving and half paid in token or docket to procure tobacco or comforts in the canteen. Grades II. and III. would also receive greater privileges.

7. Class D. Willing workers, corresponding to able-bodied paupers, would be graded and paid as Class C. After rising from Grade I. to III. they would be received by Church Army Labour Homes and other agencies, and helped to outside employment or emigration.

8. Class E. These shirkers would be treated much as in our casual ward cells, except that they would be committed for three years instead of three days, but by industry could leave in three months if they had saved enough reserve pay. They would be graded and paid as Class C. If they failed in three months to enter Grade II. they would be sent to prison.

9. Class F would be chiefly for beggars, habitual vagrants, whom the police, supported by public opinion, would then readily arrest, clearing the streets and lanes, and also for feeble-bodied and drunken folk, but not for chronic inebriates,

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who would be dealt with elsewhere, as their presence would prevent industry and improvement of the others. Existing workhouses (with if possible waste land available near) at a distance from towns and public-houses, would form land colonies or adult reformatories. No high walls would be necessary, but several of the officers would be enrolled as policemen. (In Veenhuizen 3,500 subdivided in groups and farms exist without any soldiers or warders; 35 of the officers are police. If the inmates escape they are usually caught or voluntarily return. If a man runs away, gets work and keeps out of the hands of the police for two years, he can return and claim his reserve money and a free pardon. The shirker has become a worker.) The graded pay as per Class C and the canteen and other privileges are a vigorous stimulant to labour. The beggar at last finds it pays to work, and the feeble and drunken, who would be submerged outside, become in many cases more than self-supporting. When these "colonists" have arrived at Grade III. they would be at once welcomed by the Church Army Labour Homes or other agencies to find them outside employment or emigration.

10. This completes a six-fold ladder, by which any man may rise to the grade or place above him.

Surely the time has come to stop the—

i. Cruelty to the worthy old folks.
ii. Paralysing effect of workhouse system.
iii. Beggary from our streets and bandits from our lanes.
iv. Suicidal extravagance of ever-increasing rates.

Here is a well-tried plan, visible in action in other countries and worth a trial in ours, for—

i. Benevolent treatment for deserving aged.
ii. Character creation for the indolent and feeble.
iii. Beggars and loafers reclaiming themselves by reclaiming the land.
iv. A saving of half the rates.

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At present the casual wards cater for the idle loafer, and either hinder or demoralise the deserving work-seeker. As for the workhouse, the horror in which it is generally held by the deserving poor and aged has good foundation. The deliberate cruelty of many of its methods is too well known to need recapitulation. Money is poured out as water, in building paupers' palaces, and the very people who deserve help prefer rather to starve than to be herded with the demoralised and vicious, and divided from their dear ones.

There has been only room for the briefest outline of Mr. Carlile's suggestions. It is to be hoped that his deeply interesting letters from the Continental land colonies, describing the system from the point of view of a man in daily practical touch with the most terrible problems of the time, may yet be seen in pamphlet form, supplemented by a detailed statement of his suggestions. The Royal Commission which is shortly to sit on the Poor Law System will also doubtless give him opportunities of explaining his views before the authorities.

Here I must bring to an end the story of Mr. Carlile's social work, and his hopes and plans. Better than any more words of mine, are those written by a man whose knowledge of and sympathy

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with the poorest of the poor is probably unique. In June, 1905, Mr. George R. Sims wrote:—

"The Social Work of the Church Army appeals to me strongly because I am brought constantly into contact with men and women who are apparently beyond all the ordinary means of rescue. Again and again I have seen a tragedy impending, the threatened shipwreck of a storm-tossed human craft, and have felt how utterly helpless the lookers-on were to avert it. How often have we stood upon the shore, our hearts full of pity, and watched the doomed ship go down because there was no organised means of help at hand!

"In the Social Work of the Church Army that means of help and rescue now exists. It is a Lifeboat Society, organised and equipped for immediate service whenever there is a human craft in peril. No longer are we compelled to stand by and watch the dark waters close over the sinking soul. The lifeboat is manned and ready. At the faintest cry for help it puts to sea.

"The work this admirable organisation has accomplished testifies to its vast value to humanity. It is in the name of humanity that it appeals for the support of all who love their fellow-men. But beyond its sentimental claims it has substantial business claims. It is doing a work which is of direct money-saving service to the State and the community. It is helping thousands who had drifted into crime to earn an honest living.

"I know of no organisation at the present moment which is more worthy of sympathy and support, if only from the point of view of good citizenship. For it is good citizenship to make good citizens of bad ones, to give hope to the despairing, to raise up those who have fallen by the wayside, to find work for hands that would be idle, to take the young

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from temptation, to help the old who are sinking in the morass and place them on the firm, straight road again.

"The work of the Church Army is sound and systematic, its methods are manly and straightforward. Its Social Service is disciplined and thorough. To help it forward is to do practical work ourselves in one of the noblest campaigns the century has seen."

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CHAPTER XII

The Church and the woman worker—Revival, not revolution—Church Army Mission nurses—Miss Carlile's work—Some early experiences — Training candidates — The heroines of the slums—Social work among women—The first start—Moving forward—The work to-day.

"There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.
And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!"—WHITTIER.

IN the early Church the woman worker had a recognised position, which was rather lost in the turmoil of the succeeding centuries, till its revival within recent memory. The office of deaconess is referred to in a marginal note against Romans xvi. 1 (R.V.), and it is evident that this was no isolated case, but a rule that required no comment. "As I read my New Testament," wrote

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Bishop Lightfoot, "the female diaconate is as definite an institution as the male. Phoebe is as much a deacon as Stephen or Philip is a deacon." Many other proofs exist that the ecclesiastical status of the male and female deacon was practically identical. The Council of Nicæa, for instance, in A.D. 325, uses exactly the same words for the "ordination" of deaconesses as of clergy.

It will be seen, then, that when the Church Army took the step of training and sending out women workers, they were starting a revival, and not a revolution. It soon became apparent to Mr. Carlile that such a move was necessary. All over the country there were earnest young women of the working classes who were burning with a desire to serve the Church. But the Church made no systematic demand for their services. Here and there an opening might be found for an earnest woman, as a parish worker, but there was no organisation for training candidates and making use of their enthusiasm.

The success which attended the training of men evangelists, and the confidence with which the clergy were beginning to look to the Church Army for workers, determined Mr. Carlile to open a Home for the training of women as mission nurses, slum and rescue workers.

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The Home was started in a little house at 118, Edgware Road, over a shop. Before long one of Mr. Carlile's sisters, Miss Marie Carlile, began to assist in the work, and finally in March, 1889, she was appointed Hon. Superintendent of the Women's Training Homes. This post she has held ever since, taking up her residence at the Home, and giving the whole of her time to shaping and controlling the movement.

To a most striking degree the Church Army Mission nurse is a reproduction of Miss Carlile. She has, indeed, stamped her personality on the women to a greater extent than her brother has on the men. There appears to be a rather interesting reason for this. If you have thought over the question, and observed carefully for a few years, you will notice that thorough goodness among women tends to produce one type, and one type only. Whether it is man's originality, or his original sin, I do not know, but he certainly contrives to produce an almost endless variety of types among his heroes. But think of all the good women you have ever met or ever read about, and they are all cast in the same mould. For instance, one cannot recall two great and good women who have differed so widely as such men as Cardinal Newman and General Booth. Yet these are two names taken

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Ambulance Class. **Church Army Mission Nurses.**

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almost at random. This may make it easier to produce an army of women all like Miss Carlile than an army of men all like her brother.

However, the fact remains that in their devotion, their burning sympathy, their evenness of temper, their habits of thought, frequently in their smile and their speech, the Church Army Mission nurses are reproductions of Miss Carlile, and we can ask for nothing better.

Miss Carlile's early experiences in this work, when funds were low and accommodation cramped, make interesting reading to-day.

"How well I remember my first night in the Nurses' Training Home!" she writes. "What a long one it seemed! Sleep was impossible, partly because of the thought of the responsibilities of the work, and partly because of the noise in the streets and the hardness of the bed. I am afraid I was very cowardly in those days, and rather dismayed at the condition of the house. The Superintendent's sitting-room had in it all that was necessary, but it looked dreary without curtains, and only a box of matches to adorn the mantelpiece. There was one ornament in the room, in the shape of a bag for string, with pink and blue roses worked in Berlin wool upon it, which hung on a nail. I kept that bag for many years, for it had bravely done its best

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to cheer up a dingy spot. When evening came, the room was lit up by a very smelly lamp, with a reflector behind it (also hung on a nail) like those often seen on costermongers' barrows. But what happy days those were! Hard beds, blue Berlin wool roses, and smelly lamps cannot take away real joy, as many of us have found, for it is often when circumstances are most trying that we discover how very precious our dear Lord and Master is to us.

"Fourteen nurses had already been sent out into the field when I arrived, and two or three were still training. There were no terms then, and candidates came in one at a time and went out when the committee thought them ready, sometimes only staying a few weeks. Poor sisters! I am afraid they had very hard work, for in their odd times they did all the cleaning of the house, with the help of the cook, and all had their meals in the kitchen, as there was no dining-room. How splendidly they worked, cleaning the front steps and scrubbing the back yard, and doing everything with heartiness and singing! What a lot they taught me, and how ashamed I used to feel for minding about that hard bed and glaring lamp! And then on Sundays, how tired they must have been! Although they walked to the Infirmary and back before Church yet they

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would throw all their energies into mission work in the afternoon and evening.

"What stirring times we used to have, too, in the afternoons! My brother would take all the brothers and sisters to Lisson Grove, and they were taught how to divide up into small bands and hold short meetings at different corners, and then rapidly join together again and attack other streets in the same way. As a rule the people used to be most kind, but occasionally we were honoured by being pelted with shrimps' heads, dirty water, and other choice things. What happy times we used to have, too, inside the Training Home! Yes, they were good old days, filled with many blessings from our Lord. And now (1905) seventeen years have slipped away, and we have been several years in our clean, healthy, new Training Home, and instead of only taking 10 sisters at a time we can receive 30, and instead of 14 nurses there are now 257 at work. And what a grand work they are doing! Those women in the early days seemed as good as it was possible for them to be, and those who come to us now are made of just the same material and are equally splendid and earnest and self-forgetful. How many there will be to thank God for their work through the ages to come!"

The selection and training of candidates is a work

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requiring considerable tact and care. For the most part they have been engaged in some branch of domestic service, or in places of business, though there is always a percentage of those coming from a different class and of better education. Many hospital nurses also come from time to time, and by adding a training in evangelistic and parochial work they become most valuable assistants. For such workers special posts are generally arranged. The age, as a rule, when they first come to the Society, is between twenty-five and thirty, though these limits are set aside in special cases. Many have given up good salaries and comfortable homes to take up the work, which is often one of real self-sacrifice.

When a candidate has been accepted she is sent as an assistant at one of the Women's Homes for a few months. This gives an opportunity for weeding out any who may prove unsuitable for various reasons, and have managed to pass the preliminary inquiries and examinations, and answers roughly to the men's term of probation on the vans, described elsewhere. Each year such numbers of candidates offer themselves for this work, that Miss Carlile is able to pick and choose to a remarkable extent, and thus to secure the very cream of the applicants. The standard set up for the Church Army Mission nurse

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is high, so many qualities, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, going to make up the ideal, that those who survive the severe weeding-out process may be regarded as an exceptionally fine body.

After experience in one or another of the Homes, the candidate enters the Training Home for a three months' course. Much of the work here runs on the lines already described in the chapter on the men's Training Home, and a few of the lectures are taken in common. Lectures on the Bible and Prayer Book, and classes on singing and music occupy a great part of the time. But a Church Army Mission nurse aims at combining the evangelistic with the social to an extent undreamed of by the male evangelist. Hence a great part of her training is of a special character. During six weeks of the term the morning hours are spent at a London infirmary, where valuable experience is gained in elementary nursing. A course of St. John's ambulance lectures is also attended, and the "First Aid" certificate taken. In addition to this, the Church Army has a dispensary, attended by a fully qualified lady doctor. The sisters in training attend here twice a week, waiting on the doctor, taking temperatures, helping the dispenser, and visiting the patients—so gaining valuable knowledge and experience. Once a week the physician, Dr. Gertrude Keith, gives a lecture on nursing, when

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special attention is drawn to the different cases under treatment at the dispensary.

The remainder of the term is occupied with mission work, visiting in slums and lodging-houses, helping at evangelistic work, both indoors and out, and gaining a little experience in night rescue work.

With lectures, private study, attendance at hospital and dispensary, and all kinds of religious work, the time is pretty well taken up to the end of the term. Then comes an examination by the Diocesan Inspector of Schools, appointed by the Bishop of London, and those sisters who pass are commissioned to work as Mission nurses in the Church Army.

A large number of the nurses are engaged in parochial work all over the country—some in the dark slums of our great towns, others in quiet villages. They are not "trained" nurses, in the correct sense of the word, and do not undertake systematic nursing, infectious cases, night nursing or lying-in cases, as that would interfere with their other duties, which are primarily spiritual and evangelistic.

They are heartily welcomed by the clergy, who admit the need for some work other than that done by themselves or their curates. The splendid work being done in countless parishes by the wives and daughters and sisters of the clergy is well known. But it is not every clergyman who possesses these

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very useful relations, and even if he has them they may lack time, taste, and training for the work. But a woman's help the vicar feels he must have, to tend the sick, advise and influence the mothers, train the rough working girls, and teach the little children. So the assistance of the trained and disciplined Church Army nurse, devoting her whole time and strength to work in the parish, is invaluable in many an anxious case and difficult problem.

How lonely and uncared for the poor often are in sickness, especially the aged and the little children, who are left untended through long hours of pain and weakness, while the breadwinners are away at their daily work. It is an incalculable boon for sufferers to be able to count on a visit from the Mission nurse, who relieves their weariness, and cheers the sick-room by her very presence. Many a careful mother, laid aside by illness, lies fretting at the disorder of her home, which she is powerless to remedy. A Church Army nurse coming on the scene would set all straight in a very short time.

"I have not been able to touch her conscience yet," observed an experienced worker about one poor woman in her district; "but wait till she is ill, then I shall get hold of her. If I can only show her that I love her, in deed as well as in word, I hope, by the grace of God, to lead her to higher things."

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This is only one example of the unlimited opportunities of usefulness afforded by the work of an earnest Mission nurse. The response to the call for working women, willing to consecrate themselves to the service of Christ and His poor, has been most touching. Many are anxious and willing to sacrifice all their worldly hopes of advancement, and to resign far more lucrative employment, if only they may have the privilege of conveying the Gospel message to their poor sisters in the slums. Several have already laid down their lives for the work, dying in what might have been the days of youthful strength but for the worry and the poison of the slums. But had they the choice to make again, I think it would have been the same. In the chapel at the Church Army Training Home their names are written on little brass memorial tablets, but best of all their memory lives in the hearts of many they loved into the Kingdom, and surely their names are written in the Book of Life.

So all over the country the work goes on. In many a dark town slum, where the police walk in couples, and the clergyman is hardly sure of his welcome, the Church Army nurse passes to and fro, and the drunken loafer keeps a clean mouth while she is within hearing. She is supposed to work according to a time-table, and cases have been known

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where this is done. But when a sanely sympathetic woman finds herself in a parish, with whole streets of poor people looking to her for counsel and help; when she looks around her own neat, warm little room, severely plain though it be, and thinks of the hundred wretched homes within a few minutes' walk, where cupboards are bare, hearths dark and cold, sick people lying untended, and the children dirty and hungry, how can you wonder that she is never really off duty? By day and by night you may find her moving among the people, caring for their bodies and caring for their souls, happy if in time she makes it known that she has come to minister to all who are afflicted and distressed, if by all means she may save some. Probably more people are loved and tended into the Kingdom than preached into it.

It was a natural and easy step for the women's department of the Church Army to adopt a Social "platform," as well as an Evangelistic, and to found such Homes and Institutions as would enable the weak and erring to find shelter, while their characters were being built up, and a way made clear for them back to respectability and hope.

In carrying on such work among men, the problems raised are largely economic; and probably as many men are in need of a helping hand through

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faults of our social system as through sins of their own. But in dealing with women you have altogether different and sadder problems to face. When they turn for help it is not, as a rule, because of fluctuations in the labour market, but through some cause more under the woman's control. Moral and social, rather than economic, are the problems involved; to use an old-fashioned word that cannot be improved upon—SIN.

Drink and immorality are two dark, swift-flowing rivers into which so many fall or plunge, to be borne rapidly away to the sea of despair. With the starting of the Mission-nurse movement rescue work on London streets began. This not only brought the Church Army into touch with the saddest and one of the oldest features of this world's life, and taught the wretched women that the Church really cared for them, and would help them if they would turn, but it also gave the "sisters" an experience in a difficult work that would help them wherever they might be stationed later on. It soon became apparent that some sort of an Institution must be started if this work was to be carried on in an effective manner. From the life of the streets, bringing degradation and finally filthy destitution, the women could not readily turn if a way were not made for them. Accordingly, just about the time that the first Labour Home for

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men was being started, premises for the first women's Rescue Home were secured at Tichborne Street, near the Training Homes. Of this Mr. Carlile was able to write in the Church Army Annual Report for 1889–90:—

"The Midnight Rescue Shelter has been an excellent means of reaching and effectually assisting the lowest; already signs of great encouragement have been given. By placing the reality of true religion to the front many have been led to full decision for God, and have been won back into lives of chastity and usefulness."

For a time the women's social work was represented by this single Shelter. A trained Mission-nurse was in charge of it, and with her worked two or three of the "sisters" in training. At night they went out to seek those who would turn from a life of sin while yet there was time. These women were brought back to the Shelter, cared for, and after a few days dealt with as occasion permitted and the case required. Some were sent to institutions already in existence, and for some situations could be found without any intermediate trial.

But it was soon found that when the Church Army took the step of opening this Rescue Shelter, they had practically pledged themselves to a work from which there was no turning back, and which must be

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still further developed. When God gives an opportunity He gives a responsibility too, and the Church Army realised that they must go forward in this direction or betray their trust. The success of the Men's Labour Homes suggested the value of an adaptation of the system to women's needs, and accordingly, in 1891, the first Women's Labour Home was established in Marylebone Road, and opened in December by the Duchess of Albany. The great difficulty in men's Homes is finding work that all can do, and for the most part wood-chopping has to be depended on. The women are more fortunate, since laundry and needlework are of a far more interesting character—I speak from hearsay—and command a readier market.

From these small beginnings sprang the Women's Social Department of the Church Army. It soon came under the control of Miss Prentice, its present Hon. Secretary, and began at once to make headway. To a striking degree Miss Prentice combines the high enthusiasms of the idealist and dreamer with the practical common sense and grip of detail of the business woman. Mr. Carlile has been happy in his lieutenants. The poor have no better friends, the Church and country generally have no better servants, than the noble little body of ladies who give their whole time and energy to work for no salary and no visible

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MISS PRENTICE,
Hon. Sec. of the Church Army's Social Work
among women.

MISS CARLILE,
who selects and trains the Church Army's
women workers.

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reward, under Miss Carlile and Miss Prentice, for the good of the erring and the unfortunate. It is an honorary service to the State and the people of which few have ever heard. These noble women have put aside everything of ease and comfort, and practically deserted their own refined and cultured circles to live in cramped quarters in mid-London, working all day and often far into the night, counting it joy that they may give all in the name of Him Who gave all for them. Those of us who know anything of this hidden phase of the Church Army work wish we had two heads, or at any rate wore two hats at a time, for the raising of one seems too ordinary a salute to such devotion.

Under the control of Miss Prentice the Women's Social work soon made headway, and although it is not yet on such a wide scale as the men's department, it is equally sound, and meets with a like measure of success. At the end of 1904 fourteen Homes were open, and 2,210 fresh starts given to women and girls in them. But these figures by no means outline the scope and magnitude of the work, for a great part of it is carried on effectually apart from these Homes. In the twelve months referred to above, the Women's Social staff had nearly 45,500 interviews with women and girls who applied for advice and help, and over 10,000 visits were paid to

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women and girls in police-courts, prisons, workhouses, infirmaries, &c. A great number of these cases could be dealt with and helped without admission to the Homes. Every case is handled with a due regard to its own peculiarities, as though it were the only one in the world. It would be impossible to arrange them in tables, for every thousand cases would require a thousand different headings. Those who are engaged in such work know that humanity is not to be regarded in the bulk, like shrimps or whitebait. Probably every shrimp has a different expression, a different constitution, a different twist in its brain, and a different conception of submarine society. How much more, then, must the Church Army staff learn that every crowd a thousand strong is composed of a thousand different people. It would probably not be too much to say that every woman who comes to Miss Prentice and her workers for help has to be dealt with in a different way from any one of the tens of thousands who have already been helped. One must be coaxed, another scolded, this one must be put in a train and sent back to her friends, and that one must be scrubbed and sent to bed. And all day long they are doing it, either in the Women's Help Department, which, like a light-ship, speaks tens of thousands as they pass by, and sets them on their course where before they

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drifted, or in the Homes, which, like peaceful harbours, give storm-battered souls time to refit and recruit before they again brave the seas.

The outdoor rescue work, under the direction of Miss Hall, has its headquarters in Stourcliffe Street, the premises forming not only a shelter, of which the door is never closed, but also a Training Home for those who want to carry on this difficult work in other parts. Miss Hall has been touched to find what a large number of earnest Christian women throughout the length and breadth of our land are longing for an opportunity of helping their poor fallen sisters. Nearly thirty have now been specially trained (in addition to the Church Army Mission nurses), and are now carrying on this work at different centres all over the country.

But this chapter can only briefly outline the work done by women for women under the Church Army banner. The Special Country Home for Inebriates in Kent, the Fresh Air Homes by the sea, the employment agency, the dispensary, the club for lonely girls in London, the busy Mission nurses, ever seeking in the far country to bring the lost ones home—how can I, whose fountain pen runs black ink, hope to write of these things, that should be written in letters of gold. The booklets and reports issued by the department tell much, giving

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facts and figures that lie outside the scope of this al too brief chapter. But nothing can tell the heroism and romance, the drudgery and the glory, the half-dread that God brightens into hope.

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CHAPTER XIII

Handy men of the Church—Sunshine and storm—The overland yacht—The first use of vans—The start from headquarters—A page from a diary—The first Mission—Goodwood races—A gipsy christening—A winter picture—How the work goes on—Training candidates—The motor age—A costly renovation—Concerning cattle—The tragic side of a joke—Some misunderstandings—Rat pie—Puzzling the natives—On the road—Under the sea—The donkey team—The van afloat.

"I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,
That we, and he, and all men, move
Under the canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above."

TRENCH.

EXPRESSED in terms of literature, life on a Church Army van is "Pilgrim's Progress" in a "Robinson Crusoe" cover.

By thus making an appeal both to spiritual enthusiasm and to the natural love of adventure, Mr. Carlile is able to get hold of some of the finest

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material of the day. When a young man, be he clerk or collier, has his eyes opened to the beauty of Jesus Christ and starts to serve Him in real earnest —"gets converted," as he very rightly terms it—he does not cease to be a human being. And as he is a young British human being, he firmly believes that the royal road to happiness lies in getting hungry, tired, and dirty in the open air. It is this very instinct that makes us, with all our faults, the pioneers and colonisers of the world, and it is such healthy, hearty wholesomeness that the Church Army vans utilise in the cause of Christ.

Put two or three young men on a gipsy van and set them wandering over the countryside to be their own cooks and housemaids, and see if they don't get the very last ounce of fun out of existence. After a few months of such life a fellow has become one of the handy men of the Church, ready to go anywhere and do anything, and able to shift for himself in a way that would startle his mother.

Some of these men, who can cook a meal as easily as I can light my pipe, and yet do not give themselves airs, have let me spend a few days on their vans, so life has little more to offer for my admiration. Was there ever such a pie as the one we made ourselves, filled with blackberries from the hedge, and baked in an oven that got cold every

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time we went to the copse for more fuel? Then last thing at night came a tramp back across fields, coldly white and mysteriously still in the light of the moon, from the distant farmhouse, where a lantern service had been held for hop-pickers. Seven or eight hours of sound dreamless sleep follow, to the music of rustling leaves, and then we awake again to find the early sun streaming in at the ventilators in the roof, the birds engaged at matins, and all nature inviting us out into the open to tub in a bucket.

But it is not always summer and good weather, and in this country the fine days are rather in the minority. But the Church Army vans work summer and winter, and the roughest, coldest winter sees them out in the fields and highways. The man who seeks such a life under the impression that it is all a picnic will soon be an object for sympathy. But the real fellow of grit, who stays on a van year in and year out, baked in summer and frozen in winter, scorns all sympathy. The hardship is what he came out for. Given health and wholesomeness, the old cry, "Come and suffer," is as fascinating to-day as ever, and if he is disappointed that modern home mission work does not require him to prove his faith at the stake or in the arena, he is comforted to find that he may still "endure hardness" in God's service.

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So when wintry gales howl among your chimneys, and you stir the fire to a cheerful blaze, spare a thought for 150 young men who have left home comforts to live and sleep in these vans, and are at that moment sleeping out in wind-swept fields, with a half-inch board between them and the weather. They are not men born and bred to a gipsy life, but in the name of Christ and His Church they are quite prepared to camp out in any weather that strikes these islands. How many people are still unaware of this romantic note in the prosaic story of life in this country?

The interior of a Church Army van reminds one strongly of the cabin of a well-fitted yacht, with its careful use of every inch of space. The driver's platform in front serves as an open-air pulpit, the roof arching overhead to form a sounding board. Immediately inside the door on the left is a cupboard for cups and saucers, cruets, &c. Next to this is a cooking stove, the scene of many weird experiments, for the men are not trained chefs. But it is wonderful what the human frame will stand. Beyond the stove, just under the window, is a table; the top of this lifts to disclose a washing basin, the whole resting on a cupboard which forms the larder. Across the end of the van are two berths for sleeping, arranged one above another, as in a ship's cabin.

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In the upper berth the bedding is all stored in the daytime, and usually hidden by a curtain. Down the right side of the van is a broad locker, forming a seat by day, and bed number three by night. The decorations, of course, vary with the tastes of the officers in charge, but photographs from the home circle and of Church Army comrades generally hang on the walls, to which well-filled bookshelves give a pleasantly furnished appearance.

It is a curious thing, and one never yet satisfactorily explained, that the interior of a Church Army van, like a ship's cabin, is absurdly small by all ordinary measurements, and yet there always seems plenty of room. If you chalk out a space 10 feet by 6 on the floor of your room, you will fancy there is hardly room to sit there without falling over the mark. Yet that is the total size of these vans, the actual floor space, after stove, table, and lockers have been built round, amounting to a strip about 6 feet long and 2 feet wide. In spite of this, three people can live very comfortably in these narrow limits, and will be prepared to declare that they never had so much room in their lives. So much will careful planning and strict economy of space do for comfort.

The idea of using these vans occurred to Mr. Carlile in 1892. He was much attracted by the

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system of preaching friars of the thirteenth century, and by the story of Wesley's journeyings, and it had for long been his desire to start a body of men who should travel through the country in twos and threes, preaching in the hamlets and villages.

Hundreds of remote districts lie far from the railway track, and therefore, he concluded, the itinerant preachers must be men of the road. But it was a part of his plan that they should carry a stock of books, and support themselves, as far as possible, by the sales. This at once suggested that the vans used by gipsies, hawkers, and cheap-jacks might be adapted, and the men thus provided with lodging, store-room, and locomotion all in one. In this way the men were to be set free to wander wherever they were most wanted, unrestrained by railway routes, and relieved from the worry, waste of time, and expense that comes with constant packing and unpacking, and searching for lodgings.

The use of these vans in such work was not altogether novel, for one or two were already on the road in the interests of other societies. Indeed, one of the facts that determined Mr. Carlile in this new venture was the success of a Church of England Temperance Society's van that had worked in the Chester diocese under the charge of a Church Army officer. In the annual report issued in 1892 the

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Dedication of a Church Army Mission Van by the Bishop.

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work of this van was referred to, and it was stated that the experiment justified the Church Army in developing the idea still further. But although Mr. Carlile did not originate the use of vans in mission work, he developed it to such an extent that to-day the "fleet" numbers 66, all constantly itinerating summer and winter. This outnumbers all other such vans put together.

In starting this branch of the work Mr. Carlile had another purpose in view. It had been felt for many years that the training of evangelists left something to be desired, and he proposed that all candidates should serve a term of probation on a van, gaining experience under the officer in charge, before entering the Training Home. Each van, in short, should serve as a small training home, testing candidates, and giving those found suitable some insight into practical work before passing them on to London.

Accordingly a start was made, and on St. John the Baptist Day, 1892, the first van stood in Nutford Place, London, W., just outside the door of the Church Army headquarters, then situated at 130, Edgware Road.

Although slight improvements have been made since, as the rough-and-tumble experience of the road suggested, the parent van was very much like any one of the 66 now scattered all over the

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country. It was distinctly a novelty, and as it stood facing a busy London main road, the crowds gathered around it all day long, critically examining its fittings, and reading the texts painted in light green on its dark green sides.

Captain Prior, now secretary of the Van Department, and "commodore of the fleet," was appointed to the charge of this new venture. With him were three juniors, not yet trained and commissioned as officers, who were to act as his assistants.

The day started with a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Training Home chapel, at which the men who were to go out with the first van were specially prayed for and set apart from the work. Then a move was made to the street where the van stood. Here Mr. Carlile handed Captain Prior the key, with the prayer that he might be used by God to open many closed hearts. The door having been opened, the van was dedicated to the glory of God and the service of man, and Mr. Carlile gave a short address. An obvious lesson was suggested by the day, and he urged his favourite point, that as John the Baptist, a layman, was to prepare the way for Christ, so laymen to-day who would be loyal and true might be used to prepare men for the second Advent.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the horse was

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Church Army Mission Van.

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harnessed, and amid waving of hands and many good wishes and prayers the van set off on its first journey. The whole thing was in an experimental stage, and no openings had been arranged, so Captain Prior started out on a venture of faith. Church Army rules forbade any work being done in a parish without the vicar's consent, and it was a matter for anxiety how the clergy would welcome this new move. However, it was determined to turn south-east and make for the Kent fruit-fields, where crowds of pickers were gathered.

One of the warmest supporters of the idea was the late Archbishop Benson, and this was another reason for opening the campaign in the diocese of Canterbury. The van carried an open letter from him, in which he said, "I heartily commend the work to the clergy." The kindly words of this letter not only cheered the "crew" of the van in its early days, but reassured many a vicar who was divided in his mind as to the reception he should give to this remarkable visitor.

By 7.30 that evening they had crossed Blackheath and reached Kidbrooke, where it was determined to call a halt. Then to Captain Prior fell the anxious task of calling on the rector (now Bishop of Woolwich) and asking his permission to conduct services. While the three "brothers" prayed in the van for his

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success, he started out. His errand was soon told, and the rector gave them a hearty welcome, shaking hands warmly and asking what he could do to help. He at once directed them to an open space near the mission church, where the van could stand, and promised to arrange with a churchwarden to stable the horse. A few minutes later he knocked at the van door, and paid the first pastoral visit to the new experiment, praying with the captain and brothers for success on the undertaking.

Here is the entry from Captain Prior's diary for the next day:—

"Rose at 6; had to get up one at a time—small space. Short prayers. Then started our work, one brother folding and putting away beds, &c., another cleaning boots, a third cleaning the stove and lighting the fire, and a fourth fetching water, &c. 7.50: Holy Communion in parish church—beautiful time. 8.15: Breakfast. 9 till 10 with our Bibles. 10 till 12.30: Brothers out bookselling and visiting; Captain washing breakfast things, putting van straight, shopping, and cooking. 1 o'clock: Dinner—meat and potatoes done fairly well, but oh! the pie-crust—must certainly study the cookery book, or write to the matron at the Training Home. 1.45: Bible portion and prayers. 2.30: All out bookselling and visiting. 5: Tea; then for a short walk together, and back to prepare for

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Church Army Pioneer Mission Tent and Mission Van.

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meeting round the van, which was crowded, every one taking part; then more sales at the close. Supper, prayers, and bed-making, 10.30. 11: Lights out."

So ended the first day of regular routine on a Church Army van. With certain modifications, according to the district and the wishes of the clergy, the same programme is still being followed daily on the Society's 66 vans in England, Wales, and Ireland.

After most encouraging experiences at the first mission, the van moved on and spent four weeks among the Kentish fruit-pickers. Much of the labour used both for fruit- and hop-picking is of a casual nature, and at times causes farmers considerable anxiety. They are generally only too glad to see any mission work going among these people, if only because it tends to assist in keeping the peace, and the Church Army van was given a hearty welcome. Many of the pickers were gipsies, living in vans, and they were most interested to find that the Church had borrowed a hint from them and come out on wheels also. In fact, whenever a Church Army van gets among gipsies, the officer is looked upon as a comrade, and his dusky brethren invade his little home, compare notes, ask questions, criticise, and advise. "How much did it cost?" is usually the first question, as they survey the dark-green van.

Both clergy and people spoke heartily of the work

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of Captain Prior and his assistants, but the best testimony came from a more critical and disinterested source. At the end of the first week the farmer on whose land the van was standing came over and said, "There is much less drunkenness among the people this year, and they attend better to their work. Please go and pick all the strawberries you like for breakfast, as long as you want to stay here." The labourer is worthy of his hire; also it is wrong to muzzle the ox—here were two scriptural reasons for accepting the farmer's advice, and doubtless Captain Prior and his three young men did so.

The fruit crop gathered in, the van moved off to the hayfields and there worked among the men, chatting with them and distributing papers in the daytime, especially when breaks were made for refreshments, and holding simple services in the evening. Then a move was made across country to Goodwood racecourse.

This was the first of many visits that have been paid to Goodwood by Church Army vans. The work lies mainly among the gipsies, who crowd to the race meeting, with their various side-shows and other means of raising money. On a high bank overlooking the course the gipsy encampment is to be seen each year, and usually the dark-green Church Army van is there also. In the early morning, before

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the crowds have driven to the course or toiled up the steep, chalky roads from the station, some interesting scenes are to be witnessed. A class for gipsy children will be found in progress, the dusky, black-eyed little ones sitting in a semicircle around the front of the Church Army van, listening to the Captain as, with scriptural cartoons, he teaches them some simple lesson. Another striking picture, and a not uncommon one, comes before my eyes as I recall a visit paid to Goodwood a few years ago. A clergyman, who takes a special interest in the work, has tramped up to the course before the rest of the world has arrived, and is holding a baptism. The same gipsies come here year after year, and look forward to seeing the Church Army van, and any new arrivals in the community since last Goodwood week are brought to the simple service. In the hush of early morning, on the spot which the shouts of bookies and tipsters and backers will presently make hideous, a few dozen people are grouped around a small basin that stands on a rude table. Beside it is a clergyman, his surplice flapping in the breeze, and in his arms a little child only a few months old. Around are gathered a number of dark gipsy women, some handsome in the first flush of proud womanhood, others worn and haggard by the cares of the road. Here and there stands one of the men, sparing a moment from the

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work of erecting swings or planning cokernut shies. Elbowing their way among the elders are a number of children, wide-eyed and wondering.

The background of the picture is the gipsy encampment—tall, brightly coloured vans, and low, dirty-looking tents, and beyond them a thick hedge and a wood. From this spot one looks over wide miles of rolling downs and woodlands, which stoop suddenly from the racecourse and then lift slowly to the blue haze of the distant hills. The people are all very still and hushed, watching the morsel of humanity in the clergyman's arms, half hidden now and then by the wide surplice sleeve that blows to and fro. For a moment the stillness seems to deepen, the bystanders tiptoe and peer into the centre of the group; only the crackle of a wood fire is heard above the clergyman's voice as, while his hand moves gently over the little one's forehead, he says, ". . . and do sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified . . . and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

In a few more minutes the group breaks and melts, a mother with a little bundle in her arms moving away, the centre of a cluster of other women. They speak softly, and there is a new refinement in their voices. As one of the men hurries toward a post

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where he is driving stakes one of the children falls at his feet. He stops, stoops, and picks the little one up gently, then passes on, perhaps wondering vaguely and wistfully why it is not always so easy to keep from swearing. In an hour or two the encampment is filled with the shouting of many voices, and made dizzy by the countless swings. Crowds line the course, as the horses with their gaily clad riders come thudding past. Surplices and fonts, thoughts of following the Christ—all these now seem things of another world.

But it is in winter-time that you best realise that the Church Army vans strike a note of real hardship, almost amounting to romance. Picture a December or January night. It is warm and cosy when they go to bed, for the cooking stove is still too hot to touch, and the small interior of the van is easily heated. Soon all is silence. But suddenly from out of the darkness comes the rattling clang of an alarm clock, and the sleepers are jerked from the land of dreams to find that it is nearly seven o'clock, and time to get up. As they throw the bedclothes aside, to taste the aching cold with one leg, they find the blankets frozen to the side of the van, and only to be pulled free to the tune of tearing, as though they had been glued. As the interior of the van rapidly cooled, after the fire had gone out over-

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night, the moisture had settled on the sides, with this result. If the ventilators in the roof do not fit tightly, the man in the top berth may find a sprinkling of snow on his pillow and top blanket. They take turn and turn about at getting up first these dark, cold mornings. It is the captain's turn; so he turns out. The air bites as he leaves the warm blankets, and his bare feet touch snow, as he feels for the floor. The lamp is soon lighted, and the stove set going. Before long the van will be warm and comfortable again, but it was almost unbearable during the getting up and dressing. Remember what it is in a brick house, with thick walls. Then think what it must be inside half-inch planks, with the icy air blowing straight across open country, and reaching it at every side. Break the ice and wash, fold the bedding and pack it away, tidy up the van a little, and be thankful that the kettle is beginning to sing.

That is a part of the "Robinson Crusoe" side of the business; but much as they enjoy the rough hardships, and joke the more when life becomes almost unbearable, the men never forget that they have been scattered over the country in Christ's name, to do His work. Regular prayer and Bible-reading together, private study and devotion, all at set hours, fill a great part of the day, and then

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there is visiting and bookselling to be carried on, often over sparsely populated country, where half a dozen calls mean a tramp of as many miles, with a heavy package of books.

The evening work is the most important of all. If weather and local circumstances permit, an open-air service will be held around the van. Then in the schoolroom, mission hall, or church, there is a service to be held, sometimes with the lantern. So for a fortnight or three weeks the quiet, steady work goes on, till one morning horses come to the van, and it moves on across country to another parish, many miles away.

Each of these vans is attached to some particular diocese. Nearly every diocese in England and Wales has at least one, many of them two or three, and a few have as many as four. There are also two in Ireland, working in the diocese of Down, to the north and south of Belfast. In all, 66 of these vans are now at work, and in 1904 they held 1,087 parochial missions, selling £2,200 worth of Bibles, Prayer Books, &c. In 1903 it was decided by the authorities that each van must possess a hawker's license, and accordingly £2 per van, or £132 in all, now flows into the National Exchequer from this source.

Each van works under the patronage of the

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Bishop of the Diocese, who, as a rule, dedicates it when it first commences operations. He licenses the evangelist in charge, and appoints one of his clergy as van adviser. In some places the van adviser makes himself responsible for securing openings, but in many cases the captain himself has to get them, and he will often cycle for miles each week, interviewing the clergy, and asking permission to enter their parishes. There is not, as a rule, much difficulty in getting openings to-day, for the vans are now well known, and after covering the whole of their districts are able to secure plenty of invitations for return visits.

An important part of their work, already referred to, is the preliminary training that they afford to embryo officers. A trained, commissioned, and licensed officer is in charge of each, and with him will be one or two young fellows who, after a preliminary month in the Training Home, spend six or nine months on the vans, before returning to London to complete their course, and sit for the Bishop's examination. All would-be evangelists get this valuable experience, whether they are destined to become van officers later on or not. They take their share of the cleaning and cooking on the van, tramp all over the district with boxes of books, and help in the meetings, often being asked by the clergy to

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help with a Sunday-school class or a children's service. Thus they get an experience of parochial mission work in many districts under many men. But they are also expected to give a goodly portion of each day to study of the Bible, Prayer Book, Church history, &c., in which the Captain acts as their guide, offering such help for reading as his own experience and training suggest. Each cadet, as a rule, is moved once or twice during this part of his career. Thus he is brought under men of varying gifts and views, and into different parts of the country, so that his outlook and sympathies are broadened and his experiences enlarged. The van captains bear a heavy responsibility in the training of the young men who thus come under their care, and right well do they realise this and rise to the occasion. A Church Army officer frequently displays throughout his career the impress of the individuality of the van captain under whom he received his first experience of Church Army work, and a strong bond of affection usually links together men who have been associated in this way. One of the pleasantest features of the Church Army conferences is the meeting between van captains and their old "cadets"—the latter, perhaps, van captains in their turn, or carrying on a splendid work in some dark town slum.

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A number of the vans are "In Memoriam" gifts. The "Lichfield I." van, for instance, was presented to the Church Army as a memorial to the late Archbishop Benson, and the "Hereford II." is a gift from the present Bishop of Hereford, in memory of his late wife. Many others have been presented in memory of mothers, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, &c. In such cases, a small brass plate, bearing an inscription detailing the circumstances of the gift, is to be found inside.

We live in the motor age, and Mr. Carlile, ever up to date, and as much in love with things that move, and move quickly, as in the days when he played with toy engines, is hoping before long to put a Church Army motor mission van on the road, so that the gipsies may be followed from fair to fair, and race meeting to race meeting. At present a van does not cross the diocesan boundaries, and it is often booked too far ahead to permit of turning aside to a gipsy encampment. Mr. Carlile's ideal, therefore, is a motor van, with a roving commission (with the consent of the Bishops and clergy concerned). An enthusiastic motorist, who has gone twelve months without a fine or a fatality, might like to provide the necessary £400 as a thank-offering.

There are times when the best meaning men in

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the world may come to grief. One of the vans was sadly in need of a coat of paint, and as the evangelist in charge had been a painter before entering the Church Army he determined to do the work himself, and thus save a considerable sum to the Society. At the nearest town he purchased the necessary brushes and paint and set to work. The first day's toil over, he put the bucket of white paint under the van, and went to bed thoroughly satisfied, perhaps dreaming that he saw Captain Prior, the van secretary, all aglow with joy at such practical economy.

It so happened that the van was standing in a field kindly lent by a farmer, who turned a number of calves in to graze. The next morning the calves were all very ill, and six of them died without taking any further interest in life. *And the pail which had been half full of white paint was empty.*

A veterinary surgeon examined the contents of the stomachs of the little veal fellows who would never be beef, and it was found that death was caused by lead poisoning, the result of drinking the white paint.

It was a costly van renovation, after all, instead of an economical one, for the Church Army had to pay the vet.'s fee and compensate the farmer, who, with the best feeling in the world, could not afford the loss.

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There are plenty of minor trials to be borne cheerfully. For instance, horses and cattle seem to think that a van is a new arrangement devised for their comfort, and come in the dead of night to rub themselves against it, causing it to rock violently to and fro. Then the junior cadet has to get up and drive them away. On one occasion an errant pig contrived to get its hind legs jammed in the spokes of a wheel, and the manner in which it expressed its dissatisfaction effectually murdered sleep until the creature was set at liberty.

The nocturnal practical joker is much in evidence at times, and one practical joke had a tragic ending. A gang of unruly miners had been amusing themselves, night after night, by uttering weird howls close to the van, to frighten the occupants, who, however, soon got used to it and paid no attention. One night the yells seemed worse than ever, and ended up with a sort of wild moaning. In the morning the missioners were horrified to hear that a certain dissipated young man had gone home the night before after an evening at the inn, and on entering the house had found his mother lying dead on the floor, she having died suddenly during the evening while quite alone in the house. The young man, mad with drink and terror, rushed off, shouting incoherently for help. His cries were the sounds

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which the occupants of the van had heard. Assistance would have been too late in any case to save the poor woman's life; still, had it not been for the miners' silly practical jokes, the evangelists would have turned out to do what they could towards helping the unhappy son in his distress.

These vans are constantly entering remote country parishes where the Church Army is practically unknown, and some curious mistakes are sometimes made by the people. One of the evangelists entered a small shop as his van passed down the village street, and heard the good lady in charge cry to her son, "Johnny, run round at once and lock up the fowl-house; there's a gipsy van coming along." It is quite a common thing for children to follow the van down the lanes till it arrives at its prearranged "pitch," hoping that the show will soon commence.

Adults have also made this mistake. A gentleman who met one of the vans toiling along a country road, and took no notice of the lettering on its side, asked the Captain when and where the show would commence. He was told to be at the Church Schools at —— at 7 p.m. Sharp to time he arrived with his family, only to find a mission service about to commence, instead of the wild beast show or circus he had expected. However, he took his

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disappointment like a man, became a regular attendant during the mission, and eventually a valued Church worker.

In one place, where a good deal of salmon poaching went on, the arrival of a Church Army van, and a misapprehension of its mission, gave the fish a quiet time for over a week. The poachers thought the men in the black-braided uniforms were water-bailiffs, who had come to try to effect their capture, and until they found out their mistake they walked the straight path of strict honesty.

The Church Army workers on the vans usually meet with a hearty reception, presents of eggs, butter, fruit, poultry, vegetables, &c., keeping their housekeeping bills at a low figure. Some districts excel in this practical welcome of the Church Army gipsies, and several van evangelists have been heard to say that their food expenses for a year have only amounted to a few coppers. Sometimes the supply exceeds the demand, and the evangelist, faced by a stock of provisions that would feed a little regiment, has to ask the donor's permission to send the surplus to the Training Home or the Diocesan Labour Home.

On one occasion a somewhat unpleasant practical joke was played. A beautiful-looking pie was brought to a Church Army van just before the

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midday meal, and the "crew" spread the cloth, and set out the plates in anticipation of a good time. Grace was said, and the Captain cut the first piece of crust away. To the dismay of the would-be diners the pie-dish was found to be filled with rats! A well-known local tradesman had adopted this method of raising a laugh at the missioners. Unfortunately for him, the incident came to the ears of the villagers, who boycotted the man and his shop for some time to express their disapproval.

The remote nature of the districts reached by these vans, which constantly meet people who have never seen a railway train, is illustrated by some of the experiences of the evangelists. A lantern and slides is a part of the equipment of each van, lantern services, and a lecture on Church Army work generally, being frequent features of the missions. In one quiet country village a sturdy old farm labourer refused all invitations to the meetings. "No," he said, "I've got to beware of such people. My Bible tells me so." Pressed for an explanation, he continued, "They use a magic lantern, don't they? Well, that's what I don't believe in. My Bible says I've got to have nothing to do with magicians, and that's what I call these people." It was pointed out that these extraordinary Church Army men only used the lantern to make plain the things that they wanted to

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teach the people about God and Jesus Christ, but the old fellow could not get rid of his magician theory, and he refused to attend.

But an old man in a village among the Lincolnshire fens was of a more trustful turn of mind, for although he was as hazy about the whole business as the anti-magician, he ventured into a lantern service during a van mission. He had his reward, as a brave man should, and was put in a front seat. As soon as a picture appeared on the screen he fumbled in his pocket, brought out a large box of matches, and lighting a lantern, held it above his head. On being remonstrated with, he protested that he only wanted to examine the pictures better. Another man once visited a van, after a lantern service, walked round and round it, asked permission to peep inside, and then expressed himself puzzled. "Hang me if I can see where they store all those pictures!" he said at last.

Although the Church Army vans make over a thousand moves in a year, each averaging perhaps ten miles, the Society does not own a single horse for this department of its work. "Our plan," says Mr. Carlile, "is to stay till the vicar or the farmers are so sick of us that they gladly lend us horses to move us into another parish." This explanation has all the charm of simplicity, coupled with the rare imagina-

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tion of good fiction. What does happen is that farmers and other horse-owners become so friendly towards the van missioners during their short stay, that they lend horses for the next move, by way of making a practicable contribution towards expenses. The cases where the van is put to the expense of hiring horses are comparatively rare, since if no other offers are made, the clergy generally arrange to have the vans moved and bear the cost.

Considering the thousands of miles that are covered each year by Church Army vans, in all weathers and over all sorts of roads, the accidents are surprisingly few. Of course, the best of vans will sometimes stick in the mud, or threaten to overturn, but really a serious mishap is rare. In fact, the nearest approach to disaster is in the case of a van working in a diocese possessing a stretch of coast. The van had to make a journey of twenty-eight miles, most of the route lying within sight of the sea. In order to avoid hills, the man in charge of the horses, which had been procured from a local farmer, took the van along the beach for three miles. This stretch of shingle is crossed in three places by small rivers joining the sea. Two of these rivers had been forded in safety, but, in making the passage of the third, the van wheels stuck fast. The situation was interesting, for evening was coming on, the tide was due in

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within the next few hours, and all the efforts of the horse, aided by bare-legged Church Army missioners, were in vain. After a couple of rather cold hours in the water, two more horses were procured, and the van continued its journey, reaching the next stopping-place after over twelve hours on the road.

At the same place, on another occasion, the van met with a similar adventure, which ran a more serious course. The van became embedded in the sand, and, as the tide was coming in rapidly, all efforts to rescue had for a time to be abandoned. Fortunately it was stuck too fast to be washed away, and after having been completely covered by two tides, it was dragged out by a big team of horses, collected from far and near. The stock of books and personal effects of the missioners were ruined by sea-water, but otherwise the van was none the worse for its immersion.

Mention of travelling recalls the fact that on one occasion no horses were forthcoming, when it was desired to make a move, but a friend of the vicar kindly lent a team of no less than twenty donkeys, and behind the willing little animals the van made a dignified farewell to the parish. Another interesting move was made a few years ago, when a staunch friend of the Church Army offered to bear the expenses of the journey if a van could be taken over

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to the Isle of Wight. The trip across the Solent was accordingly made, the van being placed on a barge, and towed by a steam tug. After a stay of two years on the island, the return journey was undertaken, and the van reached Southampton again, none the worse for the two voyages.

Perhaps in all the foregoing the actual life on the vans, and the adventures of the road and camp, have been dealt with to the neglect of the splendid religious work they do. I have said that there is a "Robinson Crusoe" cover to the work, and, after all, the cover of a book is the first thing we see.

But the real meaning of these vans is the desire of a body of young men to carry through the country-side the story of the love that has won their hearts and lives. From one van, the "fleet" has grown to 66—ample proof that the clergy welcome and encourage the effort, for each of these vans is hard at work summer and winter. It is a picturesque note in our dull, decorous modern life, this re-discovery of roads, in the age of railways, this return to the countryside. But more than this, it is a sign of the Church's freshness and strength, that to-day, after centuries of toil and strife, she is young to put forth new efforts, and to develop sturdy shoots.

We are proud of our Church that reared the good grey piles at Canterbury and York; we are no less

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proud that to-day, when a thousand years have mellowed her cathedral towers, she has put on the pleasant roads of Merrie England these travelling mission vans, with the same message of hope and love.

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CHAPTER XIV

Carlyle's theory and Carlile's practice—Inviting the Church Army to prison—The first prison mission—The poacher's gratitude—Prisoners as Churchmen—Gifts from convicts —A prison Bible band—The discharged prisoner—A gratifying appointment—A remarkable portrait album—Does the convict reform?—The font and the grave—The first offender—Official opinion—Suggestions for prison reform —Prisoners' wives and families.

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

TENNYSON.

"NOTHING to be saved there; nothing to be fished up there, except, with endless peril and spread of pestilence, a miscellany of broken waifs and dead dogs! In the name of Heaven, quit that!"

So wrote Carlyle in 1850, to wind up his furious tirade against "Model Prisons" (Latter-day Pamphlets, No. 11). But however much we may agree or

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disagree with him, and whether his plan for treating prisoners, "a collar round the neck, and a cartwhip flourished over the back," be an ideal one or not, we are all agreed that if we can reform the criminal we have done not only a kindness to the man himself but a real service to the community.

There is certainly no desire in this country to carry "prison reform" to the extent to which it has been taken in certain of the United States of America, or to see "indiscriminate Philanthropism substituting itself, with much self-laudation, for the silent, divinely awful sense of Right and Wrong." But to get hold of the discharged prisoner and make it easier for him to do right in the future; to be in a position to say to him that if he really desires to "turn over a new leaf" his past shall not be unduly remembered against him; to prove that the country desires, for his own happiness as well as for its own good, reform rather than mere punishment—in short, to clinch the stern argument of imprisonment by making it a step from crime to well-doing—this is a proposal to which we can all assent, if only on the most selfish grounds.

For consider that in the year ending March 31, 1904 (the latest official figures to be had at the time of writing), considerably more than 200,000 prisoners, including 917 male convicts, were discharged from

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our prisons, and let loose on the country. If we outlaw them and refuse the means of earning an honest living, we compel them to carry on a war against society. Some of them, especially the first offenders, have now a genuine desire to do better, for the sharp stinging disgrace of imprisonment, and the long hours of remorseful reflection in the lonely cell, with no alcohol to drown bitter thoughts, have generated better desires. On social and economic grounds we must strike while the iron of their good intention will respond to the blow. Others have stepped outside the prison gates with the feeling that there is nothing for them now but a life of crime, but this has been forced upon many only because of the seeming hopelessness of any attempt at reform.

For our own sakes, as well as for the sake of these men, we must do something; because if nothing is done to admit them to the ranks of the honest and law-abiding, they will go to swell the enemy within our gates, and prey on life and property. But what can be done? The best meaning among us might well hesitate before taking into his employ a man with the taste of the skilly still in his mouth, and without having some earnest that he is trying to regain his character, and means business. It is here that the Church Army is able to step in, help a man, test him, find him an opening, and pass him on

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to an employer with some grounds for believing that he will prove satisfactory.

The problem of the criminal classes forced itself upon Mr. Carlile's attention very early in his career as leader of the Church Army, for it was largely at the hands of men who divided their time between the slums and the prisons that he suffered violence in the "Westminster days." Some of his truest friends were ex-burglars, and others of that class, who rallied round him, and shared the persecution with splendid devotion. His Labour Home System, too, as described elsewhere, was brought into being largely to help men who had sunk to become homeless outcasts and parasites through a false step, and a term of imprisonment.

But it was in 1897 that the Church Army really took up the question of our criminals on a large scale, for in that year, having won the confidence and sympathy of the authorities, the Society was granted a special privilege, which enabled it at a stroke to strengthen its system and multiply its results. This led in its turn to further developments, and official assistance, so that now not a man leaves our convict establishments without being offered a helping hand, and no man from a local prison is refused prompt and practical assistance.

The story of this move begins in December, 1896,

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when the Rev. O. F. Pigott, then chaplain of Wandsworth prison, and now retired after many years of devoted service, was present at a conference of Church Army officers. Struck by what he saw and heard, he had a private talk with Mr. Carlile, and suggested that the work of the Society's evangelists, so valued by parochial clergy, might be of equal value to the prison chaplain. Why should they not be allowed to enter the gaols, and conduct short missions?

The idea was welcomed by Mr. Carlile, for it well accorded with his motto, "Go for the worst," so he called Captain Davey, an old and trusted officer, now Evangelistic Secretary, to join the discussion. With them was Mr. J. Nisbet, who for years did valuable work as Mr. Carlile's personal secretary, and organised many an important move. He died a few years later in harness, largely through voluntary overwork. After further consideration it was decided to apply to the Home Office for permission to hold an eight days' mission in Wandsworth Prison, the Governor, Major Knox, a warm supporter of the Society's efforts, having already approved the suggestion of the Chaplain. The request was a bold one, for no lay evangelist had yet been allowed access to prisoners, but its novelty did not deter the Prison Commissioners, who gave their consent, regarding the

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matter in the light of an experiment, which might either fail, or be found worthy of extension.

On a Sunday in April, 1897, Captain Davey arrived at Wandsworth to conduct the first Church Army prison mission. The Governor and Chaplain, keenly interested in this fresh attempt to influence for good their family of over 1,000 big, bad boys, gave every possible facility and help. Captain Davey preached each week-day morning, and twice on Sundays at the usual services. He was obliged to feel his way, but years of experience among men of all classes taught him the value of plain, simple addresses, aimed both at the head and the heart, and bright without being sensational. It was also announced at the service, that any prisoner might have an interview with the missioner. A good number availed themselves of this permission, and were brought to Captain Davey in the vestry of the chapel.

When the mission was over, the Rev. O. F. Pigott, who had suggested and piloted the new venture, wrote to Mr. Carlile as follows :—

"Captain Davey having terminated his mission, I desire to thank you for his services. His manly and encouraging words lead me to expect that they will be the means of stirring up in some hearts the desire to amend their lives and seek after God. All the

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officers of the prison with whom I have spoken seem to have been very much pleased, and I am desired by Major Knox, the Governor, to say that he concurs in the views I have expressed. I must add that the prisoners were remarkably attentive, and I have heard during my cellular visits several expressions of thankfulness."

Satisfactory reports regarding the innovation having reached the Home Office, the Church Army soon received permission to hold an eight days' mission every year in any prison in England and Wales, providing that the consent of the Governor and Chaplain is forthcoming. This is rarely withheld, and then only for sufficiently strong local reasons, and as a result, the Church Army evangelists now enter nearly every one of the 62 local prisons and each of the four convict establishments (Portland, Parkhurst, Dartmoor, and Borstal). The first convict prison to form the scene of a Church Army mission was Portland, in 1898, when the Governor, Colonel Partridge, and the Chaplain, Rev. J. T. Phipps, supported the idea warmly, and gave such reports of it as assured its continuance.

The Church Army was fortunate in having among its friends and workers at this time the Rev. E. G. C. Parr, the incumbent of Brunswick Chapel, its West End Church. Mr. Parr was for many years a prison

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chaplain, and he readily consented to become the Hon. Secretary of the Prisons Missions' department. This secured the assistance of one whose experience and sympathy have proved invaluable. Captain Brazier now undertakes much of the secretarial work. So rapidly did the work extend, that in the annual report for 1898 there was given a list of 34 prisons in which missions had been held during the year. This was good progress for a new departure, little more than eighteen months old.

The evangelists who conduct these missions are a small body of picked men, whose tact and experience have been well tried, and in whom every confidence is felt, both by the prison officials and by their own Society. So thoroughly are they trusted, that it was soon found possible to extend their privileges, and they are now allowed to visit from cell to cell. The interviews that result are naturally of a private and sacred nature, but the missioners could tell some strange and moving stories of sin-burdened souls pouring out their secrets, of sorrow and wild regret, in many cases of contrition and promises of amendment. Often a man will urge, in defence of repeated imprisonment, that the ex-gaol-bird has all doors to honesty and respectability shut against him. Then he can be told that if, when the prison door again clangs behind him, he will turn to the Church Army,

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he need not complain that he has never had a chance. To shake a man's hand, and claim him as a brother, when he thought all the world was against him, to tell him of a pardon for the past, and a power for the future, coming to him from on high through Jesus Christ, Who loved men and gave Himself for them; to kneel with him on the stone floor of the cell, and help him in the first prayer he has prayed for years—all this wins his heart and strengthens his hope. The confidence of the men is gained to an extent that cannot always be reached by the chaplain, who often labours under the disadvantage of being regarded merely as a prison official, and therefore part of the irksome restraint and discipline. This is, indeed, one of the chief reasons why the chaplains, who form a most earnest and devoted body of men, welcome the Church Army evangelist.

In 1904, Church Army evangelists visited more than three thousand cells, always at the request of the prisoners, who make known their desire for such an interview in writing, on a slate.

A leaf torn from the diary of one of these evangelists, outlining a typical prison mission, will give a fair idea of how the time is spent:—

"*Sunday.*—Morning and afternoon services, with addresses, in chapel; three hospital services and addresses.

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"*Monday.*—7 a.m., service in chapel, with address; three hospital addresses; visited sick prisoners; interviews with prisoners in cells.

"*Tuesday.*—7 a.m., service in chapel, with address; three hospital addresses. 5.30 p.m., Bible-class, about sixty prisoners present.

"*Wednesday.*—7 a.m., service in chapel, with address; three hospital addresses; visiting cells greater part of day.

"*Thursday.*—7 a.m., service in chapel, with address; three hospital addresses. 5.30 p.m., lecture to juvenile adults. 7.30 p.m., address to warders in parish church.

"*Friday.*—7 a.m., service in chapel, with address; three hospital addresses; visiting sick in hospital nearly all day, one man dying.

"*Saturday.*—7 a.m., service in chapel, with address; three hospital addresses; visiting cells most of day.

"*Sunday.*—Gave address at Celebration of Holy Communion, about fifty prisoners communicated; three hospital services and addresses; Harvest Festival services, with addresses, morning and afternoon; chancel nicely decorated by a few of the prisoners.

"During the week about 105 men applied to see the missioner."

Like almost everything of which the prevailing hue

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is dark, prison mission work has its occasional flashes of humour. In a certain local prison, for instance, Captain Davey was called to the cell of a man whom he remembered to have met in the same place on a former occasion, poaching being the offence. The culprit expressed himself as most grateful for the mission sermons and the cell visit. Then he talked of his home, and conversation led Captain Davey to mention his own home, and the little lad he had left there.

"Why, wouldn't he like a turn in the country?" suggested the poacher. "When I'm out again, send him down to my place. Me and the missus'll look after him fine."

Captain Davey shook his head with a smile.

"Well, then," persisted the prisoner, "give me your address."

"Why do you want that?" he was asked.

"Why, directly I get out of 'ere I'll send you a brace of pheasants!"

This was an instance where gratitude and generosity threatened good resolutions. But it is satisfactory to know that Captain Davey (who, happily, never received the pheasants) has not heard any further ill news of his poaching friend.

Three faiths are recognised in prison, the Church of England embracing all who are not Roman

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Catholics or Jews. Nearly every man calls himself Church of England, since the more frequent services give him an opportunity to get out of his cell and sing. Mr. Carlile often says that this is sufficient reason for him for belonging to the Church of England, since it delivers into his hands the vast majority of our prison population. "You're beyond my care at present," he once remarked to a prominent Nonconformist mayor, who was presiding at a provincial meeting, "but wait till you get into prison, and then you're my man, and the old Church claims you for her own." My information does not make it clear whether the mayor has yet adopted this simple method of returning to the faith of his fathers.

The Church Army has also been allowed to take part in a recent movement on the part of the Prison Commissioners for giving convicts useful lectures. Captain Davey has lectured on Betting and Gambling at Dartmoor and Parkhurst Prisons, and Mr. Edward Clifford has lectured twice at Dartmoor and also at Portland. As a result of his visits to Dartmoor he collected among a number of friends sufficient money to place in the chapel a stained glass window, illustrating Christ preaching to the spirits in prison, the father and mother of the prodigal son, the return of the prodigal son, and a hovering dove, after Pietro della Francesca.

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Photo, J. Bulbeck & Co.

Church Army Evangelist (in pulpit on left) preaching in Wormwood Scrubbs Prison.

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Mr. Carlile's many engagements do not permit him to take the part in this work that he would like, but he once helped in a mission at Newcastle-on-Tyne prison. One of the saddest experiences he has ever passed through was a visit to Pentonville Prison not long ago. A man who was lying there under sentence of death for a notorious murder, and had been one of the Church Army's failures, asked to see Mr. Carlile before his death. The interview was a painful one. At its close, the condemned man turned to the clergyman who had tried to befriend him in the past, and whose help, if accepted, might have saved him from this last horror on the scaffold, and said, "You won't be 'ard on the other poor chaps, because I let yer down, will yer, guv'nor?"

Gratitude is the best return that the Church Army prison evangelists can ask, for when the hearts of the men have been touched, their lives will respond, and a reformation promises. Of this, each of them tells many a touching story.

One man, who had spent twenty-one Christmas Days at Dartmoor, on three sentences, was helped by a Church Army mission, especially the quiet talk in the cell, and is now in a good situation. At three successive Annual Meetings of the Society he has passed a small sum of money up to the platform as a thankoffering.

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At a mission held at Parkhurst, the evangelist received a request for a visit from a man, who said that he wanted to thank him on behalf of himself and his fellow-convicts for coming among them. Would the missioner accept a little present?

The convict held out a little bird. It had flown into the cell through the ventilator, and he had captured and tamed it. Remember that it was all he had got in the world. He loved it better than he loved anything else. It had been his little chum for many a weary day and night. But although he had still a long period of his twenty years' sentence to serve, he gladly gave up his little companion, as a small gift of gratitude.

Mice are also favourite pets with convicts. They are captured at Dartmoor while the gangs are working in the field, carried back to the cell in the sleeve, and there fed on the man's scanty rations, and tamed for company. The men often bring them away with them on discharge, and two or three have been presented to the Church Army, by men who had nothing else to give, but wanted to give something.

In order to enable men who have been influenced by the missions to read daily Bible portions that may fix their interest, and strengthen their good resolutions, Captain Davey has hit upon an interesting plan. The printing and distribution of cards was impossible

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so a scheme had to be devised whereby the correct chapter for each day could be easily remembered. This has been done by selecting the Book of Proverbs, which consists of exactly thirty-one chapters, one for each day of the month, so that by recalling the date, the right chapter is immediately arrived at. A great number of prisoners are invisibly linked to Captain Davey and other Church Army workers by the bond of this novel Scripture Union, and ex-convicts now enjoying their liberty and doing well find help in continuing the same plan.

It is impossible for those whose prison days, if any, are yet to come, to realise how completely the man in the cell is cut off from the outside world, and how he values a letter. The writing and receiving of letters is a much esteemed privilege, and its withdrawal forms a punishment that is keenly felt. But many of the men, especially the goodly number who are really trying in God's strength to form and keep new resolutions, find themselves without any very helpful correspondent among their old friends. This is another direction in which the Church Army tries to prove a friend. The prison missioners correspond regularly with large numbers of men, and there has also been formed a little band of ladies, who undertake to write to and receive letters from men in prison. In these cases the letters all pass through

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the Prison department at the Church Army Headquarters, so that the ladies are saved from the annoyance and embarrassment that might result from calls from ex-prisoners, whose promises of reform have fallen through, as will sometimes happen. Some of these letters, written on the blue official paper, with the rules relating to correspondence printed on the front, and dated from Dartmoor or some other convict establishment, lie before me as I write. They have been written to Church Army officers, thanking them for words that brought a ray of hope and a new purpose into a crushed life. Many of them deal with the difficulties and temptations that have brought the writers into their present position, how attempts at reform after previous convictions have been frustrated, and then go on to make suggestions for work among discharged prisoners that are sometimes really valuable. A fine spirit of unselfishness brightens much of this remarkable correspondence. More than one man is attempting to do a little mission work on his own account, by passing on the names of others who will shortly leave the prison walls, and begging for a helping hand to be extended to them. It would surprise the world that knows nothing of prison life to hear of the great number of men who have been truly converted to God in their cells, and have proved the faith that is in them, not only by exemplary conduct,

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but by trying to help younger prisoners in any way that discipline allowed.

"Prisoners' Aid Societies and the like are but palliatives quite incompetent to deal with the evil," said Sir Oliver Lodge in a recent lecture before the Social and Political Educational League, speaking of our criminal population. "When men come out of prison, broken and disgraced, is not the time to deal with them. It is the months or years that they are in prison that furnish the opportunity for getting at them, and putting them through such a course of study, discipline, and wholesome and interesting work as shall fit them to take their place in the army of citizens when they emerge."

I have shown that the Church Army fully realises this, and does all in its power to influence the men while still in the cells, and teach them that there is hope and help if they really mean reform. Now comes the critical time of their discharge, when they are shot out through the prison door at the rate of over 200,000 per annum, either as wild beasts let loose on society, or as hot-house plants that will wither and fade into heaps of poisonous corruption in the chill inhospitality of the world.

"Many things go against the ex-prisoner in his attempt to lead an honest life," wrote Mr. Carlile, in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, February, 1905.

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"On leaving prison he naturally goes to whatever he may regard in the light of a home, and there he is certain to meet with old associates. In their company he quickly squanders whatever gratuity he received on leaving prison, and he is faced by the problem of maintaining life. He falls into old ways, with the old ending of the police and another term of imprisonment. If, in execution of his good intentions he avoids old haunts and old associates, and seeks for work, he quickly discovers that every man's hand is against him. The only reference that he can give as to character is to the Governor of his last prison. Who will give employment to such a man? As soon as he mentions his last address he is shown the nearest way into the street with more celerity than politeness. If he should get safely through this ordeal and obtain work, he will speedily find that other men refuse to work alongside of a gaol-bird, and the employer has perforce to send him away. What wonder if he become an Esau? He must live; and if society will not afford him an honest livelihood he must seek a dishonest one. It is necessity, not any special sinfulness on his part, that says to him, 'Make a living, honestly if you can, but make it somehow.' This may be an imperfect view to take of the everlasting obligations of morality; but when we admit that the habitual criminal is a being

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strangely compounded of imperfections, we say no more than that he is like other men. It would show finer morality to prefer starvation to theft; yet I think that the majority of men have good reason to pray that they may not be led into that temptation."

Ever since the inauguration of its Labour Home system in 1889, the Church Army had dealt with a constantly increasing number of ex-convicts, and in 1900 came official recognition by its appointment by the Home Office as a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

This materially strengthened the hands of Mr. Colin Campbell, the hon. secretary of the Social department. Not only was the appointment a mark of official approval and a guarantee of official help, but it made the Church Army still more attractive in the eyes of the ex-convict, and this was something to be grateful for. When a man leaves a convict establishment he is handed a small sum of money, which varies according to his prison record. If he elects to "join a society," to use the official term for going straight to a duly certified Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, he receives in addition a small gratuity. This is forwarded direct to the Society, to be expended on the man's behalf.

In May of 1900, with the permission of the Prison Commissioners, Mr. Colin Campbell began at Port-

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land a system of regular visits to convict prisons. At each of these establishments he spends a week-end three times a year. On his arrival it is announced, publicly in chapel, or by word of mouth to those concerned, that any man whose discharge will take place before his next visit may have an interview with him. Twenty or thirty, sometimes as many as fifty men, about to be turned out into the world again, will ask to see him, and thus he meets in the course of his twelve annual visits a good proportion of the men who provide the country with one of its most interesting and difficult problems.

These interviews call for considerable tact, and Mr. Campbell, with a wide experience of men and a remarkable insight into human nature, has plenty of scope for the exercise of these qualities. Some of the men will attempt to discuss real or imaginary grievances, or try to enlist his sympathy for a petition to the Home Secretary on some simple or gigantic matter. But naturally he has neither the authority to deal with such matters, nor the wish to bring Church Army prison work to a sudden end by interfering with proper discipline, and the men must "speak to the resolution"—that is, the question of their prospects on discharge—or be silent. An exception is made if they wish to enlist help for their wives and families; but of this more later.

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When Mr. Campbell leaves a prison, after one of these visits, he brings away with him a list of men who have expressed a wish to be discharged to the Church Army. To this he has, of course, added notes of his own, founded on close observation and careful inquiry, which will guide his staff in dealing with the cases.

Every convict who has elected to be helped by the Church Army is discharged direct to the care of the Society, being handed over by a prison official to a member of Mr. Campbell's staff. Thus there is no interval during which the man's good resolutions may be scattered to the winds.

A few days before the man's arrival a blue form reaches Mr. Campbell from the prison authorities. This gives his name, full description, a history of his past, and all other particulars, together with his photograph, full face and profile. In the Prison department of the Church Army are many bulky scrap-books full of these blue forms, and constituting a remarkable portrait gallery, including, as it does, many notorious criminals whose names are almost household words. Some of them have a grim interest, being the photographs of men who have failed to profit by the Church Army's assistance, and, taking again to crime, have ended their career on the scaffold. Mr. Jemmett, who handles the

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Discharged Prisoners' Aid department, under Mr. Campbell, is in the way of becoming an authority on the subject, and when a big murder trial is on he can often recall the prisoner as one of his "bad cases."

But if these portrait albums have their dark memories, they have also, to a far greater extent, their records of men won from the criminal ranks and helped to become honest, self-supporting citizens. Figures are not, as a rule, of great interest, but in this case they are bright with their story of work well done.

In 1904, out of 917 male convicts discharged, 309, or a little more than one-third, elected to be helped by the Church Army. How they were dealt with is shown in the following table:—

106 were passed into employment.
31 had prospects of work when last heard of.
4 were emigrated.
5 were passed abroad.
4 went to sea.
25 returned to friends.
7 were still in the Church Army Labour Homes at the end of the year represented by these figures.
8 started as dealers, hawkers, &c.
48 were provided with temporary work, stock, tools, lodgings, clothes, food, fares, &c.
4 cases were released within a few days of the end of

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the year referred to here, and not disposed of when the figures were compiled.

67 cases remain, to be classed as unsatisfactory, including those who received their gratuity and did not apply again, as well as those who refused all offers of help.

A sum of £815 was received from the Governors of H.M. Prisons, representing gratuities and other grants due to the ex-convicts. This was handed to the men, or expended in their interests by the Church Army. It is hardly necessary to say that each man receives in cash, railway fares, or clothing the full amount due to him, without any deduction for expenses.

The wise man prophesies after the event, and the Church Army refuses to state definitely whether a man is reclaimed until it sees him buried. The same, after all, applies to each of us. But the above figures speak for themselves, and as each case has been specially studied and handled in the way that wide experience and knowledge of men suggests, the chances of failure are reduced as low as possible. With its wide network of offices and agencies, the Society is enabled to keep in touch with the man wherever he may go, and if he really wants to walk straight he knows that he has got friends for life. There are plenty of people

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about who hold that the criminal cannot be reformed; that he is a class to himself, with instincts that are not to be eradicated. But while the so-called criminal class does contain many who are no more to be separated from crime than the leopard from his spots, there are yet many, even among those with long black records, who have at last been turned. The Church Army's books show countless instances of men who have served sentences amounting in all to twenty or thirty years, who are now doing well, many of them contributing to the Society's funds from time to time, or otherwise seeking to show their gratitude. Here are one or two typical cases.

We will call the first man X, but his real name, and many of his aliases, together with his portraits and records, are on blue Government forms in the Church Army's books. (He was at one time a confederate of the late unlamented Charles Peace, and associated with him in many of his varied escapades.) He served several terms of imprisonment, and one day found himself outside in the world again with a total of twenty-seven years involuntary service against his name. While in prison he had seen some of the Church Army prison missioners, as well as Mr. Campbell, and on discharge he elected to come to the Society.

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Rev. W. Carlile and group of Prison Missioners, examining tools handed to the Church Army by a repentant burglar.

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He profited by the offer of a fresh start, and did so well that at last he set up a little business of his own. With tears of gratitude in his eyes, he thanked Mr. Carlile and Mr. Campbell for providing a bridge over the gulf that separates a gaol-bird from honesty and hope. He has now been doing well for over five years, and so far as human foresight can tell, he has entirely broken with his dark past.

Not long ago, there stood beside the font at St. Mary-at-Hill Church, a man with his wife and firstborn. The man's had been a misspent life, and after many a term of imprisonment, he was helped by the Church Army. Soon he did so well that he thought about getting married. A respectable young woman, with a full knowledge of his past, took his name for hers, and they were made man and wife. The Church Army helped them to get a comfortable home together, the "Old Clo' Department" providing most of the sound, second-hand furniture. When a baby arrived to share the home, they both declared that no one but Mr. Carlile must baptize it, and accordingly, one evening at St. Mary-at-Hill Church, the ex-convict handed his little one to Mr. Carlile, beside the old font, and Mr. Jemmett, of the Prison department of the Church Army, became a godfather.

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One more story, and in this there is an open grave instead of a font. A man aged 64, who had spent half his life in prison, and thought he had not a friend in the world, found himself among a whole crowd of them when he turned to the Church Army. He proved anxious to make amends for the past, and for some time worked for the Society at one of its Homes. The officer under whose care he was placed spoke of him as one of his most reliable and best conducted men. It was discovered, later on, that out of his small earnings he bought a pair of boots for a man worse off than himself, and otherwise assisted him. One day he was taken ill, and before long died in hospital. Almost his last words were a message to Mr. Carlile: "I know I've been a bad 'un, but, if you can, please spare me a pauper's grave." Poor chap! it was all that could be done for him in recognition of his endeavours to atone for the past, and it was all he asked, after a misspent life. Every search was made, the Home Office lending valuable help, but no one could be found to claim him, and he was buried by the Church Army, two or three members of the staff leaving an important meeting to stand by his grave.

So many stories might be told, each of them a record of struggle, and proving that every day

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unknown men are fighting and behaving like heroes, right away from the band and the limelight. They may have had shady pasts, but the way they battle when at last their eyes are opened to the gleam, is a thing to honour. One of the cleverest forgers in the country, with a European reputation, came to the Church Army after serving in all thirty-one years in prison. Up to that time he had always drifted into the old paths. But now he is doing well, and when he occasionally meets Mr. Carlile, and shakes hands, he leaves a little piece of gold behind, to help some other fellow struggling where once he struggled. The first time this happened, Mr. Carlile paid in his own cheque to the Church Army funds for the amount of the gift, and kept the ex-convict's half-sovereign. Since then he has carried the little piece of gold, wrapped in paper in his purse, and when he feels despondent, he takes it out and looks at it.

But it is, of course, among the first offenders that the Church Army must look for most of its successes, for this is a class where even the most pessimistic sees a chance of useful work. Many of these are included among the 1,844 men dealt with in 1904 from local prisons, in addition to the 309 ex-convicts. Of these, 784 were dealt with in London, and 1,060 in the provinces. These figures, it should be said in

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passing, are undoubtedly too small, for in many cases the Church Army has only the word of the man himself that he is an ex-prisoner. A number of men, it is well known, reply "No" to the question "Have you been in prison?" which is asked of all applicants for assistance.

These 1,844 ex-prisoners, who came to the Church Army after serving short sentences, include a large proportion of first offenders, and were dealt with as follows:—

340 obtained situations.
20 were emigrated, after careful training and testing.
4 went to sea.
16 enlisted.
48 were restored to friends.
22 were sent to hospital.
359 were provided with temporary work, stock, tools, &c.
172 were still in Labour Homes at end of year.
15 were transferred to other homes.
118 were dismissed from Homes for serious breaches of regulations.
20 absconded.
7 were rearrested.
576 left to seek work.
127 refused help, or proved otherwise unsatisfactory.

So far as known, the 1,844 ex-prisoners did 40,513 days' work between them, greatly to the surprise

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of some, who at one time never intended to do an honest day's work in their lives. But the Church Army has a kindly, persuasive way, backed by tremendous determination, an iron hand in a velvet glove, and some of the worst shirkers are hard at work before they quite realise what has happened.

The above figures tell a plain and unvarnished tale, and if you look through them you know the worst, as well as the best. They are so far satisfactory, to those in a position to judge, that the Church Army is encouraged to go on.

One of the reports of the Prisons Commission, for instance—and Blue Books are not issued to raise funds for any Society—speaks as follows of the work :—

"Reports from nearly all the prisons testify to the admirable work done by the Church Army, through its Missions and Labour Homes ; and we can testify generally to the invaluable aid that we receive from Mr. Colin Campbell, who directs this branch of the work. No case is too difficult or hopeless for him and his colleagues to tackle. So far as prisons are concerned, the Church Army has grown by steady and cautious development into one of the great reclaiming influences of the age."

The same Blue Book—like, indeed, all issued since the Church Army took up this work—is full of

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similar reports from Governors and Chaplains of prisons. The fact that these officials are among the Society's best friends, continually speaking in its praise at public meetings, is at least important.

"We calculate," said Mr. Carlile, in a paper read before the Church Congress at Weymouth (1905), "that 50 per cent. of all ex-prisoners passing through our hands get a fresh start. Our methods are to treat them well, to keep them hard at work, to pay them fair market rate wages, above all to show that we care for them for their own sake and the Master's—in brief, to try the power of love as a reformative agent. That we should have succeeded to the extent of 50 per cent. with no power of compulsion, and with limited means, shows, I think, that we are working on right lines, and that if our system could be so extended as to embrace every prisoner, with some sort of power of detention until improvement was manifest, even better results might be anticipated." The Governors of Dartmoor and Portland Prisons were on the platform, and afterwards spoke to Mr. Carlile in the highest terms of Church Army prison work. One of them said that he sends over 90 per cent. of his discharged men to the Church Army.

Mr. Carlile then proceeded to make certain

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suggestions for dealing with prisoners, remarking that it was not unnatural for him to think the Church Army best fitted for carrying these out.

Briefly, his plan is the formation of Land Colonies or adult reformatories, each accommodating from 200 to 300 ex-prisoners, in eight or ten Homes. Prisoners should be discharged through these Homes, and thus "hardened off" instead of being shot straight from the hothouse of prison to the chill air of the outside world. Not more than 25 men would be placed in each home, because personal influence is the keystone of the whole plan, and Church Army experience has shown that number to be the greatest number over which one man can exert that influence. Once placed in one of these Homes, a man should be compelled to stay until discharged by competent authority, and desertion should be made a punishable crime. The colonies, or groups of Homes, should be of two kinds, the one provided by the State, the other by philanthropic societies (or "Society Homes"). The State Home is to be more penal in character, with poorer food, harder work, and scanty indulgences. Every inducement is thus held out to a man to do his best, and earn promotion to a "Society Home." Here the food would be more generous, and greater indulgences allowed. In both

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classes of Homes wages should be paid, a mere pittance in the State Home, and a closer approach to the market rate of pay in the "Society Home." With regard to the latter Homes—and it is in the management of these that the Church Army and kindred bodies would be of service—private benevolence would provide the necessary land, buildings, and equipment, hoping that the State would pay a capitation grant for every inmate sent by public authorities. So far as possible they would be grouped in self-contained colonies, the men raising crops, and making goods chiefly for their own use.

Not every discharged prisoner would be sent to these colonies, but Mr. Carlile suggests that every man who has once been committed to gaol for six months or for several shorter periods aggregating six months, should come within their scope. All such men would have to pass through one, or both of the homes, *en route* to the world again. The length of time served in these homes after leaving prison, and before being fully discharged, would depend on the man's conduct, reported on by the Superintendent of the Home to the Secretary of State. It should be a rule that no man is discharged until he has definite work to go to, and if he finds himself again unemployed, he is

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to report himself to the Home in which he last served.

This is only the barest outline of Mr. Carlile's suggestion, which can be read at length in the Church Congress records. But some such co-operation between the State and philanthropic societies is, he feels convinced, the best way of discharging prisoners. This gradual process would be only an application, on a wider scale, of the work already done successfully by the Church Army in its homes.

Before leaving the subject altogether, mention should be made of the Church Army's efforts on behalf of the wives and families of prisoners, these innocent ones who suffer for the guilty. It is largely our instinct of self-preservation that prompts us to lock up the evildoer, and with our police and prison system we feel safe, and wear our gold watches over glad hearts. But it so happens that our comfortable feeling is, in many cases, purchased at the expense of harassed wives and starving children, for when you lock a man up, out of regard for your own gold watch, you may take the bread-winner from the home. Of course, he is a desperate character, and a highly improper bread-winner, but he is bread and butter to the little ones. It is hardly pleasant, after all, that women and children should

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starve, that your gold watch may go safe, and your silver plate remain untouched.

So pitiable were the stories that reached the ears of the Church Army staff of the misery and distress caused in many a home, while the husband and father was in gaol for the good of the people, that it was decided to do something to remedy matters. Accordingly a department was formed for dealing with the wives of prisoners, and this is now at work, not only in London, but all over the country. Every effort is made to give work rather than doles, and at one of the London Homes a workroom has been set apart for prisoners' wives. In other cases, needle or laundry work is provided for them at their own homes, or in the neighbourhood. Where the children do not form a hindrance, a situation can often be found for the woman.

There are, of course, some cases where the woman is quite as bad as her husband, but, as a rule, they are found, after careful inquiry, to be most deserving. The Church Army's attention is drawn to these cases in many ways. Sometimes a prisoner appeals personally to the Church Army officer, who visits him in his cell, and asks him to find out how his wife and little ones are getting on, and help them if necessary. Very often the man speaks to the chaplain, who passes on the case to Mr. Campbell.

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In other cases, the pitiable plight of the wife and family is discovered by a Church Army evangelist or mission nurse, while visiting in the slums.

It may be urged against such work that if a man is sure that his wife and family will be looked after while he is in gaol, one of the inducements to remain honest is removed. But it is questionable whether many men so carefully weigh the pros and cons before committing a crime. Nor has he any grounds, at present, for believing that help for his family is certain, for the Church Army is, unhappily, unable to help more than a fraction of the pitiable cases that come to light. Those who know Mr. Campbell will rest content that unless this work were sound, and defensible on some other grounds than the merely sentimental, he would not carry it on. I am inclined to believe that the man who gets a sovereign out of Mr. Campbell without showing excellent reasons has worked hard for the money, and is a candidate for the rest-cure.

The tendency of this work for prisoners' wives and families is undoubtedly to strengthen the hold of the Church Army on the men themselves, and thus help forward their plans for reforming the criminal.

The chaplain of the Exeter Prison, for instance, says of this work :—

"My experience tells me that any help to the wife

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and children is gratefully acknowledged by the convict, and is in more than one case the turning-point from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

The chaplain of Wandsworth Prison also writes :—

"I am very pleased you are able to help Mrs. —— in such a practical manner. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my most sincere appreciation of the courtesy you display whenever I write about prisoners' wives and their families. Every case has been investigated, and substantial and suitable assistance given, if the result of the inquiry was satisfactory. This branch of the Church Army's work is of the greatest importance, for by the timely help thus rendered the wife has been able to keep the home together until her husband's discharge from prison. It is difficult to conceive what the feelings of a man must be when at the end of his imprisonment he finds his home sold up, and the wife and children in the Union. No home, no friends; what wonder if the man loses all hope and is driven to despair? I particularly value this branch of the Church Army, because so much care is taken to help only after careful inquiry, and then in such a manner as will result in the greatest benefit."

So much for the Church Army's work in connection with prisons. Enough has been said to show

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that Mr. Carlile and Mr. Campbell are working on sound and thorough lines, such as have commended themselves to the authorities, and secured their valuable testimony and assistance.

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CHAPTER XV

"The Whiteley Society"—The Pioneer department—The humours of opposition—For St. Alban's sake—In barrack-room and camp—Workhouses and reformatories—The new *Sartor Resartus*—Lanterns, books, and printing presses—The "Brotherhood."

"That I may by all means save some."—ST. PAUL.

IN the last three or four chapters I have endeavoured to give a "rapid review" of the vast organisation which has grown up under the unceasing energies of Mr. Carlile and his devoted staff. Unhappily, for a detailed account there is no space in this book, for each of the Church Army's numerous branches might well provide interesting material for a volume. But as a photograph, with its wealth of detail, is impossible, I have been compelled to give rather an impression, creating any effect by broad washes of colour. Otherwise there is the danger of supplying a mere catalogue, especially as the Church

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Army, touching the world of religious and philanthropic endeavour at almost every point, resembles one of our vast modern stores, supplying everything. Some one has called the Church Army "the Whiteley Society," and the name sums up its activities rather neatly.

But there are one or two more features of the work that should be mentioned. There is, for instance, the Pioneer and Tent Mission department, managed by Captain Carter. Of course, the use of tents in mission work is by no means novel. Mr. Carlile was familiar with them from his days with the Sankey Choir and the Evangelisation Society, and the Church Army made use of them from the first. But it was in 1897 that Mr. Carlile decided to start a special department for "Pioneer" work. This was done as a thankoffering to God, Who, in spite of the many other calls on the public purse in Diamond Jubilee year, gave the Church Army a bigger income than ever. A certain sum was therefore set apart for this work and a number of tents ordered.

The aim of the "Pioneer department" is to come to the assistance of the clergy of crowded slum parishes, and by working on somewhat novel and definitely aggressive lines, to open up the way for the ordinary parochial organisations. The "Pioneers," in short, strive to do for the town parishes what the

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vans do for country districts. Though schoolrooms and mission-halls are sometimes used, a tent is generally erected when an open space can be found. It is usually easier to fill this than an ordinary hall, the novel and informal character of the erection proving specially attractive to men. It is, in Mr. Carlile's own words, "the half-way house between the public-house and the Church." At first the men will hang around the sides and the doorway, smoking and shyly peeping in. Presently they will slip inside, unnoticed, as they hope, and take a seat in the darkened tent to see the pictures.

Then, to the surprise of a man who thought that religion takes everything good and jolly out of life, he learns that it really adds to his happiness. For a night or two he may struggle against the feeling, out of the very British desire to avoid making a fool of himself. But one night the grip on his heart becomes irresistible, the beauty of Christ sweeps clean and soothing over his darkened soul, and he kneels to tell God all about it, the Church Army evangelist helping him in what he would know and say. Then he steps out of that tent a different man.

It is in such work that the Church Army as a Church society gets a special hold on men. Most of them were baptized as little children, for christening is one of the most important functions among

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the very poor, and rarely missed, though perhaps not always understood or appreciated. The years pass by. The little, wide-eyed, wondering infant grows up. His eyes become bleary through drink, his mouth is foul. But one day he is gripped by God, through his own vicar or by a Church Army evangelist, and it is something to work upon to remind that man that he was once enrolled as Christ's soldier, to fight manfully. He realises that a great responsibility rests on him. He is not as a man refusing to join a regiment; he is a deserter, a low-down runaway, funking the fight. All through these long years the very idea of such a man ever having been baptized and sworn in as Christ's soldier seemed absurd, and some might scoff. And then one day God stopped him in a tent or at a church door, and the very fact of having been christened as a little baby helped that man to make a firmer stand for Christ and His Cross.

The outside world hears little of these men, but they are all over the country. In the factory or yard they are known to their mates, these steady followers of the Christ, who put in the best day's work of the whole crowd and are the willing helpers and advisers of their fellows. Thousands know nothing of religion save what they see in the daily lives of these humble soldiers of the Cross, and if the

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Church Army did nothing but help to raise such men from indifference and drunkenness and set them among their mates as real ministers of the Gospel it would do well. "I never thought much of religion till I watched the man what worked next to me," is the sort of thing you often hear. "He was my archbishop and parson all rolled into one."

It is largely men of this type whom the Church Army reaches, especially in its tent missions. The 500 temperance pledges signed during the 97 Pioneer missions of 1904 were mostly taken by men, and a good proportion of the 5,000 Resolution cards applied for by those who professed to have "turned over a new leaf" at these services were issued to hard-handed working men. In that year the "Pioneers" held 1,800 services in tents and halls (this does not include special services for men, women, and children), and in the open air 1,144 meetings took place. Many of the latter were held at factory gates, in the dinner-hour, the men sitting or standing round, eating and smoking, while their vicar or the visiting Church Army captain talked of the most important things of life.

Occasionally a theatre or circus building will be hired for two or three weeks, and in several provincial towns the whole of the clergy, ignoring for the time parochial boundaries, have joined hands in a big

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united Church Army Pioneer Mission. At a number of seaside towns, too, during summer months, missions are held on the sands. At Blackpool, for instance, where the Bishop of Manchester held a remarkably successful mission in August, 1905, the Church Army, with the clergy of the town, had "pioneered" on the beach for several years, so that the Church was already known and understood.

Occasionally the tents have a little opposition to encounter, but this often ends happily. Captain Carter sends me the following as typical of many incidents :—

"At E—— our tent was pitched on the only plot of ground available, which happened to be the special meeting-ground for all the roughs of the neighbourhood. On Sunday, groups of men and youths met there playing pitch and toss and gambling all the day through, and occasionally a free fight took place. These men resented the tent being on what they looked upon as their ground, and did all they could think of to upset the services. Time after time the ropes of the tent were cut and the tent let down, and although we had a caretaker inside all night, an attempt was made to burn it down, a bonfire being lit close to the canvas. Our evangelist, who had been a sailor, was a very tactful fellow, and determined to try and win those men.

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Before the mission came to an end he had made a friend of the ringleader of the roughs, and he and some twenty others began to attend the services. They made no profession of conversion, but at the close of the mission they went voluntarily in a body to the vicar to ask if he would start a Bible-class for them, as they wished to live a different life from what they had been doing, and meant to spend the Sundays in a right way. Fifteen of them had not been in a church for over ten years."

The coming of the tent, and its erection, is usually a great attraction to the children of the neighbourhood, who think that a circus has arrived. "One child pointed me out as the clown!" remarks Captain Carter, with a groan. With its caravans in the country, and its tents in town, the Church Army seems to spend a good deal of time raising false hopes in the hearts of children, and dashing them to the ground when a mere service is announced, and not a circus or wild-beast show!

Sometimes the wisdom of serpents has to be added to the meekness of doves, as in the case of a mission in one of the roughest parts of a provincial town. The tent was pitched in a yard, and on the boundary wall the youth of the neighbourhood gathered each evening, shouting and throwing all manner of refuse. One night, shortly before the service, the Church

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Army captain tarred the wall. The lads arrived promptly, and jumped on to the wall. Then the laugh was rather on the side of the missioner, for his tormentors cut that wall dead for the rest of the time. Most of them, appreciating this religious fellow who was a little smarter than themselves, chummed up with him, and he had reason to be satisfied with the results of his stay in that parish. In another part of the same town, some lads cut the guy-ropes of the tent, and let the centre pole fall across a line of washing in a neighbouring yard, bringing the clean clothes into disastrous contact with the ground.

Some of the people make curious mistakes when dealing with Church affairs. One of the Church Army mission nurses always accompanies each Pioneer mission, and in a certain East London parish she lodged for a fortnight with a woman in rather humble circumstances. One night there was a confirmation at the Church, and the vicar invited his principal parish workers, including the visiting Church Army captain and nurse, to meet the Bishop at supper at the clergy house.

"I shan't be in till rather late to-night," said the nurse to her hostess, as she went out after tea. "I'm going to have supper with a bishop."

"All right, miss," replied the old woman. "I can

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quite understand that in your work you have to mix with all denominations."

It was in the same parish that the same nurse, while visiting, asked a woman to come to the services, and received the answer, "No thanks, I never go to any place of amusement now, not even the theatre. You see, I'm rather hard of hearing, and when other people laugh, it makes me look so silly, for I don't know what they're laughing at!"

Soldiers have always had a warm place in Mr. Carlile's heart. He learned to appreciate their devotion in the Franco-Prussian war, and we have seen that he was chiefly led to his first and only curacy by the prospect of work at the barracks.

Nor can Britons forget that the first Christian martyr on our soil was a young soldier, who gave his neck to the sword for the faith that was in him, and spilt his blood to build St. Albans Abbey. One may stand by that time-worn Abbey on the hill, to-day the Cathedral of the diocese, and fancy that every blood-red brick in its massive square tower has cried for centuries, with the voice of Alban, the obscure Roman ranker: "Tell the men of the pike and the short broad sword, tell the men of the long bow and the cloth yard shafts, tell the men of the musket and the western sailing ships, tell the men of the rifle and the machine gun—tell them all that the

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truest soldier is he who marches to a nobler strain than human ear has ever heard, beneath a Banner that leads ever victorious to the triumph within the City gates."

St. Alban has ever been represented in the British Army. Men speak of Havelock and Gordon who couldn't name a single Bishop on the bench. The Church Army turns to the soldiers, then, not as men who are much better or much worse than their civilian brethren, but as to men who deserve anything we can do to help them. While you and I stay at home and go to church, the soldier goes about the globe, and the black and yellow races judge the white man's God by the behaviour of the white man in the khaki uniform.

The Church Army first made the acquaintance of His Majesty's forces during the South African war. At the request of the War Office and the Archbishop of Capetown, nine of the Society's evangelists proceeded to the front, to help the chaplains and do all they could for the men. They marched with Tommy Atkins from the Modder River to Pretoria; they sat down with him at the camp fire when he counted the living and spoke of the dead; they watched beside his hospital cot and wrote his last letter home, and in the chill greyness of early dawn, they stood by the open grave, and read the service

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that spoke to bystanders, who might be under fire the next hour, of "a sure and certain hope." To-day they are all safe home again, fighting the old fight in the slums and the hedgerows, with the King's War Medal to remind them of the days on the veldt, and with many firm friends among the men they met out there. Since the war, other Church Army officers have been "lent" to the Army Scripture Readers Association, for work at Bloemfontein and other garrison towns.

The friendship thus begun has been strengthened by the missions which the Church Army, with the approval of the War Office and the hearty assistance and sympathy of the Chaplain-General, is holding in many barracks.

"No apology is needed for our interest in soldiers," says Mr. Carlile. "There are many temptations incident to their calling, but we are far from saying that they stand more in need of missions than any similar number of men engaged in other pursuits. The fact of so many men, young, and for the most part well-intentioned, and having before them a future full of infinite possibilities of good or evil, being gathered together in one place, and thus being readily accessible, makes missions to them at once attractive and appropriate. In a few years every one of them will pass out of the army and take his

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place as a citizen. Discipline does much for their characters; and if a Divine spark can be kindled within them, if to that of the regiment can be added the discipline, the discipleship, of Christ, their training for the duties of citizenship of earth and Heaven will leave not much to be desired."

Of course, these missions are only held with the goodwill of the commanding officer and the chaplain. As a rule they begin at Church Parade on Sunday morning, when the Church Army evangelist addresses the men. After that, services of a free-and-easy type, often with lantern pictures, always with plenty of swinging hymns, are held each evening in some convenient place, the C.O. generally granting a barrack-room if necessary. During the day the missioner will go round the barrack-rooms or tents, talking with the men, who receive him well, though a good deal of chaff often greets him at first. It is perhaps not unimportant to say that the Church Army evangelists always drop the title "captain" when working among soldiers. Where there are married quarters, a mission nurse visits among the wives and children, and often conducts special meetings for them.

Numerous letters from chaplains, officers and men, show that the missions are so conducted as to prove acceptable to all. They are often given a semi-

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official standing by being mentioned by the adjutant in the orders for the day, so that the evangelists are recognised in the barrack-room as men having the confidence of the authorities, and not mere interlopers. When these missions were first suggested, soon after the troops returned from South Africa, Bishop Taylor-Smith, the Chaplain-General, wrote to Mr. Carlile: "The Chaplain-General has every sympathy with your projected work, and wishes it signal success." These good wishes he has confirmed on more than one occasion by preaching at the parade service that opens the Church Army mission, and commending the work to all.

An equally successful work, on a wider scale, among a very different class, is done in workhouses and reformatories, where missions are also held. The Local Government Board warmly approve and officially sanction these efforts, while Boards of Guardians and chaplains also speak highly of the work. To a great extent, it is the aged who are reached, and it is something to bring a gleam of light and hope into the lives of these old souls. In the reformatories, the missioners deal with those at the very threshold of life, and there is reason to believe that many a lad will go the straighter for the visit of the Church Army officer. The new face and the new voice; the fact that this man is not one

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of the officials whom they meet every day—these are feelings that help the missioners to get hold of men and women and lads whom the chaplain has failed to influence.

There is another branch of Church Army work that suggests some interesting comparisons, for if Thomas Carlyle wrote a classic on clothes, Wilson Carlile has woven them into one of the most fascinating romances of modern times. A heap of old clothes, with a few old boots scattered about, and a hat on the top, hardly suggests breathless excitement or thrilling interest. And yet the "Old Clo' Depôt" of the Church Army plays a wonderful part in raising men and women from destitution. It was soon found that the work of the Labour Homes failed at a most important point if the inmates could not be decently clothed when fresh openings offered themselves. Some of the men enter Church Army doors with a torn coat and a ragged pair of trousers, and a *Daily Mail* for a shirt. Obviously with a man like that, it is not enough to kill the fatted calf, and put a ring on his finger. A change of raiment must also be procured, and since a complete new outfit is rather beyond the man's means, even if he avoid New Bond Street, a second-hand "rig out" has to be provided. Here the "Old Clo' Depôt" steps in, for it is continually collecting

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second-hand clothing from friends of the Church Army in all parts of the country, and it can fit out a regiment at a moment's notice. The goods are all sold to the men, for it is one of Mr. Carlile's first principles that a man must help himself. So he gets the opportunity of earning money in a Church Army Home, and can then buy at a cheap rate whatever he requires. The same applies to the inmates of the women's Homes. It gives some idea of the extent of the work to learn that, although the prices run exceedingly low—so low that dealers have to be excluded by a ticket system—the sales in 1904 reached a sum of over £3,000. Sacks to the number of 2,400 were issued to Church Army friends that year, to be filled with old clothes as occasion permitted, while over 8,000 parcels were received, to replenish the stock. Besides the more obvious gifts of old clothing, boots and furniture, the Depôt also receives large quantities of old gold and silver, jewellery and curios, which are sold for the benefit of the Society's funds. So the romance of old clothes goes on. To Carlyle they suggested a philosophy, to Carlile they speak of hope for the worst, and a fresh start for all.

This Old Clo' Depôt is really a part of the Social work, but it serves to lead us to the trading departments of the Church Army. These now occupy a

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handsome building at 12, Edgware Road, having the Training Homes and Headquarters in the rear, in Bryanston Street.

The lantern has played a great part in the work of the Church Army. Mr. Carlile proved its value in his days as a layman; later it did good service at Kensington, and in the early career of the Church Army he spent a good deal of time in hot water because some people thought a lantern savoured too much of the world, the flesh, and the other party to find a place in religious work. To-day it is welcomed on every hand, and is in the dangerous position of being spoken well of by all men.

The Lantern department began in a small way in a cupboard, where Miss Cheshire kept a few sets of slides, and lent them to Church Army evangelists in different parts. To-day it occupies several floors of a large building, with its showrooms, photographic studios, dark-rooms for developing slides, and work-rooms where they are hand-coloured and finished off. Altogether the hire stock numbers one hundred thousand. In the course of a year nearly a million will be loaned, the Lent of 1905 accounting for almost two hundred thousand. Clergy all over the country use Church Army slides, which also go to military chaplains and others in every part of the world. All the Church Army vans and mission tents carry

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lanterns, and most of the other evangelists make use of them from time to time. Indeed, it would not be too much to claim for Mr. Carlile and his men that by refusing to abandon the lantern in days when it was almost universally condemned they have helped to bring it into its present wide use. It is, therefore, fitting that the Church Army Lantern department should be in the front rank of the trade, both for the sale and hire of slides, and for supplying lanterns and all other accessories.

Closely allied is the Art department in the same building, for here most of the slides are coloured by hand, at the rate of between ten and eleven thousand each year. A great deal of very excellent Church embroidery and fine needlework is also done here, and besides the experienced workers, employment is given to a good number of women from the Society's homes.

The Publication department, also in the same building, issues large numbers of books each year, through the mission vans and colporteurs, as well as in the ordinary course of business. Twenty-three thousand Bibles and Testaments, thirteen thousand Prayer Books, sixty thousand Church Army hymn books and band parts, nearly a quarter of a million text cards, and tens of thousands of books of a devotional and general character, go to make up a

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part of the year's sales. The *Church Army Gazette* has already been mentioned. To this has recently been added a monthly supplement giving information about the Society's Social work. With the exception of the *Quarterly Paper*, this is the first attempt to give regularly and systematically any account of the doings and the progress of this important side of the Church Army's work. A well-wisher may perhaps be allowed to express the hope that this supplement may only be the forerunner of a more ambitious attempt to educate people on the problems of the day and the effort that is being made to tackle them. After all, it would immensely strengthen the Church Army, and make its thousands of soldiers yet more proud and devoted adherents if they were kept fully informed of the scope and magnitude of the Social work. At present it is to be feared that the people generally do not realise the great part the Church Army is playing in the struggle with some of the gravest problems of the day, and its modesty, while perfectly delightful, may prove a short-sighted policy.

Many years ago the Church Army undertook to print the *Gazette* and some of its handbills and booklets. This has grown to the "Church Army Press," at Cowley, Oxford, under the management of Mr. D. R. Watkins. All sorts of printing and book-

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binding are undertaken, a wide selection of type, and the latest electrically-driven machinery ensuring efficiency. The works are very pleasantly situated in the open country, most of the workpeople living close at hand. It is, in fact, an ideal situation, quite a little "Garden City," and a scene of happy, healthy industry that would delight the heart of a Morris or a Ruskin. It is what the trade calls a "Union" house, so that fair wages and hours rule the work; in fact, the treatment in these respects is a little ahead of "Union" requirements. It is found that the happiest workmen produce the best work, so that the experiment is quite justified. The Church Army's own printing reaches a big figure each year, with five million of *Gazettes*, eighty thousand *Quarterlies*, localised *Gazettes*, sheet almanacks, hundreds of thousands of booklets, tracts, hymnals, &c., and handbills, posters, leaflets, &c., literally by the million. In addition, a good deal of outside work is secured, in open competition on business lines with the trade, so that Mr. Watkins and his men are kept busy.

This has only been a very brief glance at some of the departments of the Church Army's activities, and I can only hope that such summary treatment of the work of so many devoted people will not add to the "winter of their discontent."

One other thing Mr. Carlile is particularly anxious

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to see briefly mentioned, and that is the Church Army Brotherhood. This consists of two funds, called respectively the "Benevolent" and "Thrift" funds, and exists to help the officers and nurses of the Church Army, who, having given up hopes of worldly advancement, and devoted their lives to the service of their fellows, must be provided for against sickness and old age.

The Church Army pays into the "Benevolent" fund an amount equivalent to all sums subscribed by the officers and nurses themselves to the "Thrift" fund. From this grants are made in case of special need, sickness, or distress. An elected committee of officers and nurses, with Mr. Carlile as chairman, manages the fund, to which Captain Prior acts as hon. secretary.

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CHAPTER XVI

Rev. W. Carlile as parish priest—Netteswell—Relations with Wesleyans—The call of the town—St. Mary-at-Hill—The City Samaritan Office—Scandalising the work-shy—Re-opening the church—A little of its history—The *Daily News* census—Limelight and music—Topical sermons—"Pudding Sunday"—A remarkable outburst—One result of "Doll Sunday"—At the public-house door—"Glasses round"—Smoking in church—The dinner-hour service—Tower Hill and Spitalfields—"Petticoat Lane"—Some results of the services—*M.A.P.* on C.

"And when he spoke of earthly things,
'Twas with an holy cunning, that led men on
To one o'ermastering thought."

THE story of the Church Army, as I have endeavoured to sketch it in the last few chapters, necessarily forms a personal study of Mr. Carlile. It is the one idea that he has lived for, for over twenty-five years; it represents his energy in a concrete form. Surrounded by a devoted staff, to whom too great praise cannot be given, the fact remains that to this one

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man is due almost every detail of the movement, for where his activity has not initiated, his personality has inspired. Amid all the work, other men have had private interests and hobbies to which they have occasionally turned for recreation, but not a waking moment of Mr. Carlile's life, during the existence of the Church Army, has been given to any other idea. It has been his work and his hobby, and it is a striking instance of what can be done by one man who dedicates his whole being to one great object.

But there also remains his work as parish priest, for to many people he is as well known as rector of St. Mary-at-Hill Church, in the City of London, as founder and leader of the Church Army. But this is not his first experience in the charge of a parish, for he held for a short period the country living of Netteswell, in Essex.

The events leading up to his appointment begin with the starting of the Church Army's Social work at the end of the eighties. The result of the new departure was to throw at once on to Mr. Carlile's heavily burdened shoulders fresh responsibilities. Hitherto his principal duties, after the development of the work generally, was to seek openings and support for the men and women whom the Church Army had trained. This certainly meant raising

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each year a large amount of money, but it bore no comparison with the funds that at once became necessary when the Labour Home system was set on foot. This new move at once multiplied his anxieties, with the result that his labours began to tell on him, and at last his health broke down again. For the third time in his life he was visited by the physical collapse that was constantly threatened by the weak spot in his constitution, and he was thrown on to his back, as he had been after his business worries in 1875 and the assault in 1883.

He sought medical advice, and was ordered to at once move into the country from Kensington, where he was still living in the small house he had taken there as a curate. To sleep several nights a week away from town would, he was told, add ten years to his life.

This news reached the ears of influential friends, and he was shortly afterwards offered the living of Netteswell, in Essex, a village of about five hundred inhabitants. The patron represented that such a small place would by no means require all his energies, and if assisted in the parochial work by a Church Army officer, he would still be left free to devote considerable time to his wider responsibilities. The temptation to take rest by adding to his labours, or at any rate by a change of work, was too strong to

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be resisted by Mr. Carlile, and he accepted the living, moving to Netteswell in March, 1891.

He threw himself into the work with characteristic energy, taking steps to become acquainted with the people and win their confidence. As a parish priest he held that all souls in the parish were under his care, and he visited Church people and Nonconformists alike. The Wesleyans were rather strong in the district, and his first pastoral visit was paid to one of their leading men, who kept a shop in the village. Behind the counter they knelt down together, the clergyman and the Methodist local preacher, the former praying for the Wesleyans and the latter for the Churchmen. In a short time the new rector had quite won the hearts of the Wesleyans, who gave up their Sunday evening service to help a Church mission held in a barn, and finally a number of them made their Easter Communion in the Church of their fathers. Some were afterwards confirmed and became valuable Church workers. A local paper referring to this said, "We hear that the new rector of Netteswell is reconciling the Wesleyans, thus reminding one that the lamb shall lie down with the lion. But in this case we fancy that the lamb is inside the lion."

It was the old story over again, on which I have already touched. These men had no quarrel with

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the Church when they were enabled to grasp the idea that she really cared for the souls of the people, and when they were encouraged to take a part in her great work. How differently might we have to write the history of the Methodist movement if this had been better realised in John Wesley's day! Instead of so discouraging him and his followers that all their splendid enthusiasm was lost to the Church, a little more care and patience on both sides might have seen the Church Army founded in the eighteenth century, and nothing left for Mr. Carlile to do to-day. For what, after all, is the Church Army movement to-day but another Methodist revival which, having refused to be cold-shouldered out at the door, is now beginning to be appreciated.

Considering that Mr. Carlile was only at Netteswell for ten months in all, he got through a tremendous lot of work. Indeed, the quiet country village must have wondered whether a tornado had visited the district.

Finding that the distance of the church from the bulk of the people rather hampered his plans, he collected several hundreds of pounds from private friends, and built a brick parish room, dividing off at one end a little sanctuary for the Holy Communion. Every day of the week the place was used for clubs, social gatherings, mothers' meetings, and services.

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Gymnastics and games attracted the youth of the neighbourhood, who cheerfully contributed a penny per week and worked out their own salvation. Frequent tea parties were also held, and everybody was invited, so that Mr. Carlile soon got to know the people. Church Army work took him to London and all over England the greater part of the week, but his wife and two Church Army evangelists kept things going. In fact, he could not have moved the parish from end to end as he did had it not been for Mrs. Carlile's help.

But these days soon came to an end. Before he had been many months at Netteswell he was offered the living of St. Mary-at-Hill, in the City, by the patron, Sir Henry Peek, on the recommendation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. The prospect of work in the heart of London proved irresistible, and in January, 1902, he left Netteswell and returned to the metropolis. Many of his best friends are inclined to regret the step. Little care as he has for himself, his health is of great value to the Church Army and the country generally, and the comparatively light duties of a rural parish were to be preferred to the heavy responsibilities of a Church like St. Mary-at-Hill.

The Church authorities who had been instrumental in bringing him to St. Mary-at-Hill did so because

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they hoped the living would be a sinecure, with a comfortable income and nothing to do, so that he might be free to devote all his energies to the Church Army. In fact, there was an idea that the church might be pulled down at an early date, leaving the rector with nothing to do but draw his salary. But they had reckoned without their man. Although he was already doing the work of more than one ordinary man, and might therefore have been tempted to let St. Mary-at-Hill remain dead like the average City church, he had other plans.

For some time after he began work in the parish, the church was closed for a thorough cleaning, and a great number of coffins were removed from the vaults, over 3,000 bodies being taken away and re-interred at Norwood cemetery. But although his only place for meetings was the rectory kitchen, he contrived to hold services, and, together with a Church Army evangelist, he gathered together a number of workers, who formed the nucleus of his present devoted band.

Another important work was also set on foot in the early part of 1892. He determined to start an employment agency and labour bureau for the benefit of out-of-work clerks, warehousemen, and others of a better class than is touched by the ordinary Church Army Labour Home. To this end he started the

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"City Samaritan Office" on the ground floor of the Rectory, and this was formally opened on February 1, 1892, by the Bishop of London (Dr. Temple). At that date the office had been in operation some weeks, and was able already to show good results. The effort has grown year by year to the present time.

The office seeks to give temporary work to unemployed clerks of good character. Envelope and wrapper addressing is done for a number of well-known City firms, and other office work undertaken. Some idea of the extent to which the work has grown can be gained from the figures for 1904. In that year £2,177 was paid in wages to men who were thus tided over hard times, and enabled to keep themselves and their families from utter destitution. In all, 1,886 men of all trades and professions registered their names. Of these, 342 found permanent work, 1,125 were given temporary work and enabled to make a fresh start, 288 were passed on to labour homes, and 8 enlisted or went abroad. This is not a bad year's work for a little enterprise carried on in a City rectory, on exceedingly low working expenses. Nor does this describe the whole of the work, for during the winter months this office became one of the Church Army special relief depôts, where destitute men might get a meal on completion of a

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work test. The rectory garden is a small sooty patch about the size of a billiard-table, darkened by high walls on either side. This becomes a labour yard when necessary, and during the months of 1904, when distress was so prevalent, 24,210 meals were earned here by chopping wood, and served in the rectory kitchen.

Not long ago Mr. Carlile scandalised all the loafers in London by keeping this labour yard open seven days a week, so that when a tramp came to him on Sunday, and proceeded to tell a pitiful tale, in keeping with the day, he was offered a meal on completion of fifteen minutes' wood-chopping.

"You a parson, and ask me to work on Sunday!" exclaimed one whining loafer, who found he had caught a Tartar in this unorthodox clergyman at St. Mary-at-Hill.

"Well, I don't want you to starve on a Sunday," replied Mr. Carlile. The man shuffled off, and doubtless reaped a harvest of coppers elsewhere, since people always encourage the smooth-tongued, work-shy loafer, and generally ignore the deserving man, who is not such an adept cadger.

Several men protested in a more practical way, by slipping a chopper up their sleeves, and making off with it, to exchange the booty at some second-hand dealer's for the price of a drink. Even this

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sturdy defence of the Sabbath-day failed to touch Mr. Carlile's heart, although he lost over twenty choppers. He had consulted the Archdeacon of London before instituting the Sunday work test, and was not even to be scared by the anonymous correspondent who pointed out that the man in the moon was exiled there for gathering sticks on Sunday, and suggested that the rector of St. Mary-at-Hill might have to join him.

On Friday, February 23, 1894, St. Mary-at-Hill Church was re-opened after being closed for two years for restoration. The Lord Mayor and sheriffs attended a special service in state, a number of other prominent City men being present.

The previous history of the church had been rather uneventful. It was partly destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt by Wren. The rather ugly and altogether inappropriate square brick tower over the vestibule at the west end is of more recent construction. The interior contains some beautiful old oak carvings, black with age, valued at £20,000, the pulpit, reading-desk, and front of the organ gallery being especially fine. The work is often ascribed to Grinling Gibbons, but was really executed by Rogers, one of his pupils, who was born in the parish. The church is not rich in interesting names, the only two of any note

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associated with it being John Brand, famous as the author of "Observations on Popular Antiquities," who was rector for many years, and buried here in 1806, and Edward Young, the poet, author of "Night Thoughts," who was married here in May, 1731, to the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield.

After the Great Fire, the neighbouring church of St. Andrew Hubbard was not rebuilt, the parish being joined with that of St. Mary-at-Hill. In 1902, the adjoining parishes of St. George, Botolph Lane, and St. Botolph's, Billingsgate, were also added to St. Mary-at-Hill, so that Mr. Carlile has now the care of four parishes. This latest addition brought him no financial gain, although it meant extra vestry meetings and four more churchwardens. But he was only too glad to have a few more public-houses put within his sphere of influence, and to become the rector of malodorous Billingsgate. An open space, once a churchyard, that overlooks the fishmarket, also came under his control, and is used for occasional dinner-hour outdoor services, and as a playground for children.

With the reopening of the church Mr. Carlile began at once to carry out his plans for making it a centre of work for the good of the people. He found it with a regular congregation that

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could be counted on his fingers, and this was not to be wondered at, for although thousands throng the parish by day, busy in the offices and warehouses with which it is filled, the actual residential population amounts only to a few dozen people, for the most part caretakers and their families. He believed, however, that it might yet be possible to fill the church, and at once planned to attract people who attended no place of worship. To this end some of his methods have been rather extravagant; for he had no wish to attract regular worshippers from their parish churches, but to reach a class who went nowhere. He has so far succeeded that Sunday after Sunday throughout the year his is practically the only well-filled church in the City. The *Daily News* census showed that the evening congregation at St. Mary-at-Hill numbered 544, including twice as many men as women. No other Church of England congregation that evening, out of fifty-four City churches, approached one-half of these figures (I do not, of course, include St. Paul's Cathedral, with 1,325 worshippers). This census, it should be said, was taken on a wet Sunday, when St. Mary-at-Hill presented the unwonted spectacle of empty seats. As a rule every pew is filled, camp-stools placed in double rows along the aisles, and people even sitting on the

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pulpit steps, while disappointed crowds are turned away at the doors, unable to gain admission. The seating capacity in fixed pews is only 380. But 400 more people can be accommodated on camp-stools and forms, and there are quite 800 in the building before it is necessary to turn any away. So much for one of the results of Mr. Carlile's methods. Now for some description of them.

He began by installing a lantern, both to display sacred and general pictures, and to show on the screen the prayers, psalms, collects, &c., that go to form the Church service. When he started, the use of the lantern in the church was a novelty, but it has now been widely adopted for special occasions. However, for some time he had to pay the penalty for being a few years ahead of the Church, an offence for which it was once fashionable to burn men at the stake, and canonise them afterwards. Up to the present Mr. Carlile has avoided both fates.

Music also engaged his attention. The church boasts one of the finest old organs in the City, and recitals form a part of almost every service. But there was the man in the "highways and hedges" to consider—the "man in the street" as we say to-day—and therefore Mr. Carlile formed a brass band to go out and fetch this all-important

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individual in. This band, and the procession it heads through the City streets every Sunday evening, has sprung from small beginnings. When the first Sunday evening service was held in February, 1894, the procession consisted of exactly four people—a Church Army officer, Captain Loker, playing a cornet, two volunteers with a banner and a big drum, followed by Mr. Carlile with his famous trombone. Now there is a strong brass band, a body of ladies with concertinas, and a number of lay-workers in cassocks and surplices, to march out before the service each Sunday evening, and compel the bystanders and wanderers to come in.

Before long Mr. Carlile began to announce topical subjects for his sermons, and thus made a still wider appeal. "The Test Match," "The Football Final," "The Baltic Fleet"—possibly these do not hit the taste of regular church-goers, but at least they bring along people who do not as a rule patronise the pulpit. It has been gravely charged against Mr. Carlile that the use of such subjects is vulgar and sensational. His critics in the Church and secular press evidently have not sufficiently considered the matter to see that it is the very people who are only attracted by such methods whom the Church should strive

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to reach. As to the charge of vulgarity, that is as old as Christianity, as those who know the meaning of the word will admit. It was, for instance, said of the Saviour Himself that "the common people heard Him gladly," and it is a serious sign of the times that when this is reported of Mr. Carlile large numbers of respectable Churchmen rise indignant against him. As for the use of "topical sermons," it must be remembered that such subjects as foot-races, and the wearing of armour, were burningly up to date when St. Paul used them. But St. Paul didn't advertise his "topical sermons" in the *Daily Mail*, urges some one. Exactly; and by arguing on the same lines you will presently perceive the sinfulness of a clergyman using a telephone or a motor car.

With lantern, music, and "topical sermons," Mr. Carlile manages to fill his church with one of the most remarkable congregations in the country. Some of the most gifted pens have attempted to describe these curiously informal and human services, and failed miserably, because you cannot set down in print the spirit that animates them. You read that Mr. Carlile clapped his hands to urge the people to sing the "Gloria" louder, and emphasised the "loud Amen" with his trombone, and it sounds very outrageous. And yet when you are in

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St. Mary-at-Hill Church—I have purposely gone there recently on criticism bent, after an absence of some years—you feel that these things are perfectly natural and spontaneous, and make the act of worship seem more real. While on the subject of clapping, it may be mentioned that not long ago Mr. Carlile, preaching in a fashionable West London church, quoted the verse, "O clap your hands, all ye people," and expressed his regret that only at St. Mary-at-Hill Church or in Heaven is such conduct allowed, in spite of the Scriptural exhortation. I have also heard him plead that if Solomon was allowed thousands of trumpets in his temple, surely he might have one without being abused. The conclusion is that if there were a little more charity and sense of humour in modern religious life, Mr. Carlile would not so often be a mark for malicious criticism, which, although it only amuses him, yet pains those who know, and therefore love and trust him.

Having said so much, by way of proving the faith that is in me, I am the more free to deal with one or two cases where criticism, prompted by knowledge and goodwill, is not altogether out of place. It is questionable whether the cinematograph and "monsterphone" are really of such value in Church work that it is worth while to

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hover over the boundaries of reverence. Between the lantern, showing sacred pictures or views of interesting places, and the flickering "cino," with its suggestion of the music-hall, there is a great gulf fixed. Nor is a "monsterphone," or huge talking-machine, with its murdered music or mangled speech, a vital necessity, when you have already in the church an organ, a brass band, a string orchestra, a concertina party, and a grand piano. Two bars from any of these is more attractive than a whole evening of the tinny "monsterphone."

Mr. Carlile's fears that the congregation will fall off unless some new attraction is occasionally brought forward are surely groundless. And this brings me at once to the real secret of the whole business. It is Mr. Carlile's genuine and unaffected modesty that is to blame for anything of extravagance at St. Mary-at-Hill. The mere announcement that he is to preach will, I am convinced, always bring more people to his church than can be accommodated. It may be pitiful modesty; it is certainly very lovable that a man who has won the public ear to a remarkable extent should refuse to believe that he is any draw apart from the fireworks. You may say a lot of hard things about a man like that, but you can't accuse him of conceit.

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But curiously enough, the greatest storm of all arose over Mr. Carlile's idea of asking the people who attended his church to bring offerings in kind for the sake of those worse off than themselves. Thus on one Sunday, just before Christmas, he asks them to bring plum-puddings, which are afterwards distributed to the poorest of the poor, who otherwise might know nothing of the season's cheer. Another Sunday he collects dolls and sweets for the poor little mites of East London. Old clothes, potatoes, hard-boiled eggs—the latter at Easter—are gathered together in a like manner, the idea being not only to benefit the poorest, but to teach his congregation something of the satisfaction of giving to others. Those who have stood by the church door and seen a burly labourer coming down the narrow lane between the fruit and fish warehouses, carrying a big doll under his arm, which he will presently hand to Mr. Carlile, are not likely to forget the sight.

These gifts in kind were brought up to the altar-rail by the people themselves, and handed in as their little offering to God and His poor. It will be thought that none could object to so devout a practice, and one so calculated to teach the great lesson that when we give from a glad heart for the sake of others we are really giving to God. Yet

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the very idea of displaying any sympathy for others, and caring at all for those who are not regular church-goers, proved so horrifying to a certain prominent Church paper, that it burst forth into a remarkable editorial. This was couched in the language commonly known as "Billingsgate," and although the editor may have considered it an appropriate way of dealing with the rector of that district, it was throughout a strikingly ill-tempered and discourteous reference to a priest of the Church of England, whose one fault is enthusiasm and a desire to reach the people. The bringing to church of gifts for the poor and offering them to God was referred to in this choice tirade as "vulgar vagaries," "fooleries," "a raree show," and a "burlesque business." And this in a Church paper, which might be surprised to be classed with the "gutter press."

Mr. Carlile's contention that the wise men from the East offered gifts in kind at the manger-throne was gracefully dismissed with the retort, "They were 'wise men' that offered." The inference, of course, is that Mr. Carlile's congregation, comprising mainly the poor and ignorant, are to be discouraged because they are not "wise men." At least we may be thankful to get this candid expression of the attitude of a part of the Church, or rather the Church press, towards the masses

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to-day. The writer then dealt with "Pudding Sundays" in these profound words: ". . . these institutions, for which we find no sanction or precedent in those Christian ages which are pronounced pure at Lambeth, nor yet under the Elizabethan formula of 'none other or otherwise,' which is said to regulate the ceremonial of the English Church. . . ." The spectacle of a man confronted with the teeming millions of to-day, and faced by the problem of the Church and the masses, hunting up precedents before he dare lift a finger to help them, is at least interesting. It would, in fact, be funny if it were not so movingly tragic.

I have purposely dealt with this matter at some length, because it illustrates the absurd spite and ill-nature that dictated most of the opposition that Mr. Carlile has met with in this connection. There have, of course, been kindly criticisms and suggestions, which he has only too willingly met. In December, 1901, it reached Mr. Carlile's ears indirectly that for the sake of peace and quietness in the Church generally, the Bishop of London would welcome some modification. Accordingly it was arranged that gifts in kind should be received, and piled up, in the vestibule, instead of at the Communion-rail, though Mr. Carlile believes this to rob the whole thing of much of its significance, and

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to deprive his East End congregation of the feeling that the things are offered to God Himself.

On Christmas Day, 1901, he addressed the following letter to the Bishop of Kensington :—

"I shall, of course, gladly carry out at all times any wishes of our beloved Bishop of London.

"On 'Doll Sunday' each year the dolls are offered reverently by the congregation, and are placed at a distance of not less than three feet from the altar; this had the approval of the late Bishop Creighton. On 'Pudding Sunday' no pudding was placed either upon the altar or inside the Sanctuary, but piled up reverently outside the ancient carved oak rails. The offerings of dolls and puddings were mostly made by men, who alone occupy the entire centre of the church; the police inform me that often on an ordinary Sunday more men are sent away than have found room in the church.

"I submit that just as there was no more irreverence in the wise men making offerings of myrrh and frankincense (which were gifts in kind) than in the presenting of the gold, so with our poor East Enders in their offerings of dolls and puddings as well as coppers. Surely humble gifts cheerfully sent from grateful hearts are more reverent than grudged half-crowns or sovereigns extorted by a plate from fashionable apathetics for the sake of appearance.

"I mention these facts because it seems hard that the services of a Mission Church in a deserted City parish, used for the poorest of the people, should be so misunderstood by devout Church persons, who themselves are rarely in touch with the appalling irreligion of the masses and the anarchial substratum so dangerous to English Society."

"Perhaps some of my critics will listen to the following story," said Mr. Carlile on another occa-

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sion. "A young fellow, who had been carefully brought up in a country village in the Midlands, came to London, and forgetting the Sunday School and the influence of the village choir, in which he had taken part, 'fell among thieves,' who robbed him of his love for the right, and tried to lead him to the pleasures of the 'public,' and the 'bookie.' He never darkened the door of any place of worship.

"Seeing in the paper that the subject was to be 'Dolls,' he strolled down the dark, dull lane from Eastcheap into St. Mary-at-Hill Church. In his early days he was one of the few boys that had a liking for dolls. He saw the dolls presented. He heard from the pulpit of a doll named 'Joey Billy,' that, having lost its arms and its legs, was still dear to its little owner, who loved to swing it about with a string fastened round its neck. He felt that he was like that doll, and that God still held him by the cord of Divine love, not round the head to hang, but round the heart to bind. He heard of a child who said to her dolly, 'Me loves you, Dolly, though you are cracked all down the back and got your head knocked off,' and he felt it was a feeble picture of Divine love to him. The service over, he left, but returned an hour later, and, still finding the church door open, came to me, told his

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story of sin and sorrow, and then at the Communion-rail, beside a heap of dolls, knelt with me to raise the common prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

"He was not attracted by the lantern, the brass band, or the orchestra, but by the one object-lesson, which his early childhood experiences made real and forceful. Surely all interested in attracting the outsider will ask themselves whether they have yet made every effort, by all means, to win some. Billingsgate is not Kensington. Surely we must not only live, but let live."

There are no stranger scenes in London than are to be witnessed almost every Sunday evening at St. Mary-at-Hill, after the service has ended and most of the people have gone away. Mr. Carlile is rarely out of his cassock and surplice till ten, for men of all classes remain behind to talk with him. Big, strong men, whom nothing has moved before, have broken down under his chatty topical sermon, and are telling to him the story of their soul-struggles with an earnestness that would be expected rather from a pale, world-weary ascetic. Some are in frock-coats and silk hats, having come out of curiosity, or to scoff at the remarkable service, and remained to pray. But more of them are in rough clothes, with hands hardened by labour, and speech that has no grasp of

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religious phraseology or canting slang. Sometimes it is a man with a long record of crime. Side by side, the penitent and Mr. Carlile kneel together at the Communion-rail, and a rough, uncouth prayer, almost irreverent to the cultured ear, goes up to delight the angel listeners around the Throne.

One man got hold of in this fashion was a young fellow who secured orders for the house he represented by chumming up with his customers in public-houses. One Sunday night he put his head out at the doorway of a City tavern as the St. Mary-at-Hill band passed by. Mr. Carlile usually leaves the procession to chat with the men around the public-house door, and often steps into one or another of the bars to invite the drinkers to come back to church with him. The sight of a clergyman in cassock and surplice in a public-house is not an every-day occurrence, and, as many others have done, this young fellow promised to go to church that night.

He went to St. Mary-at-Hill Church that evening. He liked the music and the pictures; he began to fancy that there was a good deal of truth in the chatty sermons of this curious parson. The solemn pictures of the Crucifixion especially appealed to him. A sense of sorrow for the sin that struck God so hard, of shame that he had so long scoffed at religion, of gratitude to Jesus Christ for His sacrifice

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—all these feelings came over him. He saw that religion must be a good and cheerful thing if such men as Mr. Carlile and his helpers found satisfaction in it. On his sixth Sunday at St. Mary-at-Hill Church, at a little meeting for instruction that always follows the ordinary service, he left his pew, walked up to the Communion-rails, and knelt with Mr. Carlile and a Church Army evangelist to pray. In his cockney vernacular he poured out his heart to God. Then, as he stood to his feet again, rich in a new experience, he turned to shake hands with the clergyman and the evangelist. "Thank God," he said, "I'll——" And then he paused.

Six months rolled away. He had relinquished excellent prospects, and was entering the Church Army as a cadet, when he casually let out the word that had been upon his lips at St. Mary-at-Hill Church, and that he had hesitated to say when he looked on his new religious environment. The fact was that he had been so grateful to think that his Heavenly Father had had mercy upon such a terrible sinner, that he almost broke forth, "Thank God, dear Captain, I must stand you glasses round."

At any rate," remarks Mr. Carlile, "the young fellow is a standing rebuke to the ingratitude of most of us."

On another occasion, about ten o'clock on a

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Sunday evening, Mr. Carlile found a young fellow leaping and singing in the centre aisle. He suggested that the church was hardly the place for such exercises. "Oh!" replied the young man, who had been talking with a stranger about his own age, and persuaded him to kneel in penitence at the altar-rail, "Oh! I've just led my first soul to Christ." "Keep on jumping," said Mr. Carlile, "and may you often have the jumps." When Mr. Carlile told this story at the discussion on Revivals at the Weymouth Church Congress, it was, to his surprise, well received, though a few years ago it would probably have provoked an uproar. From this we may gather that enthusiasm, even when it finds unorthodox expression, is not always frowned upon to-day.

Mr. Carlile's curious congregation, whom he loves and understands, and who love and understand him in return, have paid one or two handsome tributes to his work. One man, for instance, left a bunch of skeleton keys behind in a pew, probably feeling that they were safer with "Brother Carlile" than with himself. Two or three whiskey bottles have at different times been found under the seats. One man surrendered a bottle half full of "Scotch" to Mr. Carlile after a service and begged him to keep it. Mr. Carlile took the man out into the Rectory "garden," and invited him to smash the bottle there

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on the brick wall and scatter its contents. This was done. "Who shall say that the action was not a real sacrament to that man?" says Mr. Carlile, in telling the story. "Certainly it helped him to realise, in a visible form, the break with the drunken past."

One night a man was seen to be smoking a clay pipe in the centre aisle, evidently encouraged by Mr. Carlile's free-and-easy manner to thus soothe himself —perhaps under the torture of the "monsterphone." However, he was very affable, and readily stopped smoking when spoken to, presenting the pipe to Mr. Carlile as a little token of friendship. It now occupies a place among the most valued of the Church Army's treasures. It may have been through this incident that Mr. Carlile was once accused of encouraging smoking in church, and denounced heartily, unheard. He did at one time allow smoking *under* the church, which is a very different thing. When he first came to the parish he found a "dead-house" under the church, with a gate leading into the street. He explored this, and found that two coffins were kept there, one for short people and one for tall. No use having arisen for them, he let a number of unemployed chop them up for firewood. His idea is that it is better to help the living than the dead, and probably no dead person has missed those coffins. Of course, they had never been used. The "dead-

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house" having been thus cleared, was used as a smoke-room for the out-of-work clerks who were being helped in the rectory "Samaritan Office."

Among the interesting services carried on at St. Mary-at-Hill Church is the dinner-hour service. This begins at 1.15 p.m. daily (except Saturdays), lasting for an hour, and is attended by hundreds of men, with a sprinkling of women. Clerks, warehousemen, labourers, fish-porters, all find a place in this remarkable week-day congregation, rushing in from the noise and bustle of the City streets, and finding in the darkened church, the rich strains of the organ, and the beautiful sacred pictures, a note that speaks of higher things. Frequently some friend of Mr. Carlile sings a sacred solo, and occasionally short addresses are given, but always there is the organ recital, reproductions on the lantern screen of the best devotional art, in paint or marble, and a hymn, with two or three prayers at the end. Coffee, hot in winter and iced in summer, is served free in the vestibule to any who like to accept a cup. This gives the Church Army evangelist in charge, Captain Coleman, an opportunity of getting to know the men, who come day after day, and look upon the old church as one of their best City friends. One outcome of these services is a prayer-meeting held every Friday, at 1.45 p.m., at the request of a number of business men.

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Besides the church services, and the flourishing Sunday School, Band of Hope, workers' meetings, &c., a good deal of other work is carried on, principally in the open air. Each Sunday night during the fine weather months an open-air service is held on Tower Hill, the band and choir marching with banners from the church, when Evensong is at an end. On the fine open space before the grey old fortress-prison, on the Hill where so many in bygone days lost their heads, the St. Mary-at-Hill workers tell of the Faith whereby a man shall save his soul alive. Sunday afternoon finds the same body of workers in the open-air pulpit outside Christ Church, Spitalfields, just opposite Dorset Street of infamous memory, the scene of many murders, including two "Jack the Ripper" outrages, and said to be the worst street in London. At one time the St. Mary-at-Hill workers held a week-night meeting in this street, just outside the big lodging-houses, but that time is now given to helping a Church Army station in Hoxton.

But the most remarkable meeting of all is held in "Petticoat Lane" on Sunday morning. This famous open-air market, held in the East-end thoroughfare now known as Middlesex Street, has for many years counted a Church Army barrow among its regular features. This barrow—a hand-cart of the familiar

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coster type—works hard delivering firewood all the week, in connection with the Church Army Labour Home at Princes Square, down by notorious Ratcliffe Highway. On Sunday it is brought to "Petticoat Lane" in good time, to secure the "pitch" which has been occupied by the St. Mary-at-Hill workers for twelve years. A Church Army evangelist is in charge, and stands on the barrow; around him are gathered his little band of supporters, and a good crowd of those who are not supporters. A service on orthodox lines would be impossible, and the gathering partakes of the nature of a debate on Christian evidences. And what times we have had down there! How often have we given Cain's wife a decent burial one Sunday, only to have her dug up and a "wake" held around her remains the next Sunday! Baalam's ass must often have blushed to the tips of his ears at the interest taken in his sayings and doings; while the question of whether Noah was not a little impetuous in taking fleas and snakes into the Ark, and thus perpetuating such live stock, often came in for serious treatment. Sometimes a man in the crowd, his face bitten by the winds that sweep the North Atlantic, and his speech free with the freedom of the deep sea, will confess himself a cattle boatman, and deal with the story of the Ark from the point of view of a man who won-

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dered how the beasts were foddered. Where the Old Testament is concerned, the Jews often take a hand to help the Church Army folk against the scoffers and unbelievers. But when the New Testament is reached they are with the enemy, forming generally the most intelligent and reverent section of that body. And how we used to go at it! Why does God send pain? Are we immortal? What is Eternity?—those were among the subjects that we went into Sunday after Sunday, and it was remarkable to see the interest that they aroused among the rough and very mixed crowd, from whom came more thoughtful and serious questions than you would get in the average drawing-room.

Other questions, too, came up. Was Jesus God? Did He rise from the dead? We considered these, too, and it was noticeable that whatever the man in the street has to say against Christians, and however much he may fail to grasp the great facts of the Incarnation and the Resurrection, he has nothing to say against Jesus Christ, Whom he puts in a place alone, as certainly more than man.

Sometimes the meetings are rowdy. In the early days, before the people quite understood what jolly and reasonable people these Church Army fellows were, they used sometimes to tip the speaker off his rostrum, pelt the workers with refuse of varying

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qualities, and occasionally turn the barrow out of the Lane altogether.

For some reason shrimps' heads were always to hand if the crowd got restless, and most of the workers in bygone years have known what it was to find their pockets full of these symbols of departed life. On a handkerchief—or among your cigarettes, if you are a smoker—the effect has nothing in common with attar of roses.

I write largely in the past tense, although the meetings go on to-day as vigorously as ever. But most of us, who remember them in bygone days, always associate "Petticoat Lane" with Captain Harry Jones, who was for many years in charge of the City Samaritan Office, and did a work in connection with St. Mary-at-Hill Church that will never be forgotten. For a long time he was responsible for the barrow mission in Petticoat Lane, and shaped the venture so that it has stood. "The Bishop of Petticoat Lane" they called him in those happy days of the past, and it is certain that he was one of the best known and most respected of the Lane's characters. It used to be said that every other man in East London hailed him. I know that his heart was so big that his tunic would never fasten over it, as a uniform should do. In our spare time we explored together many of the darkest

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haunts of the East End, spots where crime is hatched, and where might is right, because all the people have put themselves beyond safe appeal to justice. Many a night we donned rags, and slipped out of the rectory, when the respectable world was taking up its candle and mounting the stairs, and rambled about till dawn. After nearly working himself to death in trying to help some of the saddest cases handled by the City Samaritan Office, he did splendid rescue service in connection with a big provincial police court, and has since done good work among the soldiers in South Africa. Now he is in England again, and many a poor fellow, down on his luck, will thank the God Who put it into the heart of Harry Jones to leave all, and, following after the Christ, devote his life to ministering to the poor and wretched. He has made so many friends wherever he has gone that they will be glad I have paused to pay this little tribute. And be it known to all men, that, so far from being an exceptional case, he is typical of hundreds of splendid men in the Church Army, and in writing this of him I also pay a tribute to them.

The results of the remarkable services at St. Mary-at-Hill form one of Mr. Carlile's defences, and are best put in his own words. In March, 1901, he came under the lash of the *Standard*. In

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reply, after recalling the fact that the Church Army Committee has no responsibility for or control over St. Mary-at-Hill Church, and that the Society must not be judged by his private actions, under exceptional circumstance, he proceeds:—

"Among other results of the services at St. Mary-at-Hill Church are about a hundred persons regularly and voluntarily helping in Mission and Church work, a weekly early Celebration with a majority of men, yearly a number of adult confirmees, and last year over forty thousand coins in the offertory, amounting to two hundred and forty pounds—and all in an empty City church!

"Surely it is better for a sinecure City church to be a live centre than dead, with respectability, propriety, and starch!"

I cannot conclude this chapter better than by quoting from the Military Correspondent of *M.A.P.* (did "T. P." send this gentleman as a special tribute to the Church Army?). The article was dated December 3, 1904, and contained the following, among other interesting passages:—

"'Brother' Carlile they call the Rev. Wilson Carlile down Billingsgate way, where his rectory of St. Mary-at-Hill is situate. And the nickname is a magnificent and significant tribute from a class little prone to the use of endearing language.

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'Brother' Carlile! Could any clergyman desire a finer epitaph? 'Rectory' suggests a commodious house, a book-lined study, trim lawns and gardens; in short, without any disrespect to the cloth, 'Rectory' suggests a condition of considerable material comfort. Well, the rectory of St. Mary-at-Hill is a pretty big building, but the rector's occupancy is limited to one or two rooms on a floor high up, the remainder of the rectory being let off in chambers, offices, &c. For they are very poor at St. Mary-at-Hill, and the rent thus obtained is useful. The rector's study, which is also dining-room, drawing-room, and bedroom too, reminded me of an officer's quarters as furnished by the Government (I speak of the old days).

"There are people who disapprove of Mr. Carlile and his works. They think he is wrong to preach on such subjects as 'England's Beer God,' the title of his sermon the night I was there. Altogether they regard him as a terrible sort of fellow, a revolutionary, a man who lowers the dignity of the cloth. But I wager these malcontents have never been to service at St. Mary-at-Hill. In cold print a cinematograph in a church may sound out of place. But circumstances alter cases, and where there is sincerity there can be no irreverence. And

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sincerity is the dominant note at St. Mary's. No Laodiceans there!

"When Mr. Carlile first went to St. Mary-at-Hill he had a congregation of six all told. Now there is something of a scrimmage to get in, and the church is not a small one. One pays Mr. Carlile a compliment in saying that his congregation is a pretty rough one. For that is the class he has aimed to attract. The body of the church is given up to men, and among them I saw some gentlemen I should be sorry to meet in a lonely place on a dark night. There were hooligans, tatterdemalions, broken-down gentlemen, female derelicts, working men, factory girls, servant girls: there was every variety of what are called the 'lower classes.' But I never saw an irreverent look nor heard an irreverent word throughout the service. There was interest, excitement, sometimes amusement in their faces, but not a sign of irreverence. A striking tribute to the power of sincerity.

"Whether you see him in his surplice, or his Church Army uniform, 'Brother' Carlile is a soldierly-looking man, with his spare frame, iron-grey hair and moustache, aquiline nose, and firm, well-cut chin. But his brown eyes have nothing in common with the light, steely blue of Mars. No doubt these brown eyes, so kind, so 'understanding,'

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so humorous, and, withal, so radiant of strong manliness, have much to do with his hold on the poor, with his success in dealing with the 'submerged tenth.' These eyes are indeed the 'windows of his soul'—one sees through them a simple, genial, unaffected, self-sacrificing, God-fearing man."

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CHAPTER XVII

Some secrets of success—The Simple Life—The last cigar —How the pledge was signed—The apostle of the telephone—A busy week—Men who have influenced —Recreation—Finances.

"Write me then,
As one who loves his fellow-men."
LEIGH HUNT.

THE chief impression that remains with those who know Mr. Carlile intimately is his sheer lovableness. I don't remember any incident quite so moving as a little unrehearsed effect at a Church Army meeting held some years ago in the old St. James's Hall. Mr. Carlile had been pleading the cause of the outcast and destitute in those snappy sentences of his that begin with a laugh to end in a tear, and move audiences more than any studied eloquence. As he sat down, Captain Prior, the doyen of the evangelists, got up from a seat at the rear of the platform, and, all unannounced, added

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a few words, in the name of his fellow-officers. It was a spontaneous appeal from the heart to the public to entrust Mr. Carlile with all the money he asked for, and thus spare him any further anxiety. I forget now the words that he used; there only remains in my memory the concluding sentence. He had spoken of the perfect trust that all the Church Army workers feel towards Mr. Carlile, and then he raised his arm and shouted, with a sob in his voice, "WE LOVE HIM!" The effect of the short impromptu speech, and its fervent ending, is lost in the re-telling, but I know that while the crowded hall thundered out its applause, those of us who had worked close to Mr. Carlile saw mist before our eyes, and swallowed a glad, proud lump.

One of the secrets of Mr. Carlile's success as a leader of men is his power of imparting enthusiasm and confidence. His followers may at times be disheartened by seeming defeat, but a few words from "the chief," and a look from his eyes, and they feel themselves an invincible army, ready, if need be, to die, certain never to surrender. This force of will, this personal magnetism, this mesmeric power, call it what you will, is undoubtedly the secret of all those who have in any way led their fellows. It was this very power, existing in varied degrees in certain men at all times, that found its highest expression in

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Christ, and thus we account for His wondrous attractiveness, and the winning joy of His service. And when we find this Divine attribute existing in a man, though falling short of the perfection it reached in Christ, some of us make him our hero-leader.

Mr. Carlile is the most unconquerable optimist in the world. Before ever Gilbert Chesterton came out boisterously as the High Priest of the Jolly Life, Mr. Carlile was preaching the Funny Side of Things, and seeing in all the mishaps and difficulties of the daily march matter for laughter and praise. He never mentions the early days of the Church Army, when he was being bowled over several times an evening for weeks and months, without a laugh, and one of his biggest bursts of merriment is reserved for the story of the rough, powerful man, who arrived at Headquarters, in an inebriated state, with a revolver, and announced, "I've been chucked out of a Labour Home for being drunk, and now I've come to shoot old Carlile!"

Of course, like all good optimists, Mr. Carlile is a bit of a pessimist. To be a mere unbalanced optimist is to be like that delightful old mercenary in the "Cloister and the Hearth," who went about crying, "*Courage, mon ami, le diable est mort.*" The man of that attitude misses the real optimism that comes

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of being driven from self back to God, and finding Him able to save.

Mr. Carlile's own explanation of his success is his thorough unconventionality. "I don't care a rap what I do, so long as I can help men," he says, "that attracts the men who mean business, even if it horrifies the others."

The Simple Life has a faithful follower in Mr. Carlile. His bedroom at the Church Army Training Home, which he occupies when at Headquarters, is four feet wide and nine feet long. Besides the plainest of camp bedsteads, it contains a locker that serves as chair, a couple of clothes-pegs, and a text card bearing the characteristic words, "Go for the worst." His other town quarters are at St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory, where he spends the week-end in Billingsgate. Here he occupies one room on the top floor, with a fine view across the chimney-pots of East London. This single apartment serves as bedroom, study, and dining-room. Here it was that he once received a surprise visit from two princesses of our Royal Family, who take an interest in the Church Army. The distinguished visitors arrived at lunch-time, but there was no lunch. But Mr. Carlile was not defeated. He sent to a shop close by for four sandwiches (which he cut in halves to make them look more), and half a pound of Osborne

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biscuits—as being appropriate to Royalty—and with these provisions and a cup of tea the two princesses, the equerry, the lady-in-waiting, and the founder of the Church Army regaled themselves. The total cost of the meal was about one shilling. Probably no one has ever entertained Royalty on such a small sum before.

Perhaps the most interesting little tea-parties are given here by Mr. Carlile on Sundays. I have made one of a party of four that included a duchess, a murderer (who had been reprieved, and served a "life" sentence), a journalist, and a clergyman. "Really," Mr. Carlile explains, "I think I know some of the nicest burglars and murderers in London."

Mr. Carlile's usual fare is so scanty that he may have thought the above-mentioned Royal lunch a great outburst of extravagance. I have sat to all sorts of meals with him, from breakfast at unearthly hours to supper after respectable people were in bed, and for the most part he has eaten dry toast and stale brown bread, washed down with hot water. Indeed, with a little cold mutton and a baked apple, this constitutes his regular diet. A good deal of our spare time this year has been spent together, after the rest of the world has finished work, and we have talked over the early days of the Church Army, its

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present position, and future plans, while sipping hot water from the nearest bath-room tap. At first this struck me as carrying the Simple Life idea beyond its legitimate joke, but I know now that tepid water, flat from the tap, is nectar when you're sitting with Mr. Carlile, watching his eyes gleam with enthusiasm and energy as he talks of this England of ours, and the fight that must be made for her soul.

As a young man Mr. Carlile was a rather heavy cigar-smoker, but at the age of about twenty-seven he gave up the habit altogether, under circumstances that reveal a strain of mysticism in his nature hardly suspected by the casual observer.

It was soon after he had become a Christian worker. One evening, while crossing Southwark Bridge with a cigar in his mouth, he heard a voice close beside him say, "Carlile, you're dividing the honours." He turned and looked around, but no one stood by. A second time he heard the words, and yet a third time. Then he took the cigar from his mouth, looked at it, and wondered what the meaning of the voice could be, for it struck his ear as distinctly as the voice of a friend at his elbow. Could it mean, he asked himself, that amid business worries and anxieties he was depending for a soothing influence on tobacco rather than on God? Was he dividing his allegiance?

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A decision was arrived at in a flash. He threw his cigar into the river, some cigarettes followed, then three cigars from his case, and finally the case itself, lest it should clamour to be refilled. He has never smoked from that day, but naturally the struggle was rather hard at first. But there and then, on Southwark Bridge, while his cigars were drifting out on the tide, he made two covenants with God: first that he would trust Him to provide some better comfort than the one he had sacrificed, and also that whenever he saw tobacco or smelt the smoke it should remind him specially of God's presence.

He is a teetotaler also, though, like non-smoking, he regards this as a special self-denial placed on him for the sake of his work, and not necessarily to be enforced on those who can practise temperance. All Church Army Evangelistic officers, it may be said in parenthesis, are teetotalers and non-smokers, while all members, or "soldiers," are teetotalers. Mr. Carlile's personal view is that beer, wines and spirits, used wisely, are not necessarily harmful, though there are many who, on account of weakness of will, or for the sake of their influence with others who stumble, should abstain. He hopes for the establishment of public-houses where pure beer will be served on reasonable lines, like the Continental café system,

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so that they are genuine "public-houses," such as he or any other member of the public could enter without feeling degraded. At present, of course, only a section of the public, and that not altogether the most thoughtful, feels free to use them. Indeed, one of his dreams is to run a public-house of his own, though this is a little pleasure he has to deny himself, in view of the harm that might accrue to the Church Army from quarters in which his motives would be misunderstood. We might at any rate see an earnest and interesting experiment.

The story of how he became an abstainer is best told in his own words.

"'Give it up, old chap; it will be the death of you!' I said to a poor human wreck that rolled into my office over thirty years ago. His coat and trousers were out at the elbows and knees, his boots let in the water, his hat let in the weather.

"'My grandfather and father died of delirium tremens, and so shall I!' he replied. 'Why should I give up drink? You 'as it at 'ome.'

"'Yes, but I don't get drunk at home.'

"''Ow do I know that? You go straight to bed, but while I'm goin' from the pub to my own home I gets run in.'

"'Well, I'll give it up for three months if you will!'

"He consented, gave it up, took to it again, and

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died of delirium tremens in six weeks, leaving me stranded with my temperance resolve, which, with the exception of medical orders and Holy Communion, I have never broken."

Here and there, throughout these pages, I have dwelt on the value of Mr. Carlile's business training in his career as leader of the Church Army. A New York journalist, whom I once piloted to St. Mary-at-Hill and other interesting centres, wrote enthusiastically to America of him as "the Modern St. Francis of Assisi." Certainly he is one of the most up-to-date of men, and it is very often this habit of thinking and acting a year or two ahead of his fellows that has got him in so much hot water.

He is the prophet of the telephone, the typewriter and the fountain pen. All day long his pen is in and out of his pocket, scribbling memoranda that are marvels of brevity and lucidity, for members of his staff, or making notes in his pocket-book. The latter is a small diary, with a page about the size of a lady's visiting-card, but by means of a system of contractions in longhand that even a journalist might envy, he manages to make this serve for an engagement book, with a record of the business to be transacted at each appointment. Here he also jots down ideas, statistics, and notes

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for speeches or sermons, all in writing like a fine cobweb.

In the telephone he firmly believes, and is restless when it is out of reach. He is in touch with the Church Army Headquarters whether in his City rectory or his Surrey home. In his bed-sitting-room in the City, the telephone instrument has a specially long loose wire, so that it can stand on his writing-desk by day, on his table at meal-times, and on a chair beside his bed at other times. In the middle of a meal, or after he is in bed, an idea will strike him, and Mr. Colin Campbell, the hon. secretary of the Social work, will be rung up, and some new plan for helping the outcast and destitute will be discussed, and perhaps set going before London awakes.

The work of controlling the Headquarters of the Church Army—for Mr. Carlile has his hand on every string—and acting as rector of a busy City church, would be enough for most men. But Mr. Carlile also spends a great deal of time racing in express trains all over the country, to address meetings, stir up the people to help the poor and helpless, and plead for funds for the work. With the exception of railway employees, there are probably few men with such an annual mileage to their names for the last two dozen years.

Here is a rough outline of an actual week's work.

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He arrived at his City rectory late one Saturday night. On Sunday morning he had a short prayer-meeting for church workers before the choral Celebration of Holy Communion at 9. Then he rushed off to a West End church to preach a begging sermon on behalf of the unemployed. In the afternoon he was down in East London addressing a meeting for men only. The evening brought the usual long programme at St. Mary-at-Hill, lasting from 5.30 till 10 p.m. Then a baked apple, some hot water, and bed. On Monday morning, having transacted several hours' business connected with the church, his four parishes, and the City Samaritan Office, he caught a train to Liverpool, addressed an afternoon meeting, and was in the train again at 5.30 for Edinburgh, where he spent the night. On Tuesday he addressed two meetings, proceeding to Glasgow on Wednesday, in connection with the new Labour Home there. On Thursday he was in Birmingham, addressing a meeting. On Friday he was at Headquarters, transacting business, running down in the evening to Dorking to get something less than twenty hours of fresh air. Even there he was busy with a secretary, and telephoning to London. After tea on Saturday, he hurried back to town, and slept the night at his rectory, ready for another Sunday's work.

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This was a typical week, and not picked as being extra busy. It must be remembered that in the train he is scribbling notes to the heads of different departments. He refuses to allow a secretary to travel with him, to avoid expense, though this would be quite justified in helping him with correspondence, and attending to the many little details that beset travelling.

Among the men of bygone days who have most influenced Mr. Carlile are John Wesley, St. Francis of Assisi, and Savonarola. Of the two former I have already spoken. To Savonarola he looks for inspiration in speaking out fearlessly against evil wherever it may be found. Several times he has been to Florence, and never without making a pilgrimage to the spot in the market-place where the hero-preacher gave up his life in the flame, and there renewing his determination to be turned aside by no opposition and no abuse, if he can serve God and the people.

Among other men who have influenced him I have already mentioned Drummond, Moody and Sankey. Another friendship he made at the same time, in the far-off seventies, is that of Mr. Matthew Hodder, with whom he has kept in touch ever since, and whose handshake he reckons among the inspirations of life. Another important influence

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should be mentioned—the famous Broadlands Conference, presided over by Lord Mount Temple and his wife. He was first introduced there by Mr. Edward Clifford, and delighted in the sense of brotherhood that united all sorts of people, of all creeds and nationalities. One of the men he first met there was George Macdonald, and many a meeting of influential and wealthy people did the preacher-novelist afterwards gather in his drawing-room at Bordighera, for Mr. Carlile to address on the work of the Church Army.

For recreation, Mr. Carlile has to depend almost entirely on change of work, for he is a man of one idea, and every waking moment is given to the Church Army. If time allows him to walk a part of the way from one appointment to another, he does so, but for the most part his exercise consists of racing about the Headquarters offices, along corridors, and up and down stairs at top speed. You will hear six doors bang at once, and Mr. Carlile is in your presence.

Occasionally at his home at Dorking, if you can tempt him from his desk and telephone, he will play croquet or knock a ball round the golf-links. Golf he plays rather for spiritual discipline than physical exercise, for, as he explains, between groans as his ball goes into the pond, it knocks any pride

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or conceit out of him. Candour compels me to admit that he is not a great golf player, but he points out that he gets far more exercise out of it than his sons do, for he has to hit the ball about three times as often, and tramp half as far again. It is recorded in his pocket-book that he once beat an opponent, and he wishes I'd play again. But that would deprive him of valued spiritual discipline.

Mr. Carlile is anxious for it to be known that it is entirely through the generosity of members of his family, and two Lancashire friends, that he has always been able to work for the Church Army without receiving a penny. For ten years, after resigning his curacy at Kensington, he would have been entirely without means but for this support, and even now his living at St. Mary-at-Hill has so many calls upon it that it would be insufficient to meet his many expenses. His house at Dorking, which he often only sees for a few hours every week, was built for him in 1895 by one of his relatives.

At one time he carried a gold watch, but he felt that this was rather a trial to his criminal friends, so he gave it away to a son, and carried instead a presentation silver watch. Even this made the fingers of some of his chums tingle, so he put that aside, and now carries a five-and-sixpenny watch

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on a steel chain. He also wore a gold ring once, but this was given away to a poor family to get a Christmas dinner.

He always travels third class, though he would value the privacy of first, when working hard at correspondence, but he knows that his tramp and criminal friends would grumble if "Old Carlile travelled like a toff." For the same reason, although a friend presented him with a first-class pass between London and Dorking, he always travels in the humbler third, so that now the "season" has been taken from him, and his humility is a tax on his own pocket. "But," as he explains, "my friends might not understand if I travelled first, and we must avoid all appearances of evil."

One characteristic story in conclusion. He has left it as a solemn charge to his sons that if any tombstone is put over his grave, it may bear the words, "Socially 'He descended into hell.'" May it be many a long year before any epitaph is needed for this devoted worker and Christian gentleman!

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